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# Christmas Number COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes  
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## President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes "Kept Us out of War" Last Fall

**T**HE recent crisis in European affairs precipitated by the come-back of Turkey presents a notable confirmation of the familiar adage that "History repeats itself," but in its contact with American interests this repetition encountered a remarkable transposition of the principal actors on this side of the Atlantic and effected a most important result exactly opposite to that produced in the previous instance.

Six years ago, in the fall of 1916, Woodrow Wilson, then President, was running for reelection and the never-to-be-forgotten slogan of his appeal for votes was that "He kept us out of war"—meaning the World War which had been raging since the first of August, 1914. Charles Evans Hughes, our present Secretary of State, was then the opposing candidate for president. Former President Roosevelt, in supporting the candidacy of Mr. Hughes, severely criticized Mr. Wilson's foreign policy of "watchful waiting" conjoined with opposition to putting the country in a condition of preparedness for defense, a combination which Mr. Roosevelt warned would surely draw us into the war, and in a costly and dangerous state of unpreparedness. It will be remembered that Mr. Wilson and his supporters met this issue by telling the people, who for the most part were strongly in favor of peace, that the election of Mr. Hughes would mean plunging this country into the war and that they must choose accordingly when they came to vote. So it was the hopeful promise of peace implied in the slogan, "He kept us out of war", that reelected Mr. Wilson in November, 1916. But Mr. Roosevelt's prediction was shortly fulfilled, for in less than five months after the election we were actually in the war pursuant to President Wilson's urgent request to Congress at a special session called by him for the purpose of obtaining the requisite authority and means to fight Germany. These are undisputed, historic facts which I mention, without comment, merely because they lead up to, and have a bearing on, the present situation.

Last September our Government again faced the necessity of deciding whether or not it should involve the United States in war in an effort to resolve another disastrous imbroglio of Old World affairs. The shocking atrocities inflicted on the Christian subjects of the Sultan in Asia Minor and especially in connection with the burning and pillaging of the Christian and Jewish quarters of Smyrna, following the overwhelming defeat of the Greek expeditionary army by the Turks, excited righteous indignation in America to such a pitch that President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes were deluged with thousands of letters and petitions urging that the United States undertake a so-called "holy war" against Turkey for the liberation of the Christian peoples in the Ottoman Empire from the tyranny of their Turkish rulers. These letters and petitions were largely from religious bodies, clergymen, missionaries and other well-meaning but sentimental people whose emotions had got the better of their judgment. Some of them, although less extreme in their demands, insisted that our Government at least resort to a naval demonstration and threat of war.

Fully cognizant of the grave consequences portended by such requested action President Harding and Secretary Hughes, with sound judgment, and strong in their sense of duty to the country, refused to be swept off their feet even by such a tidal wave of public sentiment, and stood steadfast in their determination to keep us out of war when and where our national rights, obligations or honor are not at stake.

### Secretary Hughes Explains Our Attitude toward Turkey

In discussing the foreign policy of President Harding's administration, in a recent speech, Secretary of State Hughes explained our Government's attitude and action regarding the prob-

lems presented by the sudden resurrection and extension of Turkish power, as follows:

"The most acute questions at the moment concern the Near East. The Christian world has been filled with horror at the atrocities committed in Anatolia [a general name for Asiatic Turkey] especially in connection with the burning of Smyrna, rivaled only by the wholesale massacres and deportations of the Armenians in 1915. While nothing can excuse in the slightest degree or palliate the acts of barbaric cruelty of the Turks, no just appraisal can be made of the situation which fails to take account of the incursion of the Greek army in Anatolia, of the war there waged, and of the terrible incidents of the retreat of that army, in the burning of towns, and general devastation and cruelties.

"We have not failed to voice American sentiment in our abhorrence of these cruelties practiced upon helpless populations. Our American high commissioner at Constantinople, during the past year and a half, has not failed repeatedly and vigorously to protest against them.

"In the appalling distress at Smyrna, American officers were the first to give, and continued to give all the relief within their power, and from that moment we have lost no opportunity to succor the refugees by measures which have been rapidly and constantly broadening to meet the exigency in every practicable way. Our representatives have been instrumental in effecting the evacuation from Smyrna of nearly 200,000 refugees.

"It is easy to talk of prevention after the event. The fact is that these latest occurrences have been the immediate result of a state of war and we were not parties to that war. When the Allies were at war with Turkey and we associated ourselves with the Allies in the war with Germany and Austria-Hungary, we declined to go to war with Turkey despite the occurrences of 1915. In the last two years, with armies in Asia Minor, the appeal has been to force, and the American people would never have been willing to shoulder this burden of armed intervention which the Allies with their forces nearer the scene were unwilling to bear."

### We Make No Idle Threats

"It would," continued Mr. Hughes, "be equally futile now to talk of this country going to war when all the other Powers are arranging to make peace. At no time has the Executive had any authority to plunge this country into war, even a holy war. I know there are those who think we should have threatened even if we did not intend to make war. The Administration does not make threats which it does not purpose to carry out. The American people cannot afford a policy where the words spoken on their behalf do not mean all that is said, and when we threaten we shall execute.

"In the present exigency, in addition to the full measure of relief which the American people are giving, there are American interests which must be adequately protected and humanitarian interests which should have our support in every proper way. I cannot discuss these in detail tonight but I may mention the protection of American citizens in Turkey, the conserving with their just rights of our educational, philanthropic and religious institutions, the safeguarding of American commercial interests, the freedom of the Straits [connecting the Mediterranean and Black seas] in the interest of commerce and equal opportunity, and the protection of minorities.

"As we are not at war with Turkey, we are not appropriately parties to the peace negotiations which are about to take place. While we have American interests to protect, these are not associated with the political ambitions of European Powers which have made the Near East a check-board for diplomatic play. We do not propose to connect ourselves with these rivalries, as such a connection would only confuse our aims with those

of others, and obscure our clear and simple purposes. What we desire does not involve the slightest injury to others or derogation of the rights of others, and we claim the protection of our interests at every place from whatever source may be in charge. We trust that in the freedom of opportunity there will be no parcel out spheres of special economic interest. If we avoid the conflicting rivalries we shall have no proper part and hold to a clear American policy we shall the more easily maintain our friendship with other Powers and will and heighten rather than diminish the influence which we desire to be helpful."

### Our People Have Had Enough of Chestnuts Out of the Fire for Europe

COMFORT readers will note that our editorial comments (in November issue) on the Turkish debacle have since been fully justified by these remarks of Mr. Hughes which are understood to imply even more than is expressed, for he is constrained by his position to a careful avoidance of giving to foreign governments by his criticism a conduct. Courtesy to a friendly nation prevented him from denouncing, as deserved, the aggressive war of attempted conquest begun and waged by the Christian Greeks in Asia Minor for the purpose of capturing the City and Province of Smyrna, and the and devastation of the country and inflicted on the inhabitants by the Greeks at its retreat: his bare mention of these facts as a reminder that Christians, who have succor from us, were on occasion aggressors guilty of atrocities that provoked retaliation on the part of the Turks, is in itself a scathing rebuke.

Mr. Hughes points out that we never went to war with Turkey and that the present situation there are the outgrowth of war in which we in no way concerned, and he intimates that perhaps as international etiquette and our last month's editorial asserted: the close of the World War Turkey lay at the mercy of the victorious Allies and their greed, jealousy and distrust of each other were responsible for her recent come-back. Again carefully all he said, giving special attention to that part regarding our policy not to connect ourselves with the rivalries, nor associate our interests with the political ambitions of the Powers, and you will discern that the substance of Mr. Hughes's conclusions is a very polite way of telling his fellow-citizens the world at large that never again will the American people go to war to pull chestnuts out of the fire for Europe.

Fortunately there is no doubt that the announcement by Secretary Hughes reflects the decided opinion of the great majority of our people. Yet there are many deluded enthusiasts, less numerous than the noise they make seem to indicate, who are still clamorously and industriously working their propaganda of public sentiment in favor of, a "holy war" against the Turks. It is difficult to imagine a more unholy than to precipitate our country into war. "Holy wars", incited by religious zeal and waged in the name of religion, have been the most cruel in history. Turkey has been equipped, ably commanded, veteran army by recent victory and three times the size of the Russian army. She could double its size, if need be, and that, under her alliance with the Bolsheviks, call to her aid the immense military resources of Russia. To fight Turkey on the other side of the world we should need to draft a million men to start. The ultimate consequences can not be seen other than that Russia would side with Turkey and if any European nation should take part in the conflict would probably expand into a World War.

COMFORT'S EDITOR

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# When the Christmas Tree Burned

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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had purchased some tinsel and colored Christmas tree rope, a few dozen glittering baubles, a few dozen candle holders and several boxes of brilliantly colored wax candles. With these, Mrs. Twikker's cookies, the presents and the pop-corn, the tree soon was loaded.

When it was done, the trio stood off to survey their work.

"Well, I must say it does look real handsome, and it will be the best Christmas party we ever had. Some of us'll get as many as five packages and that will be splendid. I do wish we could light it once before tonight just to see how it will look," said Mrs. Twikker.

The three women stood in the dimming twilight. The wild gusty wind outside shook the casement and whirled swirls of snow at it.

"Let's light it," urged Mrs. White.

"All right. Get some matches," Mrs. Borden said, and the matches brought, she illuminated one candle and with this she proceeded to light all the others.

A cry of delight escaped the trio.

"Go and tell Mrs. Fortesque to come and see how wonderful it is, Mrs. White," said Mrs. Borden. "And Mrs. Twikker, will you see if a few apples can be spared? I think it would fill up a little more."

Kind little Mrs. Borden only did this because she had some special little treats for her two colleagues and wished to hang them upon the tree without their knowledge.

The two women went off, and as soon as they were gone, Mrs. Borden stepped upon a chair and went to fastening the little gifts upon the tree.

Then—how it happened she never knew—she heard a crackling sound. Then suddenly an ominous brilliance and the delightful smell of burning balsam!

But the sweet odor came to Mrs. Borden like the breath of tragedy. The tree was on fire!

She looked at it in dumb consternation as she saw their efforts of weeks quickly disappearing before the devouring tongue of flame. Rooted to the spot, she stood there, helpless, while the fire burned and crackled, but when she saw it spread to the window curtains and drapes and saw it rapidly blackening the walls, she awoke to panic-stricken activity.

Seizing a rug, she thrashed at the tree, which temporarily smothered the flame but caused a bank of smoke to rise. To the window she flew and threw up the sash, and with a howl of impotent grief all outdoors rushed in, giving fresh impetus to the blaze which flared in a brilliant sheet behind her.

For a short second she stood, framed in the window against the glowing red, then her head spun, she reeled and sank to the floor, and the consciousness of an uproar in the streets drifted from her mind.

## II.

The glare of the fire had attracted the attention of the few belated automobiles in the street, and one driver, driving a luxurious limousine, drew up to the curb and jumped out. Diving into the crowd of old women who had been hastily dressed for the street, and who now stood shivering and shrieking, he demanded to know if everyone had been gotten out safely.

"I'm sure I saw one old lady drop in that room!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it was Mrs. Borden!" shrieked Mrs. Twikker, wringing her hands. "She was the last one in the parlor with the Christmas tree."

"She didn't get out then!" exclaimed the motorist.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Mrs. Fortesque.

"I'll go in!" the motorist exclaimed, throwing off his heavy fur coat and gauntlets which the trembling old women took from him, and he fled into the building and through the smoke-filled halls and rooms to the blazing upstairs.

He groped around, and then, guiding himself by the location at which he saw the tragedy occur, he dashed into the room and right to the spot. He stumbled against something and reached down. It was clothes he touched—it was Mrs. Borden. Throwing his coat about her, and tying a handkerchief about his mouth, he staggered through the smoke and flame and finally reached the street just as the firemen commenced to play streams of water upon the blazing building.

He carried the little old woman to a neighboring house, and laid her upon a bed. The other old ladies crowded about, in the foreground Mrs. White and Mrs. Twikker.

"She ain't dead, is she?" queried Mrs. White tremblingly. She was just like sunshine in the home," and then quaveringly she told the story of the little Christmas surprise that Mrs. Borden had planned and which they had helped execute.

"And now our Christmas is all burned up," Mrs. Twikker and all the old ladies wailed in chorus, now that they knew the surprise had really been for them.

The young fellow had left Mrs. Borden to the mercies of Mrs. Fortesque, after phoning for a doctor.

At the continual mention of the name, "Borden," he turned to look at the woman whose life he had saved.

He thought he had just saved a charity patient. Now he gazed earnestly at the sweet face, with the closed eyes, resting on the pillow.

His own widened.

"Merciful heaven!" he breathed. "It's the old girl. I must take her right home with me!"

## III

When Mrs. Borden awoke to real consciousness (she had, of course, been brought out of her syncope state), she found herself lying upon a bed of snowy whiteness in a room that to her bewildered mind seemed to glow with the light of heaven. The light glowed and sparkled upon walls of silver and hangings of old rose and soft gray.

Through the room there permeated that delicious smell which pervades a house only when a Christmas tree is set up therein.

She slowly raised herself on elbow, and now more than ever she wondered if indeed she were not in heaven, for distinctly there came to her the words of that joyous carol:

"Oh, come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye  
To Bethlehem!  
Come and behold Him,  
Born the King of angels,  
Oh, come let us adore Him,  
Oh, come let us adore Him,  
Oh, come let us adore Him,  
Christ—the Lord!"

Then came the sound of distant chimes.

"Am I in heaven?" thought the bewildered little creature, for the exquisite music (though rendered by a phonograph) seemed to indicate it.

Just then a fine little lad of about six entered the room and came to the bed.

"What—what does it mean? It can't be heaven for here is Master Bert, but he didn't die, he grew up to be a big man—"

"Hello, Merry Christmas, dear Mrs. Borden," the little fellow greeted. "Daddy said I should call you Nurse Jane, the way he used to."

"Call me Nurse Jane, the way he used to," Mrs. Borden repeated. "Why, what does it mean? Who are you, little man?"

The little fellow looked at her in astonishment. "Me? I'm Bertram St. Clare and I was named after my papa. And you're his Nurse Jane and you're coming to live here with us and take care of me and we're going to be good pals like you and daddy used to be."

"And is this your daddy's house?"

"Sure, Nurse Jane, and it's going to be your house, too."

"But how did I get here? There was a fire, I remember—or did I dream it—"

Poor Mrs. Borden was getting quite befuddled when the motorist, who had been quietly standing in the doorway, softly came forward.

Mrs. Borden looked at him.

"Bert, my darling Master Bert!" she cried, looking up at the sparkling eyes and teasing face, and seeing only the little lad whose steps she had guided from infancy. "Tell me what's happened."

"All right, old girl," he said, the title he had used for her after he had grown up, "but first I want you to meet Mrs. St. Clare, whom you will have to get to forgive you for your very ungrateful treatment of her," and he shook his finger at her teasingly.

Mrs. Borden colored, but her momentary embarrassment passed as Mrs. St. Clare came into the room and putting her arms about the old lady's neck she kissed her and said comfortingly:

"We want you to stay with us always, and if you run away we'll do something dreadful to you."

And as Mrs. Borden looked at the lovely face and form of the glorious girl who was far more wonderful than the pictures "Master Bert" had shown her, but felt the lashings of accusing conscience. But what she had done had been for the best, she thought.

"How did I get here, Master Bert?" she asked.

"How did you get here? Why, old girl, I'm quite a hero. I was passing the Silverton Street Home and saw it ablaze and I saw a woman (I didn't know it was you) apparently faint in the flames. So I rushed in, the way they do in the movies, and carried you out, and, lo, I found that I had rescued my old nurse. So, of course, I brought you here, and here you'll stay. You've got to obey me now. That being quite clear, tell me how you happen to be in an old ladies' home when I thought you comfortable and happy with your brother out in Nebraska?"

"Well, Master Bert, it was this way: When I knew you were going to be married, and you said that you wanted me to live with you, I didn't think I should because I feel that young people should be themselves. You loved me so much and treated me like your mother almost, but I didn't know whether Miss Laurette, who she had been Laurette Montgomery) would care for me as you did, and I couldn't blame her because she didn't know me the way you did, and I thought perhaps she'd see in me nothing but a stupid old woman, and if she did, she would be perfectly justified because that's what I am, and I couldn't have the place in her heart that I had in yours. And I didn't want to be the cause of any trouble between you. I was terrible to think such thoughts of you, wasn't I, Miss Laurette?"

There were traces of tears in Laurette's eyes.

"In a way, yes, because I knew you must be a good woman from Bert's praises of you, and he said how splendid it would be to have you with us in case we had children. And then again, on the other hand, I think you were very brave and self-sacrificing in not putting Bert to the test. Another person might not have been that thoughtful."

"I might have known Master Bert wouldn't marry any other kind of a girl than you are, dearie," Mrs. Borden said, grateful for the high compliment her actions had received.

"Well, so," she continued, "I went to my brother's home in Nebraska. Talk about relatives! But I guess I can't talk about them. Well, I lived with them for a while, in fact all the time until up to a less than a year ago—then I came to the Home."

"But why to the Home? Didn't you have plenty of money?"

Mrs. Borden's cheeks burned. "I guess I'll have to tell everything. You see, when I told you I wanted to live with my brother because he needed me, I had about seven or eight thousand dollars which you had invested so nicely for me. Well, my brother got a notion that he wanted to raise fancy cattle, and I rushed my investments. Well, he failed in everything and I didn't get anything and all I had left was five hundred dollars. So I went to the Home and paid them two hundred dollars and kept the balance to bury me."

"But why didn't you come to us? When Bert was born, I wrote to your brother in Nebraska and he said that you were happy where you were—that you hadn't much to do and that you weren't as strong as you used to be."

"Did he write that? I never heard from you, but I suppose he didn't want you to know that he had used my money."

"And all these years you might have been with us," said Bert. "Well, that's all over now, so we'll let you just forget all about it. Now, if you feel strong enough, get up and dress," and with the words, Bert, Mrs. St. Clare and the little lad left the room, Master Bert, however, remaining outside the closed door.

Mrs. Borden then offered up her morning prayer, then dressed in the pretty garments she found, they having been marked for her as Christmas gifts. Then she went out into the hall.

Master Bert was waiting for her, and placed

his little hand in hers. As she took the soft, confiding little member into her own, she seemed to drift back through the years when she had thus held the lad's father's hand and guided his footsteps.

Master Bert helped her to the immense Christmas tree and loaded her down with presents that he said Santa Claus had left for her.

Poor Mrs. Borden was quite overcome, but suddenly her eyes grew sad.

"Dear me, Master Bert, Senior," addressing Bert's daddy, "I can't accept all these things. They, by rights, should go to all the ladies at the Home. Poor things, they won't have no Christmas. They lost it all on account of me, though how that tree caught fire is a mystery to me. Maybe it was my carelessness. And for that, here I am back with you again where I was always longing to be, and loaded down with presents and they maybe not having a roof over their heads."

She thought St. Clare looked at her queerly as he said:

"There wasn't such a dreadful lot of damage except to that one room and the damage done by the smoke. But don't you worry about them, nor fret. This is Christmas Day and I want you to be perfectly happy."

"I know," she began, but he raised a warning finger.

"Don't worry. Christmas isn't over, yet."

So Mrs. Borden gave herself over to the wonders that had happened and to Master Bert Jr.'s toys, helping him to build houses of his blocks and winding up his mechanical toys to make them run, and as the two played together it was difficult to determine which was the greater child.

When the summons to dinner came, Bert led the old lady through the halls and to the dining-room and when Mrs. Borden entered, she rubbed her eyes as if she had been in a dream.

The room was gaily trimmed with Christmas greens and sparkling festoons of silver. In the center of the table a small, fully decorated Christmas tree stood. But this was not what made her stare. No, it was the sight of twenty-four old ladies seated around the table on which was spread a most tempting Christmas dinner, glistening with the big smoking goose and whole roasted little porkers with apples in their mouths down to plum pudding and other Christmas dainties.

"Surprise, Sister Borden! Surprise!" cried the old ladies.

But St. Clare and his wife escorted her to the head of the table and sat down on either side, while Master Bert had a seat between Mrs. White and Mrs. Twikker.

When she was seated, Mrs. Twikker arose.

"Sister Borden," she began, "we told Mr. St. Clare how it was you as thought of us old folks and decided to get up a Christmas for us, and didn't we groan when we saw it burning up. We thought that there was an end to it all, but this morning—" She stopped, then commenced again:

"First thing this morning, it began like a story. A big bus automobile drove up to the Home and we were told to get on our things and take Christmas dinner here. And when we got here there was a big box for each of us, and while we can't open it until we get back, still we know there's many nice things for us in them. And the decorators came to the Home this morning so that everything'll be fixed up for us when we get back—that is, all but the room where the fire really was. So, I'm to thank you on behalf of all the sisters, Mr. St. Clare says, for no greater love hath man than he who gives up everything for his friends," Mrs. Twikker said, confusing somewhat the Scriptures, "and that is what you did because you thought it would be best for his happiness. If the Christmas tree hadn't burned he'd maybe never have found you. So he gives us this party, but it is you, not he, that's giving it, he says, and it's to take the place of the one that burned up. On behalf of the sisters, I thank you and wish you a Merry Christmas and many of them."

Mrs. Twikker sat down amid the applause of the gathered company and her confused speech wasn't one whit worse than many you and I have heard from people when called upon for an impromptu speech at a banquet!

There was a moment's pause then, after which Mr. St. Clare said:

"Nurse Jane, will you not pronounce grace?"

All bowed their heads.

And then Nurse Jane, in her sweet but quavering voice said:

"Dear God in Heaven, who doest all things for the best, bless, I pray Thee, this food. Bless and keep these more than kind people who have provided it, and whose loving kindness teaches us truly that man is made in Thy image. Bless each and every one of us who know that, though misfortune may seem to have fallen upon us, we are held in the hollow of Thy hand, and Thou lookest after us even as after the sparrow that falleth. Let us ever remember Thee, and thank Thee for the gift of Thy beloved Son who was born on Christmas Day. Amen."

## The Forgotten Woman

By Alice L. Whitson

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### PART II.

"PUT that down!" yelled Cody in a tone of voice that Deed's Cove settlers had long since learned to fear. "I've got something to say to this audience myself."

"I've been a yellow hound for five years—and this is where I start back trying to be human."

"That child," continued Cody, pointing to little Zach, "is mine, and I married Jane Stairs through trickery, but now I'm ready to claim her whenever she says the word—and I ain't going to stand by and see the same wrong done to Aaron Deed's gal—that that has something to say agin' her, speak out—now—or hold yer peace."

"So say I," said chastened Warren Slayden. "Let's have the benediction."

Unnoticed save by a few, Mary had taken her baby from Jane and slipped from the church while Jim Cody was speaking; consequently she did not know what had taken place, but a few minutes later as she went down the slope towards the shore road she heard the sound of many voices calling her name. Glancing back, she caught sight of the people running from the church.

The thing she had done suddenly filled her soul with terror—not that she would undo it—her baby had a right to salvation—but could this crowd see it as she did? She must evade them some way—and she quickened her steps into a run.

The wind sang in her ears as she raced along the white shore road. She could not, nor did she try to distinguish what was being said by those behind her—she guessed the worst—and her one thought was to get out of their reach. Instead of turning back to her own cabin for refuge, she went straight towards the sea, and at the very landing where Sidney Crighton had come into her life, she sprang into the dilapidated old dory that Aaron Deed had used during his lifetime, and rowed fearlessly out upon the sunlit waters of Deed's Cove.

A hundred yards from shore she looked back at the shouting, gesticulating crowd that had followed her to the water's edge, and seeing Jim Cody jump into a boat she realized she was playing a losing game—he would soon overtake her.

"NO!"—she shouted back—"the sea shall save me!" Then with a despairing cry, she flung her arms upon the water and rising to her feet with her baby clasped closely to her breast, she lifted her face heavenward and in solemn voice cried out: "God be merciful."

After two years abroad Zane Bradley came back to New York, hoping to drown his sorrow in work. At last he realized that no amount of wandering over the earth would ever wipe from his heart the image of Mary Deed.

Over and over had he blamed himself bitterly for having left her without an understanding, and the only thing that brought him any comfort whatever was the thought that she had won a worthy man.

The second day after his arrival Sidney dropped in for a little visit. Instantly Zane was alarmed over the change in his brother's appearance; the face that had once shone with only the joy of living was now marked with lines of anguish, and his temples were silver with gray hair.

Zane had always had a tender spot in his heart for this weaker brother, but never before had there been any sympathy for him. That Sidney had married for money was no secret to Zane, and having heard nothing from him since he was married, supposed that the boy had been happy enough to justify the act.

Calling his servant to bring in some refreshment, Zane dropped down beside his brother and began chatting pleasantly of the things and places he had visited abroad.

"Don't tell me about them," Sidney interrupted. "I've traveled till I hate the sight of a timetable."

"Not unhappy, kid?" Zane asked presently as he eyed Sidney closely.

"Bored to death," answered the younger brother, "absolutely bored to death—all I do is run about the world and drink pink tea."

"Surely that hasn't caused all these gray hairs?" laughed Zane.

Sidney shook his head. "Not that exactly—but I deserve every one I have."

"Not sick of married life?" asked Zane, trying to fathom out the secret of his brother's unhappiness.

"I'm paying for what I bargained for, Zane," Sidney answered thoughtfully. "But I've found out

(Continued on page 4)



# Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"I beg your pardon," said Miss Douglass hastening to the rescue.

"Ye gods and little fishes," Gordon! I've found a treasure!"

She took up the locket with a tender touch.

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## CHAPTER I. AN ENCOUNTER.

**"B**ROWNIE! Brownie Douglas, wait a moment." Time—three o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of September, 1876.

Place—vestibule of the Memorial Hall, at the World's Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, when all the world did literally flock to behold the great sights in that city of brotherly love.

The speaker of the above sentence was a young lady of about twenty, tall, slender and of aristocratic bearing.

The person addressed was a bright little fairy, who looked not over sixteen, yet who in reality was two years older.

She turned quickly toward the aristocratic-looking lady who had spoken.

"What is it, Aspasia? I have been waiting for you. Where have you been?" she asked brightly.

"Oh, this is you, then? I thought that young lady just passing out was you—these linen dusters deceive one so."

"You look heated and weary; will you not sit down and rest?" asked Brownie Douglas, regarding the flushed face of her friend with an amused look in her dark, bright eyes.

There was never a greater contrast than between those two young ladies.

One tall, fair and languid and dressed in the height of fashion; covered with jewels, lace, flowers and furbelows, her to mention a three-quarters of a yard train, which, with the other things referred to, demanded so much of her attention that she could enjoy nothing of the wonders and beauties around her.

The other, petite and dainty; her glossy brown hair simply coiled at the back of her small head, which was crowned with a hat of dark straw, trimmed with a wreath of scarlet berries and shining dark green leaves. Her half-fitting linen ulster protected, while it did not wholly conceal her rich though simple dress of black silk, which just cleared the floor, and did not hide the "two miles of feet" incased in their tiny French boots. A pair of gray silk gloves covered her little hands and a simple linen collar was fastened at her delicate throat by a richly-carved spray of coral, her only visible ornament.

"Are you ready to go on now?" she asked her friend, as she saw the frown upon her brow fade out, at being once more set in moving order.

"Yes, but—There! Oh, dear!"

Miss Douglas, who was about moving on, turned again at this cry of woe, and immediately a ripple of musical, irrepressible laughter broke from her scarlet lips.

There stood her friend in the act of gathering up her voluminous train, while directly behind her stood an unmistakable countryman, with one huge foot planted firmly upon the ruffles and platings of the beautiful skirt, securely pinning it to the floor, and making it optional with Miss Aspasia either to go on and leave behind her that (to her) very important appendage or wait until that herculean member should be removed.

The luckless, though innocent cause of this uncomfortable state of affairs, was gazing with wide eyes and open mouth at the figure of an Indian upon the trail opposite him, and wholly unconscious of the strong attachment which bound him to the fashionable belle.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Douglas, hastening to the rescue, "but will you please lift your foot?"

"Eh? What? Oh, ya-as," ejaculated the clumsy but good-natured fellow. "I declare, miss, I never saw so many wimmen a-lostin' their clo's off before. I hain't ben nowhere today but somebody's dress has ben tumblin' off on 'em, and I've stepped on't. I sh'd hev a fit if 'twas me, and I'm tarnation glad I wur born to a pair o' breeches."

Miss Huntington colored angrily, and murmured something about "such insufferable insolence," whereupon the irrepressible countryman offered a piece of friendly advice.

"Gram'm'th'r'd tell ye to sew it on stronger to the bindin'—put on a button and make a button-hole. That's her way, and I don't believe she ever lost her petticoat in her life."

Having delivered himself of these pithy remarks, he moved away, and at this instant a suppressed laugh greeted Miss Brownie's ear. Looking up, she caught two pairs of mirth-gleaming eyes fixed upon herself and her unfortunate companion.

Two young men were standing near, and had been amused witnesses of the comical scene just described.

On being discovered, one of them lifted his hat and bowed low to Miss Douglas, who flushed a rosy red as she returned it, and who would instantly have burst into gleeful laughter had it not been for doing violence to her companion's feelings.

As it was, however, she linked her arm in Miss Huntington's and turned quickly away, but not before she had caught the look of unmistakable admiration with which the other gentleman regarded her.

"Who is she?" he asked eagerly of his companion, after he had watched her out of sight.

"That full-rigged craft, with all her sail crowded

on, is Miss Aspasia Huntington, a Baltimore belle and heiress—"

"And the other?" interrupted the first speaker, somewhat impatiently.

"Is—hold on to your ears, my boy—Miss Mehetabel Douglas, of Philadelphia," was the startling announcement, accompanied with a smile of amusement.

"Thunder!" "Tis rather an imposing cognomen for such a dainty piece of flesh and blood, I admit."

"Her parents ought to be choked for giving her such a name."

"They are already defunct, and, I believe, in no way responsible for the obnoxious appellation."

"How so?"

"Her father died before she was born, and her mother at her birth; so the poor little waif fell to the tender mercies of a maiden great-aunt on her father's side, who immediately had her christened for herself, and proceeded forthwith to bring her up, after her own ideas, to inherit her million of money."

"But the other one called her Brownie?"

"Yes; no one could 'Mehetabel' that spritely. Her nurse called her Brownie from the first, on account of her eyes, hair and skin, for she was very dark as a child."

"Showed her good taste—the name just suits her," muttered the first speaker, absently.

"The little elf liked the pet name so well herself that she would never allow any one to call her anything else. I believe since she has grown up her schoolmates and a few of her gentlemen acquaintances, who do not feel familiar enough to address her so freely, shorten the obnoxious old maid title into 'Meta'."

"You seem to know all about her."

"Yes, my sisters are intimate with and very fond of her. As for myself, I always thought her a bewitching little fairy."

"She has the sweetest and brightest face in the world," was the enthusiastic reply.

"Ah, ha! Hard hit, aren't you, Dredmond?"

"So hard that I should like another of the same kind. Will you introduce me?"

"Certainly, the first opportunity."

"You say the old aunt is rich?"

"Immensely, and very aristocratic, too."

"Aristocratic, is she? The little one herself seems to be simple enough; she put on no airs. How civilly she spoke to that countryman."

"Oh, yes; she treats the rich and the poor alike. She has been very kind to some poor working girls whom I know, and yet she has a thus-far-and-no-further way with her, when the occasion requires, which even your high blood could not overcome."

"There's fun in her, though; how her bright face dimpled and glowed when that clown stood ballast for Miss Huntington. Douglas, I believe, was the name of the little one, was it not?"

"Yes."

"It is a good one with us."

"A good one! I guess it is, my boy. Why, Miss Mehetabel, the elder, claims to be a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility."

"Aha! Is that so?"

"Yes, indeed; but I warn you if you go there not to bring up the subject of genealogy, for once started upon that topic, there is no whoa until she brings up with an ancient queen."

"Pshaw! you are talking gaudium now," returned the young man impatiently.

"Indeed I am not. I have seen the genealogical tree, and I assure you she has as good blood flowing in her veins as you have, notwithstanding she has been an inhabitant of plebeian America for nearly half a century."

"Well, well, Gordon, we won't quarrel about their ancestry; there is beauty enough there, let alone blue blood."

"Yes, but I think we have discussed the subject sufficiently. Shall we go over to Machinery Hall now?"

"Anywhere you choose; but stop! What have we here?"

Adrian Dredmond stooped and picked up the shining something upon which he had almost stepped as they turned to leave the place.

It proved to be a costly cuff button of black enamel and gold. Upon the face of it was a large D, studded with brilliants, while a tiny row of the same precious stones was set around the edge.

Turning it over, the young man discovered the word "Brownie" engraved in finest letters on the back.

a little scornful curl of his handsome lips.

"If it should result in your carrying Miss Brownie Douglas off to the old country with you, there would be a buzzing about your ears, I can tell you; for not a few have their eye fixed already upon the dainty elf with her golden pile in prospect."

"Are you among the number, Gordon?" asked his friend, with a keen glance at the young man.

"Not I, my boy; my star shines from another quarter," Gordon replied laughingly, though growing red in the face with the acknowledgment.

"I think then, my friend, you are getting up a little romance upon your own account, and without much of a foundation to begin with. If you were interested I should not wonder, but as there is no jealousy in the matter it seems a little singular that you should jump at conclusions thus."

"I fear, Gordon, I shall have to set you down as a masculine match-maker."

"Call me what you like, but I confess that I think you and that little fairy would suit each other wonderfully well. She is just the right kind of a little woman to make a—"

"Hush, my boy; do not reveal my secrets here," interrupted Adrian Dredmond, looking anxiously around.

"Well, well, come on then to Machinery Hall; but, Dredmond, I think you are over modest about some matters."

"It is a falling which will never harm anybody," the young man replied smiling; then linking arms in a friendly way with his companion, they wended their way to view that wonder of modern achievements, the Corliss engine, and those countless other inventions of the human brain.

## CHAPTER II.

### BROWNIE'S THOUGHTS.

In a luxurious apartment of a modern house on Chestnut Street, two hours after the incidents related in our first chapter, Miss Mehetabel Douglas, the senior, might have been seen sitting in a comfortable easy-chair, while Brownie sat upon an ottoman at her feet.

The former was a woman of about sixty-five years of age, with a delicate, high-bred face, surrounded by bands of soft, silvery hair. She had dark gray eyes, which always had a look in them as of some hope suddenly crushed out of her life, while a patient, gentle expression hovered about her thin, aristocratic lips.

Brownie had just been reading to her from "Patience Strong's Outings," and now they were talking it over together.

"Why is it, I wonder," said Brownie reflectively, "that so much sport is made of old maids?"

"I suppose because the theory prevails, that every old maid has failed to catch a husband, and is therefore a fit subject for ridicule," Miss Mehetabel returned, a little gleam of amusement lighting up her sad eyes.

"Pshaw! I know any number of people, who are no more fit to be wives and mothers than so many children; and yet every one has managed to secure a husband, while there are plenty of 'old maids' in the world, so patiently living out their lonely lives, who would make such strong, helpful wives, such wise and tender mothers. Now, auntie, you would have made such a splendid wife for some good man; and you ought to have had at least a dozen children. What a charming household it would have been, for you would have governed so wisely and so well. I don't believe nature ever intended you for an old maid."

A spasm of pain contracted the old lady's brow, but she replied quietly:

"Perhaps not; yet there is, doubtless, some wise reason for it. What would have become of you, dear, if I had had a large family of my own?"

"Oh, I should have only made up the baker's dozen, and it seems such a pity that so much native talent should all be wasted upon one poor little waif like me," Brownie said with a little laugh.

"If I had had the number you assign me, dear, and they had all proved the blessing to me that you have been, I fear it would have been too much happiness for one human being; and yet—"

The old lady did not conclude her sentence, but heaved a deep sigh, while unshed tears stood in her beautiful eyes.

"Auntie, why were you an old maid? I don't understand it—it must have been no one's fault but your own."

"My own fault, Brownie! You don't know—child, you don't know," cried Miss Mehetabel sharply, while a deep, dry sob that was almost a groan burst from her lips.

Brownie was startled at her deep emotion. She had spoken lightly, and with no thought that she was probing an old wound.

She sprang up quickly, and seeing the fair old face above her almost convulsed with agony, she twined her arms about her neck, saying remorsefully:

"Auntie, dear, forgive me! Have I touched some hidden spring of sorrow? I would not have wounded you so for the world."

"Dear child, would you like to read a sad page in an old woman's history?"

"No, dear auntie, do not talk of anything that gives you pain. Forgive me for speaking in that way that should recall anything to distress you," said the young girl sadly.

"You did not think to pain me, and I am glad now that the conversation has taken this turn, my past has been."

"Let us wait until some other time—you are tired and ought to rest now," pleaded Brownie,

recalling from a revelation which she would be painful.

"No, Brownie, something prompts me to tell you now, and I will obey the call. The last five years, and it seems as if it would do me no harm to review it once more before it is forever. I have borne my sorrow alone for five years, and it seems as if it would do me no harm to breathe it to someone who would give me sympathy and remember it tenderly when I am gone."

Brownie's little hand fluttered down upon Mehetabel's lips, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Let us not talk about it, auntie! I don't want you to speak about going away from me. I am so desolate without you, if I had ever so much money," and the bright face wore a look of misery.

Miss Douglas drew the shining head down to her, and kissed the sweet lips.

"Well, well, so be it, though it must be sooner or later; but we will talk no more of it now. You are very precious to me, darling, your love has been the only brightness of my life for the past eighteen years," she said softly, locking the door, after a moment's pause, that we may be uninterrupted; then draw a chair beside me, and I'll tell you how I came to be an old maid. It may be a lesson that will do you good."

Brownie glided softly to the door and unlocked the key. Then she drew a low rocker and sat herself beside Miss Douglas, while a feeling solemnity took possession of her, as she realized that a hidden page of life was about to be turned back for her to read.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE AUNT'S STORY.

"You know who the Douglas are?" asked Miss Mehetabel, bracing herself up, with a look of pride.

"Oh, yes; you have always given me to understand that they belonged to a very famous race."

"An honorable race, indeed! Why, child, are the descendants of a queen—a Scotch queen! Lady Margaret Douglas was the mother of Queen Margaret Tudor, and back to her can trace our ancestry. Never forget it, child, never forget that you are descended in a direct line from the royalty of Scotland."

Brownie did not reply to her last remark. It was a hobby with her proud kinswoman, once thoroughly started on the subject, she would trace the family tree would have to be brought out, and the wearisome task of tracing the lineage for three long centuries would have to be heard. So she wisely held her peace.

"Yes, the descendants of our ancestors intermarry with the English nobility, so that today, Brownie, Douglas, there runs no better blood in any veins than in yours and mine."

"Before I left the old country, dear, I intermarried with the proudest circles of the land. I was sent at court, and during a brilliant season I was introduced to the young Lord Dunferm, son of the fifth Lord of Fife."

"His name was Royal—they called him Royal, and he was rightly named, for he was fit to be a king."

"From the first hour of our meeting we loved each other, and we were betrothed, by the consent and approval of both his friends and my own, after an acquaintance of six months."

"My marriage was to be delayed for a year, until I should complete his course at Oxford, when I would come in possession of a fine estate in Wales. We exchanged letters frequently, and the more he penned were like a feast to my soul. I had them now, every one, and they are all there, have left of the love, the glorious life I had once fondly hoped would brighten my life to the end. In the same circle in which we moved there was a very handsome girl, by the name of Lady Helen Capel. She belonged to a very noble and honorable family, and it was said that Lord Dunferm was introduced to me by her."

"I paid some attention to her. From the very first I disliked toward me."

"Report said that she wanted to win him for herself, and I believe in my heart that was so; she was so haughty and disagreeable when we met."

"Lord Dunferm finished his course at Oxford with great honor to himself, and preparations were begun for our marriage, which was to be pointed to take place just before the Christmas holidays."

"One evening we attended a ball given by Lady Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley."

"On entering the ballroom I had given my name to Roy to fill out such sets as he wished for himself, and then as others were introduced to me they put their names in the blanks that were left."

"Soon after, Charles Capel came up with a handsome but rather rakish-looking gentleman, whom he introduced as the Count de Lamoignon. Roy had left me for a few minutes to speak to someone he knew, or what followed never was known."

"The stranger immediately requested the pleasure of dancing with me, and I innocently consented, never for a moment dreaming that any one would be present in Lady Ruxley's room with whom it would not be proper for me to dance."

"I gave him my card and he put his name down against a waiter, while a peculiar smile curled his lips."

"Not many minutes after Helen Capel entered toward me and sat down by my side."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)





Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

ase write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

ways give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

dress Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

F one-half the Sisters are as busy making Christmas gifts as the other half has been in writing how to make them, then there is a chance that we'll get ourselves and our Corner disliked by the menfolk who may have to wait for their meals or go to holes in their stockings, while the wives are busy making all sorts of lovely things for Christmas. They are forgiving creatures, though, and very likely they've been standing around, itching and offering suggestions, really worthwhile suggestions, too. We are always glad to hear from them. Merry Christmas to every one of you. Ed.

LATHAM, MO.

EAR MOTHER WILKINSON AND ALL: This is my first letter to COMFORT and as the door was open I walked in. I have taken COMFORT for a long time and wouldn't without it. If I want to know anything I go to MOTHER and I nearly always find it. Sisters, let us see how many Sisters' Circle Pins will be taken by Christmas time. We all want one, don't we? Let's get busy. They would make a nice Christmas gift to some COMFORT sister less fortunate than ourselves.

will describe myself and go to make room for someone else. I am five feet, four inches tall, have light brown hair, gray-blue eyes and was thirty-two years old on 25th of last June. Am married to one of the best men there is, I think. We have three girls. I am closing a picture of the youngest one, Edie Evelyn, which I would like to see in COMFORT. I am also sending for a pin.

NAOMI SCOTT.

Mrs. Scott.—Snapshots do not reproduce at all well, so it will be impossible to use the picture of your little girl.

For a long time I've wanted to say something to the sisters about the Sisters' Circle Pin but didn't know how to express it. I had already told them there was nothing compulsory about it and that they were just as much sisters without a pin as with it, but I hoped they would want it. It cost quite a lot to have the pins made and they were made only because I insisted that enough would be sold to make it worthwhile and I've been rather disappointed. I don't like to have people say, "I told you so," so I am looking forward to the sale of hundreds and hundreds of pins.—Ed.

LAKE DELAWARE, DELHI, N. Y.

EAR COMFORT SISTERS: Every time my COMFORT comes I say, "I am going to write to the sisters," but I never have. All right, Mrs. Wilkinson, here are a few suggestions for Christmas gifts.

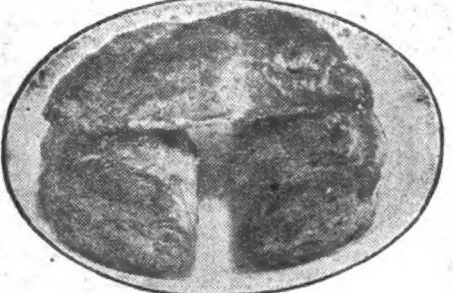
How many have husbands, sons or brothers who hang on their ties on chairs or whatever is nearest when they take them off? My husband was just about as bad as any, for need of a collar bag. I wanted to give him one but I had very little cash, so I made one. Take one of the large, round oatmeal boxes and cut off about 3/4 of it, carefully paste white paper inside. For the outside make a strip of cloth a trifle larger than will go around it, and about seven inches wide. Turn in one-half inch at bottom and stitch on machine, sew the ends together so it fits snugly around the box. It can be glued or stitched to the box. Make a three-quarter inch hem at top with buttonholes at each side and run a double

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE COMFORT Sisters' Pin, given as a prize for the best recipe, has been sent, with Christmas greetings, to Naomi Fletcher of Roanoke, Ill. By "best," as has been explained before, is meant the recipe that an inexperienced cook can successfully follow, the recipe that has the exact quantities given and the plainest instructions for making. There was one recipe this month, a fruit cake, that had every appearance of being a prize winner, so neatly written that it wasn't necessary to copy, exact proportions given and, apparently, minute instructions for combining the different ingredients, but—"add the grape juice," and not a word had been said about grape juice. The most experienced cook could not tell whether a teaspoonful or a pint was meant. Of course the recipe could have been tried out and experimented upon and the exact quantity determined, but I feel that if a writer is willing and kind enough to send in a recipe for the benefit of others, she is willing and kind enough to be accurate, once the need for it is explained. Who wins next month?—Ed.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Roast a large chicken; clear all the meat from the bones, chop and pound it thoroughly with a quarter of a pound of boiled rice. Put the bones (broken) and the skin into two quarts of cold water. Let it simmer for some time, when it will make a weak broth. Strain it and add it to the chicken and rice. Now press this all through a sieve and put it away until dinner time. Take off the grease on top; heat it without boiling, and, just before sending to table, mix into it a gill of boiling cream. Season carefully with pepper and salt.

RAISIN PUFFS.—Beat one-half cup of sugar and one teaspoon of butter to a cream. Beat in one egg, one-



RAISIN PUFFS.

half cup of milk, one cup of chopped raisins and spice to taste. Roll until thick and use it for filling for turnovers.

MARY HARROD NORTHEED, Salem, Mass. CHICKEN PIE.—Two chickens boiled tender in just enough water to cover them; when done line a deep dish with rich pastry then lay the chickens in, alternating through. I covered mine with grey art cretonne with a few bunches of flowers on it, in dull shades, and used a grey shoestring for the cord. I also made a box for his soft collars. For this I used a macaroon box, and covered it inside and out with cretonne. There is a little box in one end for collar buttons and scarf pins. I am going to make handkerchief and glove boxes to match, also a tie holder from a small embroidery hoop covered with cretonne.

Men like a variety of ash trays when they smoke and I make them of plain saucers and plates, little ones of course. First paint the desired color, I like black, silver or orange. One of black has little green squares around the edge, alternating with black. You can cut a little square out of paper and paint through that if you are not expert enough to do it free hand. In the center is a bunch of gold and brown flowers. It is easy to make them, just four or five dabs of paint in a circle, a dab of white for the center and anyone can paint in a few slender stems and long dabs of paint for leaves. And above all, don't be afraid to experiment with colors. If they are given a coat of shellac when dry they will stand harder usage. I clean them gently with soap, using a mild soap, and pat dry.

Take old window shades, use the cleanest parts, cut carefully in pieces about ten-by-twelve inches, tie through the middle with yarn and make a tassel on the ends. Cut old postcards or any better pictures out and glue them on the pages, and letter with white ink, and you have a nice picture book for a little girl.

My table is oval so I am making a set of one large oval dolly and six smaller ones of a white oilcloth bound with black, and a basket of bright flowers stencilled on the ends. These look nice on a polished table and are easier to care for than linen.

I have a little blue-eyed boy with a skin like milk and lovely light brown hair. He is nineteen months old and very good at the table and tries hard to eat as we do. He is thirty-four inches tall and plump.

I like best the letters telling how the writer looks. I am twenty-three years old, five feet, five inches tall and weigh about one hundred and forty pounds. I have brown eyes and hair and a big nose. I often wish you girls would tell your first names. Mine is Ethel Marie. I was married in March, 1917, and fifteen months later our first boy was born, a lovely little fellow with dark hair and eyes. When almost three years old he was taken away with that dread disease, diabetes. He was taken ill on Tuesday and died Friday. His name was John William. Our other boy is Harry Richard. We called the first one Jack and this one Dick.

We live on the estate of a millionaire and I will come again and tell you many interesting things. I've lived in the West as well as the East.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters. Mrs. PEARL R. GRUNDY.

HOWARD, BOX 42, N. Y.

DEAR FRIENDS: Mrs. Wilkinson asked for Christmas suggestions. I hope my letter will help someone. Don't you think there were a lot of good suggestions in "The Hope Chest Girl" in September COMFORT?

A novel way to give fruit would be to make a crepe paper bell, large enough to cover whatever fruit you give; grapes work in nicely. Leave a hole in top of bell to put the stem through and tie a ribbon bow on it. The fruit shows below as a clapper. If you think you can give a chicken or canned fruit or something along that line, cut top off pumpkin, scrape out the seeds and place your gift inside, replace top and wrap up and you will have a Christmas gift that is a little different.

I think that Christmas is getting to be more of an exchange of gifts than it should be. One dear lady I know went among a crowd of children in front of a large store and listened to them tell what they would like. She used her pencil and pad and got the names of the children she could buy for and on Christmas Eve she delivered the gifts at their homes and asked the mothers to hang up the children's stockings and put her gifts in them. It doesn't take as much to make people happy as we think. A few cents spent in the right way and a cheery smile will work wonders. Mrs. CLAUDE HUGHES.

HERMANVILLE, R. R. 1, BOX 27, MISS.

DEAR SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON: I have taken COMFORT many years and read the Sisters' Corner with much interest. I think the Sisters' Circle Pin a fine thing and especially for this reason, each sister should always wear her pin when traveling or visiting so that we can recognize each other just as our husbands recognize a fellow lodge member by a pin.

I am very fond of reading and playing with the children. I have two boys of my own, four and two years old. We live on a farm and have lots of fun going in swimming.

I would appreciate it if the sisters would send me a small scrap of silk, enough to make a two-inch square, as I want a COMFORT silk bed cover. Letters with scraps will be doubly appreciated and I'd like to answer all but feel that I won't be able to do so and will not say now that I will. It's better to do that now than write to Mrs. Wilkinson later that I can't.

I live four miles from town, in the woods, and have to walk half a mile to my mail box and most of the time I don't get any mail. I will wait patiently and see if the Fates will be kind to this farmer's wife, but I assure you if a more worthy letter takes the place of this I shall not mind very much, though, of course, we all cherish a wee small hope that ours will be printed. Mrs. EDDIE LOU.

TOKAWA, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS: I wrote to dear old COMFORT about a year ago and (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



"When the stormy winds do blow"

So goes the old sea song, and it would be good advice to add

## DRINK Baker's Cocoa



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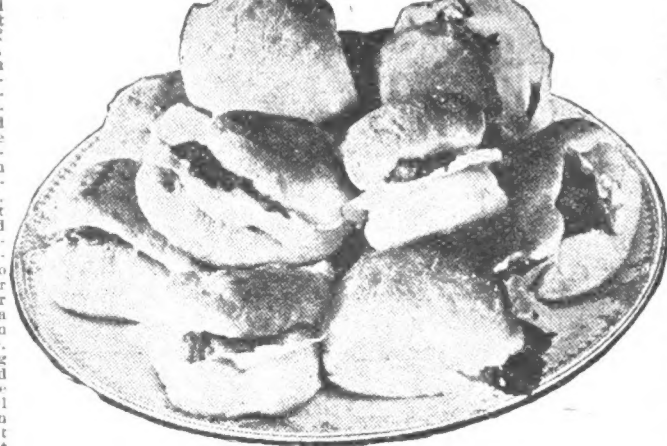
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nating the white and dark meat. When full, slice three hard-boiled eggs and lay over the top, and quite a quantity of butter cut fine, then turn over all the juice of the chickens and some rich stock thickened, and flavor to suit the taste. Cover with rich pastry and bake two hours.

CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST ROLLS.—In a deep mixing bowl put three tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of sugar, one level teaspoon of salt, and pour over it two cups of scalding milk. When lukewarm add one compressed yeast cake first thoroughly mixed with a little lukewarm water. Stir in bread flour until very stiff, then turn out on floured board and knead until it will neither stick to hands nor board. Cover and set in a fairly warm place to rise. In the morning cut down, and if time, let rise again. Roll about half an inch thick, cut with biscuit cutter, brush over with melted butter, crease each through the center with a knife and fold over. Rise till nearly as large again and bake in a hot oven until brown. Remove from tin, break open and spread each with a little melted butter and fill with a slice of cranberry jelly and a piece of hot crisp bacon.—Mrs. A. M. G., Augusta, Maine.

PEACH DESSERT.—Cut rounds of plain white cake and scoop out the center, leaving the edge thin. On top of



CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST ROLLS.

with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff with sugar. Put in oven to brown.—Mrs. ZILDA SMITH, Wann, Okla.

HUNTER'S PUDDING.—One cup chopped suet, one cup molasses, one cup stoned raisins, one cup milk, three cups flour, one level teaspoon soda. Steam three or four hours. Serve with foam or hard sauce.

POP-CORN BALLS.—(Requested.) Three-quarters cup brown sugar, three-quarters cup white sugar, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup water, one tablespoon vinegar, one-quarter cup butter, one-half teaspoon soda, and freshly popped corn. Put brown and white sugar in saucepan with molasses, water and vinegar. Cook until it spins a thread; then add the butter. When hard ball stage is reached (when it forms a hard ball when dropped into cold water), add soda and remove from fire. Have corn freshly popped and in a large pan and pour the hot syrup over it.

Wet the hands and press into balls of uniform size. —Mrs. L. E. STADLER, Reidsville, R. R. 1, N. C.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Twelve eggs well beaten, two and one-half coffee cups brown sugar, one coffee cup melted butter, one tablespoon of cloves, mace and cinnamon each, eight crackers pounded and soaked in one pint of cold milk, one teaspoon salt, two quarts of milk warmed, one coffee cup of citron, two and one-half coffee cups stoned raisins. Bake six hours in a slow oven.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Nine tablespoons sugar, two eggs; beat the yolks and sugar together. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and put the two together. Just as it is going to the table, add about a tablespoon of boiling water, stir well together and flavor.

DAKE PUDDING.—Three cups of flour, one cup molasses, one and one-half cups raisins (chopped), two-thirds of a cup of suet, one cup milk, one teaspoon of soda and a little salt, one teaspoon of cloves, one of cassia, one of allspice; steam from four to five hours.

SAUCE.—Two cups of sugar, one of butter, rub to a cream, add three or four tablespoons of boiling water just before sending to the table; if wanted extra nice, add the white of an egg; flavor to taste.

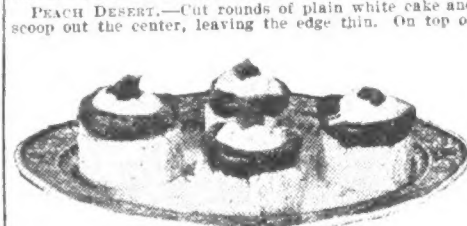
CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE.—One cup butter, one cup sugar (creamed), two cups molasses, nine eggs, one cup cold coffee, five cups flour, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon each cloves, allspice, cinnamon, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one pound citron.

EGG SALAD.—Cook eggs in a large amount of water which is kept just under the boiling point for 20 minutes. Boiled eggs are leathery and indigestible. Cool and cut into halves. Remove the yolks, mash and mix with minced chicken, ham or boiled salmon. Season

well with butter, salt and pepper, and a little onion juice, if desired. Chopped pickle also improves the flavor. Fill the egg whites and set in a bed of lettuce. Garnish with rings of green pepper.

PRUNE CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter or lard, one cup chopped prunes, cooked without sugar, four tablespoons sour cream or milk, two small teaspoons soda, one small teaspoon baking powder and a dash of cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg. Flour to make thick batter. Bake in layers and put whipped cream or boiled icing between each layer and on top. This is also good with dried apples or raisins. Does not seem dry, like lots of dried fruit cakes. —Mrs. E. H. W., Creswell, Ore.

each place half a canned peach, heap with sweetened whipped cream and top with a candied cherry or a cube of bright jelly.



PEACH DESSERT.

PLAIN CAKE.—Sift together one cup of sugar, one and a half cup of sifted flour, three level teaspoons of baking powder and a scant half teaspoon of salt. Break two eggs into a measuring cup, fill the cup with milk and add to the drys with five tablespoons of well softened butter, but not melted. Beat hard until smooth and creamy.

MOCK DUCK.—Take a round steak, beat it, and spread it with a dressing made from cracker-crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper, thyme and butter. Begin at one end and roll it up neatly, tying to keep it in shape. Cover the top of the roll with shreds of pork, put in a pan with a little water, and bake till tender, basting frequently. Thicken the gravy with a little browned flour and pour over meat before serving.

WALLED OYSTERS.—Line a pudding pan with mashed potatoes and glaze it with well-beaten egg. Set in the oven until thoroughly heated and of a delicate brown. While this is in the oven put on your saucepan, into which put the liquor from a quart of oysters; let it boil, add the liquor and remove the oysters and put in the liquor a teaspoon of cream, a tablespoon of butter, and enough flour to thicken. Boil until thick, then put the oysters and prepared liquor in the potato paste and serve at once.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Cook six large sweet potatoes with a little salt. When cooked, remove from fire, peel and mash smooth. In a separate dish beat three eggs, add to the eggs three tablespoons of corn-starch and a quart of good rich milk and a piece of butter size of walnut. Mix well with the mashed potatoes and put in crust and bake. Sprinkle with nutmeg before putting in the oven. A meringue may be added if desired. —Mrs. TAYLOR, McLAUGHLIN, Oldtown, Md.

BUTTER SCOTCH PIE.—Mix one and one-half cups of brown sugar and one-half cup of corn-starch. Add one and one-half cups of boiling water and cook until thick. Remove from fire and add two tablespoons of butter and the yolks of two eggs, beaten, with speck of salt added. Put into a baked pastry shell and cover

with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff with sugar. Put in oven to brown.—Mrs. ZILDA SMITH, Wann, Okla.

HUNTER'S PUDDING.—One cup chopped suet, one cup molasses, one cup stoned raisins, one cup milk, three cups flour, one level teaspoon soda. Steam three or four hours. Serve with foam or hard sauce.

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# A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



"Drink this, get it down," he ordered standing behind her.



Before nine next morning all Wellford House was up in arms.

She crushed herself against the wall as the door swung open against her.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton, born rich, dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Upon her death there is left forty pounds a year. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; she has no faith in him, and finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis'. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman. He does not explain but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, enters a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. She remodels a velvet dress worn with amethysts for Mrs. Gibbs, who tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, hearing footsteps, and a whistle which reminds her of Lesard, listens, and with shoes in hand steals down the stair-case and spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." With his words, "Promise to trust me whatever happens," ringing in her ears, she gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The masked ball follows and Gill smooches Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PEARL COLLAR.

SOMEHOW Gillian got through that awful night; just how, she never knew. Yet it had been strangely easy to keep Jacky quiet. After hearing that wild avowal she had scarcely spoken; had never rebelled as Gillian made her get into bed. Only one thing she said clasping Gillian to a silent, faithful heart:

"Gill, do you care? Do you love him?" She had whispered.

"Better than heaven—worse than hell," said Gillian, dry-lipped. "But it's not that so much as—oh, Jacky, the shame! I could not bear the shame!"

"You sha'n't—through me," her voice was quiet enough, but she bit into her arms as she buried her face in them. Not for a hundred thousand jewels should Gillian's story and her own come out, and yet if it had not been for Gillian she could have laughed to see Lesard hunted down.

"Lesard Gillian's husband! Lesard!" She writhed in her bed. It could not be true; there must be something wrong somewhere. And yet she knew it was true as that she, who hated a thief, had stood quietly by and seen the house robbed of some of the finest jewels in England.

"Why didn't I scream? Be killed, anything? rather than let him go?" She was sick with humiliation. "Now I can't do anything. If I speak it will only drag her out before the world as a burglar's wife. It wouldn't even mean catching him. And I can't! I can't! I won't have Gill in any court nor in all the papers, nor have her know that it is I—I who stand in her shoes, and I called her a coward." Her tearless sobs racked her. "A coward!" and she is downstairs now, facing them all, dancing, when she has found out—this!

Gill sat at supper downstairs—for she dared not stay away—her mask off, her face white as ashes, waiting in deadly terror lest any minute some woman's maid might fly in and say her jewel-box was gone.

Sir Charles Vivian opposite her looked with wonder at her dry lips, her shaking hands, as she tried to eat. He had once seen a woman look like that—only once; but she knew that her husband had to fly for his life for murder; and she was a woman, not a girl. He got up and filled Gillian's glass with champagne.

"Drink this, get it down," he ordered, standing behind her, and without answering she obeyed him. The wine seemed to run like fire to her finger-ends, to her knees.

"You're very kind to me," she said, as the other people left the table and he sat down by her, but there was no light of gratitude in her vacant eyes.

"You're ill. You ought to be in bed. Won't you go?" he asked, not daring to look at her strained face.

"I can't; it would make a fuss. Mr. Marchmont hates fuss," she whispered.

"Let him," said Vivian shortly. "Hello! What's the row over there? Why, little Mrs. Fareham's fainting!"

Gillian followed his eyes. The room was filled with small tables that held four people only, and at the second one from them, among the flowers and champagne bottles, something was happening—something she had expected, and it was only the champagne that Vivian had made her swallow that kept her from screaming.

A frantic maid, regardless of appearances, stood wild-eyed over her mistress, who was standing, swaying, as if she would fall.

the room to see if the news were true, and if her jewels were gone like Mrs. Fareham's. Only Gillian never stirred; she sat motionless, wide-eyed, as if she were stunned. Sir Charles, coming back to her side, gazed at her where she sat like a woman in a nightmare.

"It's nothing, I hope—I'm nearly certain!" he said gravely. "Look out! You've cut your hand!"

For the tumbler that held the champagne had broken into pieces as she gripped it.

And now she could not speak! She sat, in frozen misery, never even seeing that Vivian had gently taken the broken tumbler from her fingers, stripped off her cut glove, and was wiping the blood from her hand with his handkerchief.

"Don't look so frightened," he said very softly, his honest eyes full of tenderness; "there's no danger. It's all over, and they're sure to catch the thieves."

"Catch them! Oh, my God!" said Gillian's mind, but her stiff lips never moved. Her heart, her honor were out there fleeing through the night. Only her body was in the lighted supper-room, hearing for consolation her worst dread put into words.

"Are you afraid your jewels will be gone, and that Marchmont will be angry with you? Is that it?" asked Vivian, wonderingly, and then he stared in amazement.

"My jewels!" she stood up, a strange passion in her face. "I hate them. I wish they were all gone—all!"

A hand, very white and soft, was laid on her shoulder. Mr. Marchmont, not as calm as usual, was by her side.

"My dear child, I hope you are not frightened," he said smoothly. "And I hope you haven't lost anything. Have you looked?"

"Had he heard? Gillian was past caring. "Lost anything—? I don't know," she said slowly, and Vivian saw her shoulder slip from under Marchmont's hand.

"Your pearls! Aren't you wearing them?" with a curious sound in his voice the girl noted, not Vivian.

She put her slim hand to her throat vaguely; the pearls were not there.

"I meant to put them on; I must have forgotten," she muttered. "I think I left them on my dressing-table."

"Then your maid probably put them away!" with apparent relief. "Shall I go and ask her?"

"She's ill; she's in bed!" it was almost a cry. "I'll go and see."

She broke away from her guardian as she spoke, and fairly ran from the room.

"She's frightened—unstrung!" observed that gentleman to Sir Charles. "She has had a horror of burglars ever since the Hollis' were robbed."

"She seems unstrung!" returned Sir Charles dryly. He was beginning to have no opinion whatever of Mr. Marchmont. No girl who is young and beautiful should hate jewels, and this one seemed also to hate and fear the man who had given them to her. Sir Charles hung about to see what would happen if the jewels had been stolen.

He had not to wait long. Gillian was back almost immediately, absolute amazement written on her face.

"They're gone," she gasped, "but my jewel-case is there."

If Vivian had expected her guardian to fall on his ward and berate her, he was disappointed.

"My poor Gillian!" said Marchmont, his courteous voice very kind and smooth. "Don't look so frightened, it was not your fault. If we do not catch the thieves, you shall have new pearls."

But Gillian Hamilton never answered him. She stood with that curious surprise frozen on her face.

Miss Hamilton," musingly. "I was called away to speak to Lady Wellford; I came back later on, met Miss Hamilton at the drawing-room door, and we went in to supper. We were still there when the news came out. I'm afraid I'm not a very useful witness, Evans, or Miss Hamilton, either."

"No, sir, no! It's just a matter of form," apologetically. "You didn't see any one suspicious in the ballroom or anywhere?"

"I saw a lot of idiots in fancy dress, but I saw them all at supper afterward and they seemed pretty respectable," absently. He had forgotten all about the monk, whom he certainly had not seen at supper.

"I'll send Miss Hamilton now, Evans," and he had departed, quite unconscious that to save Gillian discomfort he had utterly disposed of all hopes of catching the thieves; and with no idea that it was certainly not Gillian Hamilton who had been with him during that dance before supper.

"I suppose we can see your maid!" Mr. Evans said, as Gillian was turning away, having been asked nothing as to her movements, but how she came to forget her pearl necklace.

"Yes, of course. But she was ill; I sent her to bed," truth that was not truth making her feel sick with shame. She knew nothing about my not wearing my pearls."

"I'll in bed? Oh, well; we need not see her." Mr. Evans had no idea of making himself disliked by the future Lady Vivian, as he considered Gillian from Sir Charles' manner of speaking of her.

The London detective, yawning in the background, agreed with him. This amateur nonsense about the people in the house was childish; he was quite certain he could put his fingers on the thieves. Wellford House was not the first burglary he had been engaged in discovering, but it was the one he was determined to unravel; for the value of the stolen jewels was enormous; not a woman of the house-party had saved anything but the jewels she was wearing, and the aggregate reward offered by the benefit ones would amount to a decent competency for life.

Gillian, thankful to escape, flew up-stairs to her room.

"Jacky," she but the door and spoke in a needless whisper "you needn't go down. The man says he doesn't want you."

Jacky was pacing furiously, for the robbery had broken up the party. The duchess had already set the example by leaving for London, and Mr. Marchmont was only too anxious to follow her august lead.

She looked up from where she knelt in her smart black satin that showed off her round, young figure so daintily.

Her eyes were awake, and heavy; there were lines round her mouth that had never been there and they showed through all her face beech.

"How did you do it?" she asked slowly.

"I didn't do it. The man said it of his own accord." Jacky laid in the last gown without a word, and locked and strapped the boxes. Then she got up as if her knees were stiff and old.

"Gill," she said, "have you thought at all of what we're going to do?"

"Do? We can't do anything. It's done." Her voice was full of a resigned despair that made her sister furiously angry. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. We thought of ourselves last night; I don't know whether we can go on doing it."

"We had nothing to do with the robbery," sharply.

"No. We could only have caught the thieves! Don't look so frightened. I haven't any intention of telling. It's only that I saw Mrs. Fareham's maid this morning, and she says her mistress is nearly crazy. Those diamonds of hers were borrowed from a cousin who is married to a Jew pay every penny they're worth if they're not recovered, and face a scandal besides, for he is quite capable of saying that she stole them. You see, there are other people to suffer besides you and me."

Gillian put her hands to her head.

"Jacky, what can I do?" she cried passionately. "Put yourself in my place. Think, think, what you would feel like if you were me! How do I know that if I told all I know and said I was his wife, that I might not find out he had been married before! And what would I be then?"

her miserable face crimson. "You can think of Mrs. Fareham. Can't you think of me?"

Think of her! Not till daylight was gray in the east had Jacky Hamilton thought of any one but Gillian. Then, as if a knife had been plunged deep in her breast and some one had suddenly turned it, her own agony came to her. It was Lesard who had done this thing! Lesard, the right hand in iniquity of the man he had despised and condemned.

pleaded. "Listen, Jacky! Then you'll be couldn't tell, you'll understand. I and when I was with father; I think I know from the very first day. You've seen him you ever see any man like him? Who else him, moved like him, had such ways?"

Jacky Hamilton dropped to her knees on under the butcher's market, and laid her on Gillian's knees to hide her painted, false face.

"No! Go on," she said, with a hard look.

"Well, he loved me. The day he told me the room went round. I couldn't see his voice as if he were miles away. I could face the judgment day when he kissed me. Jacky's head was strangely still on Gillian's knees.

"But I can't face it now. We were never I couldn't tell you, he did not want to know. I never thought they like each other never seemed at ease with father—matters?"

"Nothing," holding herself in an iron grip for she had started against Gillian's knees. "case" did not sound like Lesard. Once she have smiled scornfully at the words—she knew his reason, and was quiet.

"We were married," Gillian went on, "registrar's. I lied to father. I said I was house, and I went to Lesard. I lived with him for a fortnight. I was happier than I was in heaven. He was so tender, so strong and merry. You can't know—you've only seen him once or twice, haven't you?"

"A little more," very truthfully. "World never stop? Never get on to his forming, throwing her over? How else should she be to keep down the mad anger in her, the other woman—even Gillian—should tell things of Lesard."

"You sent for me then; Miss Jane was nearly killed me to leave him. He showed the train, he had gray clothes on, and his carnation in his coat"—her voice at this foolish detail was soft and full of love, in of a new Gillian whom Jacky did not know.

"He said, 'Good by, sweetheart! I don't forget me.'"

"My God in heaven keep me quiet—still," prayed Jacqueline Hamilton as she knelt.

"Yes," she cried sharply. "Go on, Gill, can't bear it."

"I can't go on, there's no more," with a fal, merciless smile. "You know these things gave you? Did you read them?"

"No. I've got them—here!"

"Bring them. Read the end for yourself."

Jacky, like a girl in a dream, fetched the of letters from her little dressing-case. It had known what it held he would surely have cured it before all the jewels in the world, thought bitterly, watching Gillian as she put out that last letter.

As she stared at it open in her hand she she could suffer no more. She had never seen one note from Lesard, and she had hoped a curious trick in his handwriting. Then a full stop between nearly every word, rather up, with no connection at all with passion or sense. And she was looking at these little full stops now that she had hoped at.

"My dear . . . Gillian," she read. "I must write . . . to you . . . some . . . time . . . ago . . . to tell you . . . needn't . . . come back . . . to me . . . I promise . . . let . . . you . . . know when . . . I wanted you . . . not . . . think at . . . the . . . time . . . I should . . . not . . . have you . . . as my wife again. You will understand . . . that this letter . . . is difficult . . . to write . . . and so I . . . had better close . . . say good by."

With a jerk of her wrist Jacky sent the into the fire, as if its touch defiled her.

"What a devil, what a devil!" she cried, furious whisper. "And after that," turning Gillian cowering in her chair, "you can tell him? You can hold your tongue and not tell him?"

Gillian looked up, her gray eyes dark with something Jacky could not understand.

"I was his wife," she said slowly. "It was ten times what he is, I would stick to him as long as I could. And I would murder him," the words came out fiercely in the quiet room. "Listen to me, Gill! I will keep your secret for you in any condition—only one. It is only for you that I do not tell all I know this minute to the men down-stairs."

She sat down, very close to Gillian, and with a quick clearness that made the older wonder as she heard. As she listened there was a look of hope on her face that had not been there since she had heard little Mrs. Fareham's scream of misery the night before.

"We can't do it, Jacky! We're not strong enough, nor brave enough," she cried at last. "There was still that hope in her face."

## CHAPTER IX.

### KEY TO THE REFERENCES.

It is not good for a woman to have for the mainspring of her existence a black and white hatred of the man whom once she loved. It was Jacqueline Hamilton's first thought on waking, it was the nightmare that kept her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



## CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM THE PANTRY



By Violet Marsh

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Do you ever think how unchangeable is the Christmas spirit, and how the customs of centuries ago remain as fresh and enjoyable as ever? In a great many homes every day of the Christmas season brings some enjoyable event. It may be the home-coming of the father, or the arrival of boys and girls from school and college, bringing with them their gifts for the holiday vacation, or, where fate has been kind to those no longer young, their married sons and daughters will be arriving with their red-cheeked grandchildren to hang their stockings in the old fireplace, just for Santa's convenience. Gifts have been coming and going and an air of mystery pervades. Behind closed doors softly-voiced feet and hushed voices herald the midnight hour hint of Christmas trees trimmed with strands of pop-corn and bright cranberries. Christmas Day finds everyone's heart open and in the mood for happiness, and long-existing barriers between relatives and once estranged friends are often dropped on the great day of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." Who would change Christmas?

## Planning the Christmas Boxes

The housewife who beholds the products of her own hands and the fruits of the harvest within her own storeroom can in no wise be handicapped in Christmas giving, for there is no present more welcome, nor one more in keeping with the holiday festival than a box or basket of temptingly food daintily wrapped. Frequently a housewife becomes famous among her friends for the excellency of a particular dish or delicacy, and right here is where she can pay a very pretty compliment by making these dishes gifts and presenting them with the accompanying recipe for making same.

It is a genuine treat to city friends to receive something fresh from the farm during the holidays. Living in small quarters with only a kitchen cabinet in which to store everything on need necessitates buying frequently and in small quantities, and one who has once known the delights of a storeroom crowded with the winter's harvest never ceases to hunger for something which reminds him more than a memory from this "house of plenty."

The poultry, a small pig ham, vegetables, jelly and pickles, freshly churned butter, rosy apples, cider right from the press, a jar of honey, corn, a big fruit cake or plum pudding are some of the things which would carry joy to the hearts of the city dwellers on Christmas Day. Another little touch not to be forgotten is to pack in pieces of evergreen and, if you can, make one of the boxes of birch bark.

## Recipes of the Season

**ROAST GOOSE.**—Single, scrub with a coarse cloth in warm soapy water and rinse. Make an incision below the breast-bone and remove the inside contents of the goose. Wash the inside with cold water and wipe with a clean cloth. Place on a rack and cover the breast with strips of salt pork which assists in drawing the oil from the fat of the goose. Bake in a fairly hot oven, then remove the pork and drain all the fat from the pan. Sprinkle the goose with salt, dredge with flour and return to oven. When the brown commences to form, add a little water and baste the goose. Dredge again and sprinkle with salt. Baste frequently and cook about two and one-half hours in all. Serve with apple sauce.

**GOOSE STUFFING.**—Two cups of hot mashed potato, one-half cup of chopped tart apple, one and one-half cup of soft fine bread-crumbs, one-third cup of butter, one level teaspoon of powdered sage, one slightly rounding teaspoon of salt, one beaten egg, one-half onion chopped fine and about two tablespoons of chopped salt pork. No oil is required.

**APPLE SAUCE.**—Make a syrup of one cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of water and the rind of half a lemon cut into strips. Cook five minutes. Have seven tart apples cut into eighths, pared and cored. Add apples to boiling syrup and gently cook until soft but not broken, remove to serving dish, oil down the syrup and pour over the apples.

**CRANBERRY SAUCE.**—To one quart of dark red cranberries add a scant half cup of water and cook in a large stew-pan until the berries are broken and soft, which will take but a short time. Stir frequently. Press through a sieve, return the pulp to the pan, add two cups of sugar and heat until the sugar is dissolved. Pour into the serving dish.

**HARLEQUIN JELLY.**—Wash and wipe five medium-sized quinces, and four quarts of tart red apples that are hard and juicy. Cut into slices, add one quart of ripe cranberries, add cold water

to come nearly to top of fruit and cook until soft, stirring frequently. Drain through a single cheese-cloth and again through two thicknesses. The first that comes through will be very clear, and then the bag can be squeezed for a second quality of jelly. There will be no difference in the flavor but the second jelly will not be transparent. Measure the juice and an equal measure of sugar. Bring the juice to a boil, cook five minutes and skim. Add sugar gradually and when it is dissolved pour the jelly into glasses.

**MASHED SWEET POTATO.**—Boil in jackets until soft. Drain and set in oven five minutes. Peel and mash, season with melted butter, salt and paprika. Moisten with cream, beat until light and turn into buttered baking dish, leaving the top irregular. Boil three tablespoons of syrup with one tablespoon of butter for three minutes, pour it over the potato and bake until the top is lightly browned.

**POTATOES BAKED WITH MEAT.**—Pare and soak one hour in cold water. Boil ten minutes in salted water, drain and place the potatoes on rack beside the meat. Baste occasionally.

**MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE.**—Plunge macaroni into rapidly boiling salted water and boil continuously until soft. Drain in a colander, and then pour cold water over the macaroni to prevent its sticking. There should be about three cups of the macaroni. To make the sauce, melt one tablespoon of butter in a saucepan and smooth into it one teaspoon of corn-starch mixed with one salt-spoon of salt, about the same amount of dry mustard and one-half teaspoon of paprika. When it begins to cook, gradually add one cup of hot milk while continuously stirring. Cook ten minutes, then stir in one cup of rich cheese cut into small pieces, and stir until the cheese dissolves. Add the macaroni, toss until hot and serve.

**SAUSAGE TURNOVERS.**—Cut one and a half pound of fresh lean pork and one-half pound of fresh fat pork into inch pieces. Mix with two-thirds teaspoon of white pepper, a dash of cayenne, two teaspoons of salt and one-half teaspoon of fine sage. Put through the meat grinder, using the fine cutter. Make into small cakes, place on a shallow tin and bake in a hot oven until done but not hard. Make rich biscuit dough, roll quite thin and cut into rounds. On one side of dough round place a hot sausage cake, turn dough over the other half and bake in a hot oven until brown.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—Cream together until very light one-third cup of butter and three-fourths cup of brown sugar. Now add one cup of chopped raisins and half-a-cup of currants and beat well. Beat in two well-beaten eggs and one-half cup of molasses. Sift together two cups of sifted flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon each of nutmeg and allspice, one teaspoon of cinnamon and a scant one-fourth teaspoon of clove, and add to the butter mixture alternately with one-half cup of milk and the grated rind of half a lemon. Beat until smooth. Bake in loaf bread tins in a slow oven one hour and twenty minutes.

**CEREAL MERINGUES.**—Beat two fresh egg whites until stiff and dry, gradually beat in one-half cup of powdered sugar, one and a half cup of corn flakes and a small pinch of salt. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a slightly greased tin a little way apart and bake in a very moderate oven until a delicate brown.

## Christmas Pies

**PASTRY.**—If all the ingredients are measured with accuracy a light, tender pastry is assured. Use a measuring cup, and measure flour after it is sifted, filling the cup with a spoon. Into the mixing bowl put three-fourths cup of cold lard, cream with a spoon and gradually add one-half cup of ice-water. Have ready three cups of flour sifted with half a teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of baking powder. Add flour to lard mixture, using two knives to work it in. Handle the dough as little as possible, shaping with the fingers instead of kneading. Roll quite thin.

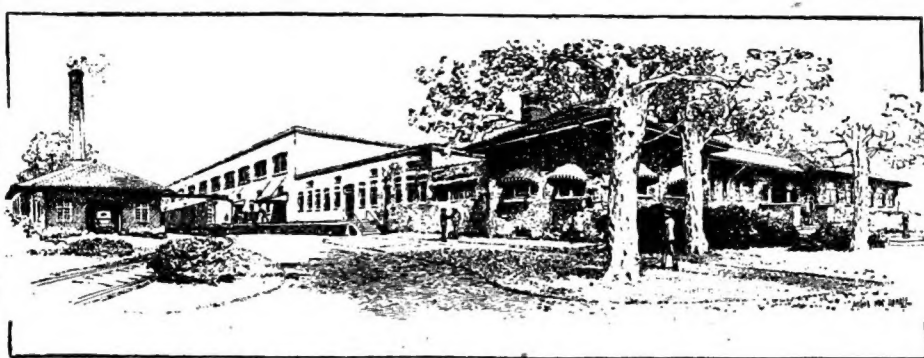
**BANANA AND PRESERVED DAMSON PIE.**—Line a deep plate with pastry. Put in a layer of sliced banana and sprinkle with three tablespoons of sugar and a few gratings of lemon peel. Cover with a layer of damson preserve, then another of banana and top with damson. If the filling appears too juicy mix a level tablespoon each of flour and sugar and sprinkle it over the top. Dot with a little butter and cover with a top crust. Bake three-quarters of an hour. This is an English pie and is sometimes served with a sauce made as follows: Beat one egg very light and gradually beat in one cup of cream and a third of a cup of damson juice. Set in a dish of hot water or use double boiler, and stir until the sauce thickens.

**MOCK CHERRY PIE.**—Two cups of ripe cranberries cut in half, one cup of raisins seeded and cut in pieces, one and one-half cup of sugar.

ar mixed with two tablespoons of flour. Line deep plate with pastry, fill with the cranberries and raisins and pour the sugar mixture over the top. Cross strips of pastry over the pie and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

**COCOANUT PUMPKIN PIE.**—Line deep plate with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, LE ROY, N. Y.

INTO the Jell-O factory you see pictured above come materials from five continents and from the islands of five seas.

Jell-O comes from the four corners of the globe. Jell-O is an international!

Have you any idea of the size of the task involved in manufacturing America's Most Famous Dessert?

Scattered over almost the whole world are thousands and thousands of human beings who, without knowing it, are largely dependent for their livelihood on what happens in the little town of Le Roy, in the western part of the State of New York, U. S. A.

You good folk who have put your faith in Jell-O and have made it the indispensable food product it is, should by right know more about it.

Thousands of miles away from hundreds of thousands of Jell-O's friends, clear over in Sicily under the shadow of Mt. Etna, are the most beautiful groves imaginable! And from these groves in a slow, winding stream comes the fruit from which we make your citrus flavors. Funny little two-wheeled carts, gaudily painted and drawn by a horse or mule with harness richly decorated with silver and tassels, are loaded high. And on the top sits a little old man with a long tasseled hat. Jell-O is kissed by the sun of Sicily!

That you may have your orange and lemon colors, pure vegetable colors—we go into far off picturesque India, and there the brown man in turban and quiet dignity toils the long day through. The land of the Brahmans contributes its best to Jell-O.

Italy, France and England from their grape vineyards send us the finest tartaric acid to be obtained. It is not to be wondered at that Jell-O has the delicious tartness of fruit itself.

Far away tiny Java with its motley horde of Orientals, touches Jell-O by sending to us her finest sugar. But Java is but one source of sugar. Huge quantities come from South America and Cuba.

Bustling Brazil and its wealth of splendid vegetation provide its choicest chocolate.

And again to the far side of the world we go for cudbear, a vegetable product from which we make the various reds you like so well in Jell-O.

Of course, our own homeland contributes its share, for much of the gelatine in Jell-O is domestic, as is much of the fruit flavor.

True it is then, that we comb the world to give you the best in Jell-O.

True it is also that Jell-O is a national—international—food product of the purest, cleanest possible sort.

## A FEW JELLO RECIPES

## SNOW PUDDING

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When cold and still liquid whip with an egg-beater to consistency of whipped cream. Let stand till firm and then pile it by spoonfuls into sherbet glasses and serve with an egg custard.

## MAGIC ICE

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When it is cool, if you can get them, add green Malaga grapes, halved and seeded, and let harden. Remove by spoonfuls into sherbet glasses. The irregular mass looks like ice and is delicious.

## PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water and add half a pint of juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream. Add a cup of the shredded pineapple. Pour into mould and set in a cold place to harden. Turn from mould and garnish with pineapple, cherries or grapes.

## ALMOND CHERRY

Dissolve a package of Cherry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. Pour half into a bowl or mould. Just as it begins to harden, drop in a row of blanched almonds or walnut meats. When hard pour in rest of Jell-O, add another row of almonds, and set away to harden.

## NEAPOLITAN WHIP

Dissolve one package of Lemon Jell-O in one-half pint of boiling water, add one-half pint of juice from canned pineapple. When cold but still liquid set the dish in a pan of ice water or very cold water and whip with Dover eggbeater until consistency of whipped cream. Fold in two or three slices of canned pineapple, finely chopped. Turn into square mould, filling half full. Then dissolve a package of Raspberry Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water, add half a pint of juice of canned or fresh raspberries and proceed the same as with pineapple whip, folding in the berries which have been sweetened if tart. Fill the mould.

JELLO

"America's Most Famous Dessert"

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# Cubby Bear Travels Swiftly

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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**H**ERE are some yellow flowers I picked for you, Grandma Bear. And look at the pretty little ferns with them!" As he spoke, Cubby held out the little woodland bouquet with a loving smile.

Grandma Bear seized it eagerly. "Oh, Cubby Bear! Where did you find the maiden-hair fern?" she asked. "I had some like it close beside the doorstep where I lived, on the mountain-side, so long. I wish, oh, how I wish, I might go there and see the place once more!" "It is a hard climb," said Mamma Bruin. "You would be tired out long before you got there."

Grandma Bear said nothing in reply, but one morning soon after, she came out of her little room wearing her best bonnet and black silk mitts.

"Why, Grandma," asked Cubby, eying her wonderingly, "you are not going away, are you?" "I am going to see my old home," answered Grandma Bear firmly, "and I may be gone a number of days. Will you go with me, Cubby Bear?"

"Oh, gladly!" cried Cubby.

A worried pucker came between Mamma Bruin's eyes.

"I am afraid you could never stand it to go there and back," she said.

"My heart is set on going, so do not try to stop me," replied Grandma Bear.

After breakfast Mamma Bruin said, "If you go, of course I shall go with you, and I shall get Dr. Squilly Porcupine to go, too."

"The more, the merrier," agreed Grandma Bear. "Ask others, too, and we will have a fine camping party."

"Shinyblack Crow could fly ahead, and show us the easiest way to go," said Mamma Bruin.

"I will see the others today, and we can start tomorrow morning, bright and early."

That afternoon Cubby heard a quick tapping at the door, but before he could reach the door, it was opened suddenly from outside, and Bonniebelle Bear, all smiles and happiness, came running in—Bonniebelle Bear, Cubby's little cousin, whom he had not seen for a long time.

He greeted her with delight, then hurried around to find Mamma Bruin and tell her the glad news.

"Shall we put off Grandma Bear's old home journey until after Bonniebelle's visit is over?" Cubby whispered the question.

"No, indeed," answered Mamma Bruin, "she will like to go with us, I am sure."

Shinyblack Crow and Dr. Squilly Porcupine came before sunrise next morning, and the camping party had an early start.

Grandma Bear's faded eyes were bright with joy, and she hurried on her way blithely.

"I find it is harder for me to climb than when I was younger," she sighed when, at the close of the second day, the mountain-top still lay before them. But in time they reached the top, and began the descent of the further side.

They were making their way through a thicket of close-growing bushes, when Bonniebelle cried:

"Oh, I have broken the ribbon that held my gold locket! See? I caught it on the bushes."

And she held up the blue ribbon she always wore around her neck. "Have you a good, safe pocket, Cousin Cubby?"

"Yes," answered Cubby, "right here in my coat."

"Then, if you please, will you keep my locket for me?"

So Cubby took the locket, and felt very proud to be trusted to carry such a precious thing.

Shinyblack Crow, who had flown ahead of the others, came back to meet them, and with him was Drummer Partridge, who had been one of Grandma Bear's old neighbors.

"You will find things sadly changed," said Drummer Partridge. "Our old neighborhood is not at all as it used to be. Woodsmen have been logging on the mountain-side. But come, you shall see for yourself."

Changed, indeed, it was. Most of the forest growth had been cut down, and where great trees used to stand were now unsightly stumps. After some trouble, they found the place where Grandma Bear's house had been, but no house was there, and the maiden-hair fern which she had cherished was gone.

"What is that thing, down there?" asked Cubby Bear, pointing, "with the big log out over it?"

"Oh, that," answered Drummer Partridge, "is a log-chute, which the woodsmen made to slide the logs down over the mountain to the river below. And that log was left there at the top when they finished work last spring. Next winter they will send it sliding down, I suppose. It is a great sight, but rather a scary one, to see the great logs go racing down the chute, one after another! Come nearer to it. There, now you can see."

"Look far away down there at the bottom," said Dr. Squilly Porcupine, pointing to where, nearly half a mile away, the chute ended, near the river bank. "Why is it made to turn up like that at the lower end?"

"Why, when the logs reach that place," explained Drummer, "they are going so fast, they fly up into the air and then go splashing over beyond, into the river."

Squilly Porcupine mounted the log whose end stood out over the steep chute, and Bonniebelle sprang up beside him.

"Run out to the other end, Cubby Bear," and Bonniebelle had stayed where they were, to balance him.

But Squilly was frightened, and sprang off the log hurriedly, pulling Bonniebelle by the paw.

"Come back, Cubby Bear! Jump for your life!" he shrieked.

Poor Cubby, frightened and wild-eyed, had no time to think what to do.



THERE CAME A TREMENDOUS SPLASH.

Squilly said, "and we will have a 'teeter'." And Squilly laughed at what he meant for a little joke.

But Cubby ran out on the log gaily, never thinking of danger.

"Who dares to come with me?" he called. Even then he might have been safe, if Squilly

The log, with the weight of Bonniebelle and Squilly gone, tipped quickly, and went flying down over the slippery, smooth-worn chute at almost lightning speed.

Cubby's claws dug into the bark, as he clung to the log with all his might. He felt confused and dizzy. He could not breathe, though the air

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December, 1922.

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whistled sharply in his ears as he whizzed along. In almost no time at all, he had reached the lower end of the chute, where it curved through space, Cubby still clinging to it with his might. Then came a tremendous splash, seemed to Cubby that the end of all things had come.

He had been thrown from the log, and was nothing to cling to, sank down, down, down to the bottom of the deep, cold river.

"I shall never see Mamma Bruin again," thought. "Oh, I wish I had been a better bear!"

Then he was amazed to feel the good, cold air blowing in his face.

He opened his eyes and gazed for breath, had risen to the river's surface.

"How did I get here?" he wondered. "I was drowned!"

But he began to sink again, and closed his eyes helplessly.

"Swim, Cubby Bear! swim!" shouted a millar voice, and the words were followed by a caw, caw, caw!

Shinyblack Crow had flown after Cubby, now hovered over the water, his great wings flapping.

At the sound of his friend's voice, Cubby took courage, and struck out bravely for shore. Soon he clambered up the river bank, dripping and shivering.

"You are not hurt, are you?" asked Shinyblack. "No—I don't think so," faltered Cubby.

He heard a mocking laugh near by.

"You don't think so?" jeered a young otter coming up to Cubby Bear. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! My, but you were a sight, splashing into the river like that!"

"Down stream a little way, but I saw it all. I came here to see if you got out all right."

"Why," exclaimed Cubby Bear, "I do believe you are Sammie Otter, who was at Furry's coasting party last winter."

"Sammie is my name, and you are Cubby Bear, who won the prize at that same coasting party."

"Oh, h, oh!" cried Cubby Bear suddenly, he had put his paw into his pocket, and made arible discovery.

"What is it?" asked Shinyblack and Sammie.

"Bonniebelle's gold locket, which she told me to take for safe keeping," answered Cubby.

"I have lost it. It must have slipped out of my pocket when I went head first into the river."

"Dear, dear!" mourned Shinyblack. "We never find it, never."

"What shall I do?" wailed Cubby. "I can go back to Bonniebelle without her locket!"

"Take hope!" It was Sammie Otter who spoke. "You beat me at the coasting party, but I'll show you that I bear no grudge, by helping you now. There's nobody hereabouts who can help me at diving. Your cousin's locket is as good as found."

Into the river plunged Sammie, but he came up, empty-pawed.

"I'll try it again," he said, and went once more.

"Look!" said Shinyblack Crow. "See the coming!"

Cubby looked where Shinyblack pointed.

"Why, they're all coming!" he exclaimed.

Sure enough, Squilly Porcupine was wading along only a little way off, puffing as though he had hurried very fast indeed. Bonniebelle was not far behind him, and in the distance could be seen Mamma Bruin helping Grandma Bear over some rough stones.

Sammie Otter popped his head out of the water and winked his little eye.

"I'll find it yet!" he promised, and disappeared again.

Squilly sat down on a rock, and wiped his face. Then he opened his medicine-case, and solemnly passed Cubby Bear a large, white pill.

"To keep you from taking cold," he said. "I can tell you, you gave us a terrible fright, Cubby Bear. We all started after you at once. The others are coming, and Bonniebelle is with her."

"I cannot meet her!" groaned Cubby.

Then Bonniebelle herself came running up to them.

"I am so glad you are safe, Cousin Cubby!" she said.

"But your locket—" began Cubby sorrowfully. Just here Sammie Otter sprang out of the water.

"Your locket is safe, too, and has had a big washing, Miss Bonniebelle!" So said Sammie, and he made a long bow and held out the lost locket, all bright and shining.

So the adventure ended happily. Sammie was warmly thanked, and invited to go back to the Pleasant Forest with the others.

Shinyblack Crow showed them the way to around the mountain, so they need not climb again; and Grandma Bear, though her old house was destroyed, declared she had had a delightful vacation, and should go again next year.



# Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



## COMFORT'S League of Cousins

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COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

**H**ERE'S the last month of the year, the midnight-striking twelfth month of 1922, soon to be laid upon Time's dusty shelf—that place of storage filled with old years and crumbling centuries. To a Family as vast as ours, the passage of a year makes many changes, with much to remember and much to look forward to. I know we have grown in size, for I have seen the big circle stretching wider and wider as the months have passed—and spreading ripple of smiles and cousinships around the world. And I'm sure we have grown happier, for the linking of friendship is certain to bring new satisfactions and joys. I am a greater and happier Uncle than ever before and with a greater and happier Family to group around me this holiday season. So the Christmas wishes I send broadcast to you can be big and merry—and the echo of your answering greetings will make joyful echoes in my ears and broaden my Christmas smile several inches. For it is the glad season—and we are a Glad Bunch!

This is our festival. Let us make the most of it. We are glad at Christmas because each of us comes there an emissary of joy, a collector of cheer, a bringer of gifts—a reflecting point of that spirit which made the angels sing when a child was born unto us, a Leader of Love, a Prince of Peace. It is the world's Great Holiday. The happy, jostling crowds that fill the streets of my city, jamming the big stores and cramming the trolleys and subways, are all abroad with hearts of good will and ready smiles which absorb all bumps, shoves and inconveniences of getting about in the holiday rush. It would seem as if Christmas was something that must be bought—and that there was not enough to go 'round, have been out in the crush several times and have brought home armfuls of big and little packages, gathered among shining eyes and smiling faces. To go through the various "toy lands" and "toy towns" established by the large department stores is great fun for me and something I look forward to each December. This celebration of the birth of a Child is one of the dearest parts of childhood, and fun runs high among red-cheeked revelers.

Although one may justly criticize and say that so much of a true rejoicing at the birth of Christ is buried under a riot of gift-giving and noisy excitement, standing far apart from the coming into the world of the Manger Baby, yet this medley of varied joy and present-making has its better side, its humanity which gives it worth, perhaps, in the eyes of Him who loved to call Himself the Son of Man. Hearts are opened and become happy and freely-giving for the holiday season, at least, because they have been swept for a time into the spirit of Christ whose heart was open to all, whose giving was His life, whose happiness was to spend Himself for the saving of a world.

Our task is not to lessen this working of the Christmas spirit in our modern life, but to see that it becomes more than a holiday—or holy day—expression of living and doing. He who was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of the King was born for all time. Not for a day or for a week was given the message of peace and good will on earth, but for all the coming centuries down which that earth must roll. When we give, and are given unto; when we seek and are sought; when we are truly keeping the Christmas spirit, we are living the teachings of the Christ we celebrate. It is not a foolish dream to think that this spirit can be held by us for more than a holiday season. It is one of our heart's highest hopes to feel that as we make this spirit a steady part of our daily life we have saved our own happiness and that of the world for all time. We have made cheer constant. We have written Merry Christmas on our hearts to keep the message there forever.

We have Christmas Clubs that are formed, as many of you know, to save throughout the year the pennies, nickels and dimes which can be expended at Christmas time. I want to see a Christmas Club that would expend itself during the whole year, that would always distribute just the same sort of gifts and happiness we now hold as ours for so brief a period. Too many that receive cake once a year, get bread throughout the other eleven months—and sometimes only stones. And we can maintain our Christmas giving during the year more easily than Christmas Club members might think. We need only to follow an old rule—one known to Christ and followed by him—that the truest gift is a part of ourselves. We can give ourselves again and again, and still have our Christmas Club capital intact; we can empty our hearts many times, and yet find them overflowing for the next thirsty ones; we can smile and leave a trail of cheer behind us—and yet find new laughter always ready for another day's shadow-chasing.

So do not let your Christmas preparations end with the passing of 1922. Hang on to your Merry Christmas smiles throughout the coming months of 1923 as they are through these busy happy weeks. A Christmas tree cannot last very long at most, but the spirit it stands for can be made as evergreen as the tree which is its symbol. Deck your lives with small and great gifts, with little kindnesses and daily sparkling thoughts of cheer and happiness-giving. Why, if every member of our Big Bunch became a twelve-month Santa Claus of Joy, I'm sure 1923 would go down on record as the happiest year in history. Let us start a Merry Christmas that will reach 'round the world and last till the candles are lighted on next year's trees. For the world stands in need of the gift of ourselves, not alone now, but always. The light of the Christmas star needs to shine upon us every dark night of the year. Love knows no seasons and where it dwells is always holiday.

Merry Christmas to each and all of you, then—this month and every month. I know you have heard me, for my ears are tickling already!

And now for the letters:

**DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:**

Here comes something new—a cousin from Canada. I have never seen a letter from Canada in the Cousins' department, so I thought I would write and then maybe other Canadian cousins would write also.

As most of the cousins describe themselves first, I guess I will follow suit. I am five feet, six inches tall, weigh 130 pounds, have dark brown hair and blue eyes, and a medium complexion. I will be thirteen years old this coming April of 1923. There now, how do you like me?

I have four brothers and one sister. My sister is married but my brothers are all single. We live on a farm of over a hundred acres and grow grains and vegetables of all kinds, but no fruit. Our farm is situated on the banks of the Wahl River, five miles north of New Liskard—which is our nearest trading town. This is all a very rolling country and a real good one for farming. Uno Park is just a small village, containing a store, post office, school, Methodist church and a railroad station. There are also quite a few houses. We have rather early winters here and we have also early frosts in the summer time which often spoil our garden. Next to New Liskard, our nearest town is Halleybury. People call this the "rich man's town," as people who are retiring go and live there. Cobalt is next to Halleybury. It is a silver mining town and there is also a good market there every Saturday where all sorts of farm produce are offered for sale. Well, I guess if I don't stop describing our country you will all be moving up here and we would not have room for all of you. Then what would we do? But if this gets past Billy I will write again and tell you more of our wonderful northland.

I have taken COMFORT for two years in my own name, but my sister took it for years before she was married. When she went away I found I could not do without dear old COMFORT and I subscribed for it and am taking it yet. I surely enjoy reading the interesting stories, but the part I love most is the League of Cousins. I read all the letters, and your answers, Uncle Lisha, certainly makes me laugh. I think that if anything should happen to Billy one would be lost without him.

I liked Ruth's letter, and Dave of Washington, and Teddy Carmichael and them all, in fact. I sure had a good laugh at the Hermit of the Hills. I wonder if he got something to make his hair grow out again. I hope so, as he would look funny with his head devoid of hair as a toad's back!

As my letter is getting long I will soon have to quit. First, I would like if some of the cousins could send me the song, "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and also the song, "In the Baggage Coach Ahead."

I wish COMFORT and all its readers, and also Uncle Lisha and Billy, the best of luck.

Will Augustus Trick, Hermit of the Hills and Ruth please write to me? And I'll hope to hear from other cousins as well.

Your loving niece and cousin,  
ORPHIA LEVERREE.

**P. S.** Oh, say, Uncle! If you'll print this letter I'll send you a snapshot of myself in my baseball outfit. Uno Park girls have a girls' team. I'll send it in my next letter. Is it a go?

Orphia, I was glad to get your letter from the banks of the wild and rolling Wahl, telling us some of the things Uno about the part of Canada in which you dwell. But you must not think Canadian cousins are scarce, Orphia, even if they are scarce writers. I assure you we have oodles of members in our Maple Leaf Division. I don't know why they do not write oftener, unless it is their ink is frozen or they believe their letters would be held up for duty on the border. But I'm sure you will soon be hearing from plenty of northland neighbors and cousins—as well as some who dwell south of the icy Wahl.

Your town has a wise name, Orphia, and I'm glad it has a "few houses" in it. At first when your letter started to tell about it, I was afraid there were no houses at all and the unfortunate inhabitants had to roost in trees like guinea hens or turkeys. I should think it would be rather uncomfortable roosting in Canada—anyway along about February. I hope there are plenty of houses in Halleybury, this retiring town of yours, Orphia. I am a retiring sort of person and I might want to go up there and get retired. But I'm not going to roost in any tree, no matter what the retiring advantages of Halleybury are—and I'm pretty sure that Bill's objections would be stronger yet. Just how much wealth does one have to have to qualify for citizenship in this "rich man's town," Orphia? At my last inventory I had accumulated nine dollars, a Columbia half, seventy cents in assorted "shin" plasters, and six dollars in Confederate bank notes. I also have a plugged three-cent piece and a cent of your Canadian government. Would these savings of mine let me in provided I was retiring enough? When you write to me let me know about this, don't forget that baseball photo. I think I would prefer one of you sliding for second or slugging a three-bagger out to right field. I'll have Bill start a Sporting Section in his Album.

**SOMEWHERE IN MINNESOTA.**

**DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:**

Having read Mike's letter in COMFORT about farm life, I decided to tell what I think about farming. Farming is all right if parents work with the children—but not when they expect their children to work, work, with no pleasure, not even a pleasant word. I can tell you that I have always lived on a farm all my life, and I can say that I'm an invalid and will be for the rest of my days—and all caused by hard work. I've a father that hates a doctor's bill. He knew I was sick for years, but wouldn't take me to a doctor till too late. Now I can never be well again. Do I like farm life? No. Do I like city or town life? I'll say No again. I prefer country to town because in a town you can rarely go any place but what there is some man to insult you. They say a girl is to blame; she is somewhat, but not all. I can say, though, it was a girl got me into a scrape I never want to be in again.

Now I'm no man-hater; but what I like is a man with a clean life—and you can't find but few. I haven't found any yet. Boys, brace up; lead the right sort of life, and you will find the girl you want to marry.

I suppose you will think I am some old maid and couldn't get a look from a man if I wanted to. You're wrong there, for I'm between 19 and 22 years of age—and called good-looking.

Your niece, PEACHES.

**P. S.** Uncle, I'll tell you my name, but don't you dare print it or I'll never forgive you.

Peaches, your letter hit me hard. I have known too many instances where parents have expected too much in the way of heavy farm work from their children—and often with crippling injury to health. Where physical hurt has not come, the unsuited, overloaded happy outlook, a loss of all of youth's naturally happy outlook, a repression of the healthy play instinct, a state of continual physical and mental fatigue which have meant unhappy changes all around and the leaving of marks on body and mind which future years cannot erase. A twig must not be too much bent. As old heads do not grow on young shoulders, so, young shoulders must not be expected to bear the work loads of adult years. Every child brought up on a farm should have certain duties to perform, should early be accustomed to bearing an interested part in all the busy many-sided life of a country home. But the work to be done by boys and girls must be wisely and justly allotted according to age and strength—and with time left for play, for study, for plenty of sleep, and for the natural rebounding elasticity of young bodies to have uninjured ac-



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Look about you and you'll see glistering teeth on every side today.

Teeth which once were dingy now have luster. And women smile to show them.

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There forms on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

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Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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### Now we combat it

Old methods of brushing are not sufficiently effective. So nearly everybody suffers from it more or less.

But dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists

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A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern knowledge. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

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Pepsodent is based on modern dental research. It corrects some great mistakes made in former dentifrices.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That's there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

tion and proper growth. Leading, direction and light burdens are right, but no heavy harnessing too early. It is just this too-young breaking in to the more difficult work of the farm which brings disgust and disaffection to home and the land on the part of farm young people. Yet if parents are grasping, short-sighted, unloving—as some of them are, alas—sad results sometimes happen. Peaches, I am sorry for you and for all ways in which your body and heart have been hurt. I am sorry for your father—who has lost your love. Anything gained, or saved in the ways of which your letter tells, must be the surest possible loss—and with no chance of replacement.

TIFFIN, 97 JACKSON STREET, OHIO.

**DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:**

I am a very decided blonde (no peroxide), with dark blue eyes. I am twenty-six years of age. At present I am caring for an aged grandparent, and my vocation and future training will be that of a beauty specialist. Just now I am very lonely as I have few friends and my grandfather insists on having no noise. Will you, Uncle Lisha, kindly help me in this matter by asking your nephews and nieces to write me? Dear Uncle, you will be glad to hear that one of the very nicest pen-friends I have had was a cousin. Excuse pencil, as I am no good with pen and ink.

Lovingly your niece, CONNIE JOHNSON.

Are you sure, Connie, that what your grandfather objects to is noise? When I read your letter I thought perhaps it was "noise" to which he was opposed. But probably it comes to the same thing in the end. For of course it would be hard to have your friends come and converse with you in whispers. Your mistake was in not picking out a deaf grandparent, but I suppose it is too late now to change. There might be a chance, though, of your finding some deaf-and-dumb "noise." These would make the quietest sort of callers and not at all disturbing to your grandfather's nerves. Well, I'm sure you are going to make a lot of lonesome-curing friends through our Big Family, Connie—and these friends will not make one bit of noise, unless you take a notion to read their letters aloud.

I was delighted to hear you were going to be a beauty specialist, Connie. We can't have too much beauty and I'm glad you are going to specialize in increasing the lovely commodity. You might write to Cousin Gus Trick for a correspondence course on how not to begin this beauti-

tying business. But, seriously speaking, I would like to send you a customer. This is my butcher on Utica Avenue. He has a wart on his nose which seems to get larger every year. He would be much more beautiful without this wart, Connie. But you'll have to cut it off when your grandfather is not about the house, for really I'm afraid this butcher chap is apt to let out a yell when you slice off the wart. It's about three-quarters of an inch at the base and rather firmly attached to his nose, I fancy, so one could not blame him for protesting a little when you start in to beautify him. Beauty cannot always be had without a little noise. How is your grandfather for beauty, Connie? Has he any warts? You might get permission to practice on him in his quietest moments. Perhaps if you made him more beautiful he might become more tolerant of noise and boise.

NUMEDHAL, NORTH DAKOTA.

**DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:**

Will you admit a very little girl into your happy circle? I am four months old and two feet, one inch, tall. I weigh nineteen pounds and have blue eyes and medium brown hair. I live on a farm of 75 acres with my parents, three brothers and seven sisters. Love to Uncle and all the cousins from Your little niece, RUBY VERNA HALVERSON.

I have heard there were good schools in North Dakota, Ruby, but I never supposed the cleverest of classroom artists could make anybody as young as you write so well. Why, your letter was ever so nicely done—and properly spelled—every word! I thought it most astounding. I showed it proudly to Billy and he grunted and said: "It is entirely credible in Ruth, but not so exceptional as you seem to think, Uncle. I must remind you that the Infant Macaulay is said to have written a leader for the London Times at the age of seven months and four days." But Bill never lets anything surprise him, Rubykins; he thinks it would be undignified.

Ruby, you have a lot of brothers and sisters of assorted sizes. I hope you will not get lost or mislaid among such a crowd of Halversons. Of course I am delighted to give you the tiny space you ask in our Big Circle. I hope you will write us another letter for each pound you gain in weight up to a ton and a half. And not another one of them shall Billy have a chance of seeing!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)







## The Forgotten Woman

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"All the money in the world isn't worth the of a good, true woman," he threw back his head and laughed. "What do you know about good women, Sid?" questioned jokingly, "you who have never in any except those belonging to a very self-set."

"That's true," admitted Sidney, "but all the I've known the love of one good woman in life."

"And you gave her up—"

"To marry money," supplied Sidney. "I'll tell me about it," said Zane, "maybe it will ease your mind."

"Can't do it," answered Sidney, rising. "You didn't understand—"

"The door he turned back. 'Haven't been to see Valesque's pictures yet, have you?'"

"I guess you better go down this afternoon; he's great fame in the last two years—so the art say—and is having his art exhibit this noon."

"I'm so glad," said Zane happily. "Old Val has had so hard and has had such an unhappy life, maybe this success will help him in a measure out the years of unhappiness he's lived through. Have you seen the picture?"

"No," answered Sidney, "but am going with my this afternoon."

"The crowd was thinning out considerably when he made his appearance at the studio of his old friend, Valesque, who had won fame and fortune Zane's absence. Delighted to see his young friend, Valesque bade him wait in the sitting-room until the studio was empty of guests that might observe his new work in peace."

"He picked up a magazine to pass the time, and presently was absorbed in a thrilling story. Suddenly he became conscious of voices instantly recognized in one the voice of his friend, Sidney, the other was that of a woman. What in the world," the woman was saying, "do you see in the picture to upset you so?"

"As no more than a thousand other pictures we've seen before; anybody would think you had a vertigo on the model and the baby," Sidney begged. "Come away, come away," Sidney begged. "It's the picture but the warmth of the house that upset my nerves."

"Poor old chap," murmured Zane as he watched the couple depart a few minutes later. "I guess would be pretty tough sailing to marry for me."

"Presently his musings were interrupted by the artist. 'Come now,' said Valesque, 'we can take our good time.'"

"From picture to picture Valesque guided him until finally coming to the prize picture of the year he asked Zane to keep his eyes shut until he bade him look."

"Now," said Valesque joyously when he had bade the picture where the last rays of sunset in golden splendor upon it, "you may look." Zane opened his eyes and for a moment stood staring at the picture—speechless, spellbound—

"There he was the prize picture of the year—a young woman it was in a small boat on a sunset, a baby clasped close to her breast, and on her face the anguish of a hopeless heart. Beneath the picture in softly blended colors was the face that clearly bore out the anguish of the picture: 'The Forgotten Woman.'"

"Suddenly he laid a trembling hand on the arm of the artist and his voice shook with suppressed emotion. 'Where, Val,' he asked in a husky whisper, 'did you get that?'"

"Why, Zane, old man, anyone would think I'd brought the dead to life, by your actions." "You will tell me about it?" Zane begged.

"Certainly," answered Valesque, "but it's far from a pretty story. Funny thing," continued Valesque, "that picture affected your brother roughly this afternoon also."

"Standing before the picture, Valesque told Zane the story of his prize picture; he was sketching on the Virginia coast in the early spring more than a year ago, and in crossing Deed's Cove one afternoon had found the young woman in his prize picture just ready to cast herself and her baby into the sea. In tender tones he told how he had persuaded her to listen to reason, and how before she had explained her reason for the act, he kind-hearted fisherman overtook her and told her the Settlement was waiting to welcome her back into their midst instead of crucifying her."

"The attitude so inspired me that I was never able to get away from it, and finally I decided to paint the picture, and persuaded her to pose for me. And one day she told me the story. She had married some man secretly, who deserted her shortly afterwards; the shock killed her old grandfather and left her to face the coming of her child alone."

"You know the name of this deserter?" Zane asked huskily.

"The artist shook his head. 'She wouldn't tell me.' And the girl," questioned Zane, "is—she still at Deed's Cove?"

"Yes," responded the artist, "she is still there—peculiar sort of little thing—seems to be waiting for someone she used to know. I'm deeply interested in her, and would have brought her on to New York to share the joy of my success—but she wouldn't come."

"Suddenly the hope that had risen in Zane's heart seemed to choke him—he was going to find Mary Deed only to lose her again?"

"Are—are your interests in this girl serious?" he asked presently.

"Serious, all right, Zane, but not in the way you think. Perhaps you don't know—but I lost my wife and baby near Deed's Cove some twenty years ago when the ill-fated Pandora went down, and this girl is the very image of my wife."

Zane gripped his friend's arm and drew him to a nearby settee.

"It's possible, Valesque," he said thoughtfully, "that in 'The Forgotten Woman' you have discovered your own daughter."

"My daughter—great God! Zane, don't talk like a lunatic. What do you know about this woman?"

"Curiously, accurately Zane told him of the years he had spent in Deed's Cove—told how Mary wasn't the granddaughter of old Aaron Deed except by adoption; told how the old man had found her among the wreckage in a blue basket after the Pandora went down."

"And you," said Valesque, "what have you to say about the girl?"

"Mr.—why, I—I—stammered Zane, "have loved her for years. I wanted her for my wife but before I declared my love to her she discovered she was in love with another man so I never went back."

"And this other man, Zane," cried Valesque, "must be found and punished."

"Suddenly the color faded from Zane's face—clear as light he saw the truth—the man who had deserted the woman he loved was his step-brother. Sidney's gray hair, his declaration of love, his nervousness over the picture—everything pointed clearly enough towards the guilty party. There was no time to waste. Sidney had not only sinned against Mary, but had also committed bigamy—he must make reparations. If Mary still loved him she should have him—but no stint of money should keep them apart—but one thing was sure, he would see for himself that the girl should not be mistreated."

"I shall go to Deed's Cove immediately," he promised as he arose to leave. "Make it day after tomorrow, Zane," begged the artist, "and I will go with you."

"Can't wait until then," Zane declared, "we might lose sight of her again."

"Then let it be noon tomorrow and I will arrange to go also."

"So it was agreed that the two would start to Deed's Cove the following noon, but Zane's work was not over. From Valesque he went direct to

the home of his step-brother from whom he demanded the truth.

"It wasn't that I didn't love her," Sidney exclaimed over and over, "it was the mere fact that I needed money and neither of us had it, so I had to put her out of my life."

"But do you realize," said Zane, "that you are a bigamist—that the law can and will handle for you this thing you have done? It isn't Mary or your child that is nameless, but your present wife; she is the one you have lived with unlawfully. You know the marriage vows at Deed's Cove is but the admittance of accepting each other before a third party, that will hold good—it's Mrs. Sidney Creighton of New York that you have been living with unlawfully."

Suddenly Sidney began to laugh. "Serves her right," he murmured disgustedly. "She's stepped on me ever since I've been married to her—now I'll get even."

"But listen, Zane, don't tell her about it until I've had a talk with Mary; you know, Mary may not take me back—if she doesn't then I'll get a divorce from her on the sly, and my present wife will never know the difference."

"You can mark it down right now that Mary won't want you," said Zane, "but you're going to explain things to your present wife either way—and I'll give you twenty-four hours to begin action."

Without another word Zane was gone, leaving Sidney Creighton to himself. His present condition was anything but pleasant, and Sidney Creighton, fearing that at last the long arm of justice was reaching out for him, restlessly paced his room far into the night, finally reaching a decision to go in person to Deed's Cove and see for himself how the land lay.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that the luxuries with which Mrs. Sidney Creighton's money surrounded him were of the sort from which he had no desire to be divorced, even for love's sweet sake, and in his heart he realized that he would go most any length to retain his present position, if he were forced to do so. The thought of having to pay for any of his misdeeds filled him with an almost insane rage—and it was in an ugly mood that he finally started for Deed's Cove.

'Twas scarce 6 o'clock by the sun-dial when Sidney Creighton made his appearance on the white sands of Deed's Cove, and yet the fisher folks had cast their nets and gone home. Only Jim Cody lingered at the water's edge, tinkering with his boat. Looking up suddenly, he beheld a dark, foreign-looking man with black Vandyke beard walking towards him.

"A stranger in Deed's Cove," thought Jim, and presently the two were chatting like old friends—but Jim Cody was never known to forget a voice, and in the stranger's tone detected an old familiar note, and while he couldn't fathom out just whom it belonged to, he decided the stranger would bear watching. Jim noticed with a peculiar sensation in his heart that the stranger kept his face turned towards the cabin that sheltered the woman he loved and his little son.

Jane had never forgiven him his villainy nor taken him back, though he had claimed her as his lawful wife and little Zach as his son—still, if danger threatened her, he wanted to be near.

Presently the door of the old Aaron Deed cottage opened, and Mary and little Zach, leading between them a toddling curly-haired baby, came out and turned down the pathway leading to the shore road.

The last rays of the setting sun shone on Mary's face—a face of grave beauty and sweetness. Since her baby had been spared and her purity accepted that awful day, more than a year before, she had developed into a wonderful woman. At the shore road, just as in the old days, she was joined by Zane Bradley who had been walking along the white beach, and Jim Cody realized that whoever the stranger might be, he was interested in Mary.

"Just who might these people be at the crossing?" asked the stranger hoarsely.

"That's Mrs. Sidney Creighton and Zane Bradley," answered Jim, trying all the while to connect the voice of the man with someone he had known.

In this preoccupied frame of mind he failed to note the start the stranger had given at the mention of Mrs. Sidney Creighton. Getting no response, he pointed out another figure far down the beach.

"That is her daddy," said Jim. "Him and Mr. Zane just come today, and as soon as they can find Sidney Creighton she's going to get a divorce and marry Mr. Zane. She's just found her real daddy after being lost from him twenty odd years—and him and Mr. Zane is mighty big folks."

Presently Zane walked on to join Valesque, and Mary, coming down to the spot where Jim and the stranger were, stopped to speak to Jim.

"Jane is alone, Jim," she said softly, "and I think in a gentle frame of mind. Just for an excuse you might run up and tell her that father and Mr. Zane will stay with us for supper."

At her approach the stranger had turned his face to the sea and walked down to the water's edge, and Jim, pushing his boat back in the water, smiled his appreciation at Mary for her kindness, and went to do her bidding, followed by little Zach, who no longer feared this big-fisted man for the two were now inseparable companions.

The cabin door had scarcely closed upon the man when the stranger wheeled, and pointing a revolver at Mary, ordered her to pick up the baby, get into the boat and make no sound.

Mary, thinking she had to deal with a crazy person, obeyed, and the stranger, stepping in after her, took up the oars and with a few swift strokes sent them out from the shore. Trembling with fear, Mary clasped her baby and waited for a chance to do something, and the man—rowing grimly towards the sunset—spoke no word to tell her of his plans. Finally, realizing the danger before her, she sprang to her feet.

"Who are you?" she cried angrily. "What are you going to do with me and my baby?"

Receiving no answer, Mary leaned toward the rower with a look of terror in her eyes—a feeling that she had encountered this man before—somewhere—and again she demanded an explanation.

The man gave an ugly laugh. "You won't be hurt if you behave—I'm just going to send you on a little trip 'round the world. My yacht is down at the Cove's mouth, and—"

With a swiftness that took him completely by surprise, Mary dropped the baby into the bottom of the boat and sprang for the revolver which he had placed beside him.

A short, sharp struggle followed, then something flashed in the red sunset and buried itself in the waters of the sea. Before the man had time to recover from the first action, Mary made a lightning pass at his face, and when her hand came away her fingers were clutching the false Vandyke beard and bushy eyebrows, and Sidney Creighton was meeting her look of horror with one of cold fury.

"You beast!" exclaimed Mary. "You've learned that you are a bigamist and meant to kidnap us, did you?"

"My intentions are still good," snarled Sidney. "No one at Deed's Cove knew me—and one move from you will mean death in the sea," he threatened.

As if in answer to his threat, Mary turned her face towards Deed's Cove and sent a ringing cry for help across the water, then with a shrug of her splendid shoulders, she faced Creighton.

"Turn the boat over if you dare," she called defiantly. "You vile brute—you can't swim—turn it over!"

Sidney loosened his grasp on the oars, and a wave of fury swept over him. "I can drop you over," he cried angrily, "you and that damned brat, too, that has brought about the trouble—and I will unless you listen to reason."

But Mary was no longer afraid—she knew the waters of Deed's Cove—she knew the strength of her voice—somebody at Deed's Cove heard that cry—somebody would come to her rescue—her problem was to prevent Creighton from any drastic deed until help arrived.

As Mary suspected, the cry she sent across the

water had reached the ears of willing rescuers. The artist, Zane Bradley and Jim as one man heard the call, and a moment later two boats shot out from the shore.

In one was Jim, in the other Zane—Valesque falling behind in the race for the boats. With sinking hearts both Zane and Jim watched as they piled their oars, the desperate struggle taking place in the boat ahead.

Sidney, however, had placed a false estimate on the strength of the girl. To dispose of her was not an easy matter as he had supposed, her strength fully matching his own. She was a superb figure against the grey sky, fighting for herself and her child.

Creighton, too, was desperate and fought savagely. Suddenly he caught sight of the pursuing boats, and realizing that it would all be up with him if caught, made one more frantic effort to rid himself of Mary, but her strength was too much for him. A moment more, the boats bore down upon him, and turning a look of livid hate on Mary and the child, he uttered a maniacal cry and threw himself into the sea, while Mary, slipping to her knees, caught her baby to her breast with a sob of Thanksgiving.

At that moment Zane drew his boat alongside, and transferring himself to the one with Mary, gathered both her and the child in his arms.

"It—it was Sidney," she faltered, "and—he—can't swim."

"Shall we save him?" asked Zane. For an instant Mary stared at a hand thrust up in appeal a few yards away—then she nodded.

Zane spoke briefly to Jim, whose boat had also come close, and Jim's boat shot swiftly in the direction of the up-thrust arm. But they were too late—Sidney had gone down in sight of her whom he had sought to destroy—and Mary Deed hid a shuddering face on Zane's shoulder.

"He was my stepbrother," said Zane briefly. "Five years I lived under a shadow because of him—he has left a trail of tears wherever he has gone—God be merciful to him—now!"

Again three people were gathered around the fireside of the Deed cabin—Mary, Zane and Valesque—in Mary's hand was an old book, the diary of Aaron Deed. She handed the book to Valesque, open at an entry made many years before, which read:

"December 19th, 1892.—This morning—after a night of storm—I found a little baby girl, which I have named Mary Deed, and which I shall keep until identified."

"It was on December the 18th that the ship went down," said Valesque. "My heart tells me you are my little girl, Mary."

"And mine tells me you are my father," returned Mary, her eyes filling with tears. "Almost it seems I have too many blessings for one," she said solemnly.

Zane, who had been smoking, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and crossing to Mary's side, took her hands in both his own.

"And I," he said, "have too few. Confer a few of yours, Mary dear, upon me—yourself and—"

he paused, there was a light patter of little feet, and Aaron Sidney Creighton toddled towards them out of the shadows—"and this little tike," finished Zane.



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New York Salesrooms: 350 Broadway



"Oh, Zane," cried the girl softly as she hid her face against his broad right shoulder. "My heart has been crying for your return so long—so long." "I'll never leave you again," declared Zane, drawing the slender figure a bit closer to his heart. "We will be married right away."

"You must remember, Zane," reminded Valesque, "that I have but found my children, and not unless you both come back to New York and live with me will I give my consent for this."

"Yes, daddy," cried the girl, "we will have to crowd in every minute with happiness to make up for all these lost years—"

The conversation was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, and when it opened there stood on the threshold Jane, Jim and little Zach.

"She has married me all over, Miss Mary," announced Jim proudly.

Mary looked swiftly from Zane to Valesque and back, then began laughing joyously, and giving Jane a friendly caress declared she was going to give her Deed's Cabin for a wedding present.

"Only we will not be gone for good," said Zane, "we'll be coming to Creighton Lodge, which belongs to me, every summer."

With beaming faces the callers slipped away, leaving Mary with those who henceforth and forever would love and care for her—no longer a forgotten woman but one greatly beloved—Zane's eyes told her so as he drew her to him with one arm while the other encircled her child.

And Valesque, looking on, smiled contentedly and thanked God for his blessings.

THE END.

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FREE IS the splendid record of success in Auto Knitting achieved by Mr. and Mrs. G. Begalke. Not many Auto Knitterers have the time and energy needed to get out the full money-making possibilities of their machines, as Mr. and Mrs. Begalke, but in homes all over the country the Knitter helps to bring in many welcome dollars every week the year round. Wouldn't you be glad to have the extra money in exchange for some of YOUR spare hours? Read the Begalkes' inspiring story and send for free information about our "Guaranteed Wage Plan." That was how they got their start.

By G. G. Begalke

EVER since my wife and I have been married, it has been our desire to have some kind of an automobile, but as time went by it never seemed possible for us to realize our wish.

When our children came, expenses of course increased. We now have three, the oldest eight, youngest two, and the care of this growing family has always made it out of the question for us to save enough money from our regular income to buy an automobile.

Finally we concluded that we must find some way to earn extra money in our spare time, so we started looking for a home occupation that would enable us to add to our bank account.

We found nothing very promising until last October, when I noticed a full page advertisement in the Sunday paper, telling how people in our circumstances made money at home in their spare time by knitting socks on the Auto Knitter. I called my wife's attention to the advertisement, and she said it was almost too good to be true, but we were both so interested that we decided to find out more about the work, and mailed the coupon from the ad.

We received by return mail the literature explaining the proposition thoroughly, and we became convinced by reading it that the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company was offering us a genuine money-making opportunity. I said to my wife, "If others can do it, why not we?" So with her consent I sent a money order and we awaited the arrival of the Auto Knitter machine.

Just before Thanksgiving the pressman delivered it to our house, and that evening we opened it and found the machine to be just as represented. The instruction book was also too clear and plain to be misunderstood, so I became convinced that we had indeed found the way to make the extra money for our long-desired automobile. To make a long story short, we soon learned to make standard, salable wool socks, and we are now glad to say that in the four and a half months we have used the machine we have turned out 80 pairs of men's socks; part of these we sold to the company under the wage contract, and part we sold to private customers at \$1.00 a pair. My wife just went from house to house a couple of times, displaying sample socks, and after that people began coming to our house to order socks. Sometimes we had to hustle to fill our orders.

And finally, after the knitter and a stock of wool was paid for, we had a net balance of \$536.56 clear profit for our work. On Wash-

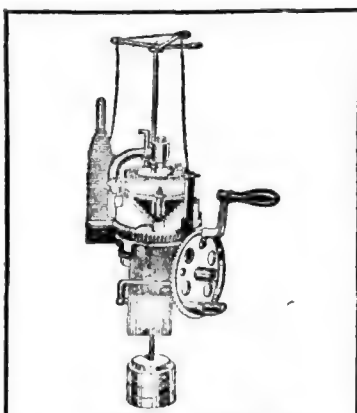
ington's Birthday I celebrated by buying a brand new Ford Sedan, and our long-time wish came to be a fact, thanks to the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company. So now we have our car, bought with the extra money we made at home, in spare time.

My wife and I often speak of that full-page advertisement we answered, and all that it has meant to us since. If we had not invested in the Auto Knitter we should never have been able to buy a car, but by turning our spare time into real cash right at home, it was so easy that now we are going on earning until we have a piano too.

G. G. Begalke, Wisconsin

## Why Not Satisfy YOUR Wants Through Auto Knitting?

Even though you may have no actual need to earn money, how pleasant it would be to do so, wouldn't it?



Not a Miracle Worker—But a Real Money-Maker For the Industrious!

The money-making possibilities of the Auto Knitter are great, but their full realization depends, of course, upon the energy and industry of the individual owner. To make over a thousand dollars a year at Auto Knitting is an uncommonly good record and requires "overtime" rather than "spare time" work. But, even in two or three hours a day, worth-while dollars can be made, and our Work Contract guarantees you a market for every standard sock you knit. The Auto Knitter will work just as fast and long as you do yourself, and your pay will always be in proportion to your industry and skill.

When an Auto Knitter owner needs extra money, she simply gets busy making standard socks on her machine, sends a shipment of them to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company and in a few days she has the money—in the form of a "check from Buffalo."

"The check from Buffalo" is a welcome visitor in thousands of American homes—and it pays for all sorts of extra comforts, pleasures and little luxuries. This money is used to help pay for new homes—to buy new furniture—to start bank accounts—to help educate children—to pay vacation expenses—to buy vacuum cleaners, kitchen cabinets, washing machines, phonographs and farm machinery—to



G. G. Begalke

start mushroom and chicken raising businesses.

## More Than \$100,000 a Year Being Paid to Workers

The total number of socks being sent in to us by Auto Knitter workers this year will reach over 1,000,000 pairs, and the total amount of wages sent them in "checks from Buffalo" will exceed \$100,000. This will give you some idea of the extent of this spare time industry that the remarkable Auto Knitter machine has made possible to American homes everywhere.

This immense number of pairs is received at the factory, sorted, shipped to more than 9,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnisiers and general stores—and sold under the trade name "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Yet out of this large number of socks received, from novices as well as experts, from new workers as well as old—less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for "Old Tyme All-Wool Socks."

## Each Worker Protected By a Contract

You are given a signed Five-Year Work Contract, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling—then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

## Send for Fact-Stories and Full Information

If you have the slightest desire to earn more money—if you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have extra money—so don't postpone sending the coupon. Resolve now to do as others have done. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

## The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.

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The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.  
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Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

Comfort 12-23







## Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

For the first time in her life she was gracious and, bearing her no ill-will, I chatted freely with her for quite a while.

"Have you danced much?" she asked, holding her hand for my card.

"Several times," I returned, with a smile, as I put up her card.

"I ran her eyes hastily over the names, and then she saw her own name and read Roy's."

"Suddenly looking up, she exclaimed, aghast: 'Why, Miss Douglas, will his lordship permit me to dance with the Count de Lussan?'"

"The form of the question nettled me exceedingly, and I replied, somewhat haughtily: 'His lordship will permit me to dance with whoever I choose, Miss Capel.'"

"She laughed a silvery, wicked laugh, and fixed her bold black eyes upon me, said, in an exalted way: 'ardon me, Miss Douglas, but I do not believe Lord Dunforth, who is very arbitrary when once he is aroused, will permit his betrothed to dance with anyone who bears the reputation of Count de Lussan bears.'"

"But your own brother introduced me to him, 'Capel!' I exclaimed indignantly.

"Charles? I'm astonished at him; but I presume the count asked him and he did not like to say. Why, he is a notorious blackleg, and how ever gained admission here is more than I can

was started at this intelligence, but I would show it before her, nor yield one iota; and I put up at that moment, I saw Lord Dunforth and Count de Lussan both approaching me.

"Miss Capel remained by my side, evidently desirous of seeing the little game played out.

"The count reached me first, and bowing low, he took my hand, saying his turn had come.

"I glanced nervously into my lover's face as I sat down, and my heart stood still as I noted the expression of blank dismay and stern disapproval.

"He hastened forward, and taking my card, he scanned the names upon it, and his brow dark with wrath as he read Count de Lussan's against a waits.

"Bowling haughtily to my companion, he said, with compressed lips: 'Excuse me, but I must ask you to release Lady from her promise to dance with you.'"

"The count's eyes flashed fire, and his face crimson as he answered coldly: 'I cannot do so, my lord, except at the lady's request.'"

"She does request it through me—by my dear Lord Dunforth sternly.

"Miss Douglas, do you command me to release?" asked the count, turning to me with that disagreeable smile upon his lips that I had there when he had written his name against waits.

"Tell him yes, Meta. I cannot allow it, and give you my reasons the first opportunity."

"I gazed at my lover in pleading tones in my ear. I was on the point of yielding. Oh, why was I blind that I did not? I had half withdrawn my hand from the count's arm, when I heard a mocking laugh near by.

"Glancing up, I saw Helen Capel watching my motion, catching every word and tone, a gleam of mocking triumph on her handsome face.

"In an instant I remembered my boast to her, that Lord Dunforth would permit me to dance with whomsoever I chose, and in that fatal moment I resolved to show her my power over him; I had a will of my own.

"Lifting my head a trifle haughtily, I said: 'My lord, I have promised Count de Lussan that I will wait with him, and I cannot break word.'"

"Meta, Meta, don't do it!" he begged in a whisper.

"I must," I answered coldly.

"I command you not!" he said in a tone which count caught and curled his lip in scorn.

"I bowed coldly, all the antagonism in my nature aroused by his command, then turning to my companion I said: 'The music is inspiring, count. I am ready, I encircle my waist with his arm he whirled into the midst of the giddy dancers.

"I had always loved to wait; but, oh! how I regretted it since then. And this is the reason, my why I would never allow you to learn. It is not decent for young girls to be encircled in the arms of men of whom they know nothing.

"As we waited I became aware of strange, surly glances following us; whispered words of abuse greeted my ears, and a tremor of uneasiness took possession of me, which merged into absolute terror when I reached the spot where Lord Dunforth still stood.

"He was like a piece of statuary, his noble brow overcast and his fine lips white and set as in pain.

"Count de Lussan released me, thanking me for a great pleasure I had given him, and then bowed away.

"My lover did not speak one word to me until a music struck up again and the attention of the people around us was attracted in other directions.

"Will you oblige me by withdrawing from the company?" he asked then.

"I arose at once and took his arm.

"Oh, Roy, what have I done?" I exclaimed, deep distress at his coldness, my heart thrilling with a terrible pain.

"You have disgraced yourself and me—the point de Lussan is the lowest blackleg in London."

"I lifted my eyes and searched my lover's face for these, to me, words of doom. It was as flexible as marble, not a gleam of love, kindness or forgiveness. He was like a stern judge pronouncing sentence upon me, and the thought first like lightning upon me, searing my very soul.

"I had lost him forever! and throwing out my arms toward him, I sank with a low moan of agony at his feet before he could even put forth his arm to save me."

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE LEGACY OF JEWELS.

"In falling, my head struck against the base of a pillar, cutting a severe gash in my forehead, which, with the blow, nearly cost me my life—here is the scar now, dear."

"The old lady lifted the silvery hair from her forehead, revealing a white seam about an inch in length.

"Brownie reached over and pressed her red lips upon it. The act nearly unnerved Miss Mehetabel again.

"I was taken to a room in the house," she went on, "put to bed, and a physician sent for, but it was hours before I recovered consciousness, and the doctor said I had had a marvelous escape."

"I lay for days listening, trying to catch the echo of Roy's footsteps, and once or twice I fancied I heard it, and the deep, rich tones of his voice, asking some eager question. Then the sound would die away, and I thought my ears and my longing heart had deceived me, for he never came, and I was too proud and hurt to send for him.

"At last one day my maid brought me in a little note.

"I saw and recognized the handwriting as soon as she opened the door.

"Give it to me quick!" I cried, my heart pounding at the sight of it.

"With trembling fingers I tore it open and read these cold, formal words: 'Will Miss Douglas kindly favor me with an interview, if she is strong enough to endure it? and oblige, ROYAL DUNFORTH.'"

"I nearly shrieked at the icy words—my nerves were still unstrung, and they hurt me as nothing else had ever done before.

"Was he coming to blame me—to charge me with the disgrace I had brought upon him and myself, and then cast me off forever? Had I sinned past all forgiveness? I asked myself again and again.

"I seized a pencil and wrote: 'Yes, come at once, if you can forgive your repentant Meta.'"

"I folded and inclosed it in an envelope, without sealing it, and giving it to a maid, told her to carry it down to Lord Dunforth, who, she said, was awaiting an answer.

"I did wrong to send him a written reply. I ought to have gone to him, even if I had been obliged to crawl upon my hands and knees to do so; but I was weak—I had not yet left my room, was able only to sit up for an hour or two at a time, and I thought, of course, he could come to me. I never dreamed of treachery."

"Treachery, auntie!" exclaimed Brownie, who was intensely interested in the sad tale.

"Ah, treachery, child, as you will soon see, and I might have known it, too, had my wits been about me.

"The maid came back almost immediately. 'I looked up in surprise as she entered.

"Why are you back so soon?" I demanded. 'I met Miss Helen on the stairs,' she answered, 'and she told me Lord Dunforth was in the drawing-room, and she would take the note to him.'"

"I could not say anything, but I did not like it even then; I did not like Helen Capel to be the bearer of any message from me to my lover. I liked her far less since the ball than I had ever done before, for I believed she had tried to make all this trouble for me. I had refused to see her during my sickness, although she had called a number of times and had also sent me beautiful flowers.

"I lay two hours, listening for my loved one's tread on the stairs. I had not a doubt but that he would obey my message and come to me. But at last I heard gay voices in the hall, then his deep, rich tones gravely saying 'good morning' to someone, after which came the sound of closing doors, and I knew he was gone.

"With a heart like lead, I bade the maid go down and ask Miss Capel if she had given Lord Dunforth my message.

"She came back, saying that Miss Capel said, 'Certainly, she had given his lordship the message.'"

"Then it came to me that I had made a condition in my note—I had said if he could forgive me, to come to me.

"He could not forgive me, therefore he would not come, and, without even a word of farewell, he had left me forever.

"I cannot tell all that I suffered, Brownie. I know I raved against the injustice of Heaven in permitting such sorrow to come upon me, and in shutting out the light of my life from me. I cursed Helen Capel, her brother and the Count de Lussan for their part in the drama; but most of all, I cursed myself for having allowed myself to become their dupe.

"I insisted at once upon returning to my own home, where I was again prostrated, and for another long month lay sick and weak, and praying to die; and thus my wedding day passed. Oh, who can tell the blackness of despair which came over me as that day came and went. I was to have been a happy wife, proud and blessed in the love of a noble man. Instead, I was a heart-broken girl, wailing out my life in loneliness. A homeless beggar in the street was not more wretched than I.

"Another month went by, and I was at length thought able to ride out; and one day my father took me out to Richmond Park, where we spent an hour or two driving about.

"On our return, when about two miles from the city, I saw Lord Dunforth's elegant carriage, with its span of black horses, approaching. He was driving himself, and a lady whom I did not know sat by his side.

"With my brain on fire, and my heart quivering with pain, I sat like a statue, watching his every movement, noting his every expression.

"He gave a sudden start, which I could see shook his whole frame, while an expression of pain passed over his features. His face grew pale as my own, and he leaned forward with an eager look in his eyes, as if about to speak. Oh, if I had only smiled, if I had but spoken one word, all would have been well even then; but I did not, and drawing himself erect again, he inclined his head with haughty grace, and was gone.

"Many times I longed to write him a line, begging him to come to me, if only for an hour, that I might hear him say he forgave me; many times I had the pen in my hand to do so, but pride whispered, 'you are sick and feeble, it is his place to come to you, not yours to beg his presence,' and so we, who today might have been united and loving, were parted forever.

"My parents decided soon after to take me abroad, as the physician said my health would never improve unless I had some change, and we set sail for the United States early in May.

"In July, after our arrival here, they both sickened and died very suddenly, and I was left alone a stranger in a strange country.

"I could not return to England, where I had suffered and lost so much, and I could not remain here alone. Accordingly, I wrote my brother, begging him to take his family and come to me. I had often heard him say he would like to live in America. I commissioned him to settle the estate, as far as I was concerned, to the best of his ability, and bring me the proceeds when he came.

"To my great comfort he consented to my request and in October arrived in New York with his wife and child—their son, who was your father, Brownie.

"We decided to make our home in this city, having spent some time in traveling, and finding no other place we liked so well; and here they lived until God called them, and here I have lived ever since.

"Five years after our arrival we heard that Lord Dunforth had married Helen Capel's cousin, Lady Leonie Herford, and just three months later I learned that but for Miss Capel's treachery I might have been his wife."

"Oh, auntie! only just three months after his marriage!" exclaimed Brownie in deep distress.

"Yes, dear, those three months were all that stood between me and my future happiness; but what matters it if it had been but a day, or an hour even, if it were that much too late?

"I found out that Miss Capel never gave that note of mine to Lord Dunforth, but told him instead that I utterly refused to see him then and ever after.

"When he met me driving afterward, and I did not even recognize him, but sat so cold and indifferent, he was confirmed in the truth of her statement. I was told that it was a terrible blow to him, for he loved me and would have made me his wife notwithstanding all that had passed. He left England almost immediately after we sailed for America, and did not return until a year before his marriage."

"Who told you all this, auntie?"

"A friend of his lordship told my brother, who met him while he was traveling in this country. He did not know the truth of the matter regarding the note I sent, until brother told him, and I do not suppose Lord Dunforth knows to this day of Helen Capel's treachery or that she was the cause of our separation.

"Now, darling," concluded Miss Mehetabel, with a little tremulous smile which was sadder than tears, "you know the reason why I am an old maid."

"Did Miss Capel ever marry?" Brownie asked.

"Yes, the year following Lord Dunforth's marriage; but I have forgotten the name of her husband."

"If you had discovered her treachery before his marriage would you have sought a reconciliation?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

## Where Was I To Get the Money

—and then Emma Broach told me about her "Magic Purse Filler"—an ideal way to earn extra money each week without having to step out of the house.

HOW we were going to manage was worrying me almost sick. I hadn't had anything new for so long that I was getting ashamed to go anywhere. And I wanted things for the house—new

Everett's teeth needed attention. So did mine. And there were some bills six months overdue.

But where was the money to come from? We were paying for a home. That and the butcher's and grocer's bills and other necessary expenses took every cent almost as fast as Everett could earn it. No matter how we skimped and squeezed and went without, there was never anything left over.

## I Couldn't Neglect My Home

"If I could earn some extra money!" I kept thinking. But it seemed like wishing for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Nearly every day I had my work all done by one or two o'clock or a little after. Often I was all through by ten or eleven in the morning. It seemed a shame to let all that spare time go to waste when I needed money so badly.

But what could I do? I couldn't neglect the meals or the housework—so a place in a store or office or any other work requiring regular hours was out of the question. Except for plain mending, I couldn't sew. I knew I was not cut out for canvassing or selling—and besides I was too sensitive about what the neighbors would say to try anything so public. Rack my brains as I would, there seemed nothing else left.

## Emma Had A Lot Of New Things

One afternoon last spring when I was feeling blue and discouraged, Emma Broach came over. We had been friends since our school days. But we now lived so far apart that it was often a long time between visits.

Of course I was glad to see her. But I must confess that in a way she made me feel more blue and discouraged than ever. From head to heels every thing she had on was new—she looked as if she had just stepped out of a fashion plate. I could help envying her.

When she mentioned a little trip she had taken the week before, and some new furniture she had just ordered for her living-room, my envy doubled. I knew her husband didn't make any more than Everett. I wondered how she did it. Finally I blurted right out and asked her.

## I Was All Ears

"Really, Helene," she answered, "I have bought so many things in the last few months that I know people must think some rich relative has left us all his money. But it's even better than that. I call it my 'Magic Purse Filler'."

"Helene," she went on, "I've found the ideal way to earn money at home—in spare time. It's so easy and interesting that it doesn't seem like work at all."

I was all ears—maybe Emma's "Magic Purse Filler" would solve my troubles too.

"You know how popular wool hose have become," she continued, "Even in summer—for golf, tennis and other sports. And in winter everybody wants them. That's the secret of all my new things—I earn them by knitting hose."

"Oh, no!" Emma explained, in answer to my question. "Not by hand. I knit them on a wonderful little hand knitting machine—my 'Magic Purse Filler.' I can knit a pair in so short a time. And I get fine pay for every pair I make."

## Emma Tells The Way

"But who pays you?" I asked. "And how did you get started?"

"There is a concern in Rochester, New York," Emma answered, "that wants all the home-knit hose it can get—to supply to stores. You know how nearly everybody thinks genuine home-knit goods are so much better than the factory kind. It's the Home Profit Hosiery Company. You get the knitter from them. They show you how to use it—how to knit hose, sweaters and many other articles. They also furnish free yarn—it doesn't cost you a penny. You do the knitting entirely at your own convenience—sit down at the machine just whenever you feel like it. Then, as fast as you finish a dozen or more pairs, you send them to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and they send you a check. It's the easiest way to earn extra money I have ever heard of."

If Emma could do it, why couldn't I? She had a booklet with her that told all about the plan. I eagerly read every word of it and then immediately sent for a machine.

With the machine came a book of instructions that made everything simple and clear. After a little practice—simply following directions carefully—I quickly got the knack of it and have been doing fine ever since.

## My First Check

The first week—just sitting down at the machine whenever I had nothing else to do—I knit four dozen pairs. A few days later I received my

first check—and how happy and proud I was. Since then the postman has brought me dozens of such checks—many of them for much larger amounts; but none has ever given me such a thrill as that first one did—for it meant that at last I had found the way to keep my pocket book filled instead of empty—a way to end all the old skimping and worrying and doing without.

Operating the Home Profit Knitter looked so easy that Everett—who at first sort of pooh-poohed the whole idea—got interested and tried his hand. Now many an evening he fills his pipe and sits down at the Knitter and knits two or three or a half dozen pairs of hose before going to bed—says he would rather do it than read.



Mrs. Helene Himberg  
261 Wyckoff Street  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## I No Longer Have to Do Without

Before long I had all the back bills paid up and enough money to blossom out in new clothes. Also for the first time in my life I now have a little money in the bank—all my own. And the amount is steadily growing larger each month.

It's really surprising what a difference a little extra money can make. More than once I have earned enough in a single week to pay for a nice new dress. The biggest check I ever received in all my life came one week when Everett helped me every evening. Everett said last night maybe we would be better off if he were to quit his job as a painter and give all his time to knitting hose—and at that perhaps there's more truth in his remark than he realized.

Mrs. Helene Himberg,  
261 Wyckoff Street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE: The above is an actual experience. It was related by Mrs. Himberg to one of our representatives and is printed here practically in her own words. Mrs. Himberg's signed statement as to the facts is on file in our office.

## It's Helping Hundreds Of Others

All over America, the Home Profit Knitter is helping girls and women (and men too) turn their spare time into money—helping people get out of debt—helping them pay for homes—helping them dress better—helping them buy new furniture and pianos and phonographs—helping them provide for trips and vacations and other pleasures—helping them to lay up money to send their boys and girls to college—helping them build bank accounts—helping them buy cars—helping them get more comfort, more enjoyment and more self-respect out of life.

Knitting socks on the Home Profit Knitter is easy, rapid, profitable and pleasant. You can also knit sweaters, golf stockings, ladies' stockings or children's stockings, and many other articles. All you have to do is to follow the simple instructions.

You can send all your work to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get good pay for it—all on a guaranteed basis—or you can buy your yarn and sell the finished work direct to friends and neighbors and local stores, just as you choose. Either way you can earn an extra \$5 to \$15 (some do even better) every week the year round—the amount depending on how much time you give to the work.

If your regular income is not enough—if there are things you want or need—why not at least write to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get full information? Through their simple and guaranteed plan you can easily bring an end to your worries about money—and without having to step out of the house. Use this coupon. You should do it right away—it may make a difference of hundreds of dollars a year to you.

## Home Profit Hosiery Co. (Incorporated)

Dept. BT-12, 872 Hudson Ave.,  
Rochester, New York

Home Profit Hosiery Co., Inc.

Dept. BT-12, 872 Hudson Ave.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter. I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

Write Name and Address Plainly



## Never Let a Cold Get a Start



### Break it up overnight

THE quick direct treatment for colds of children and grown-ups too, is an application of Vicks over throat and chest at bedtime. Not only is Vicks absorbed thru the skin, but its healing vapors of camphor, menthol, eucalyptus, turpentine, etc., are breathed all night directly into the affected air passages. Relief usually comes by morning. Just as good, too, for cuts, burns, bruises, stings and itching skin troubles.

Write to Vick Chemical Co., Box 991  
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Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.



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three sample lessons in  
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## Mother and Baby

Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers.

Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

### Convulsions of Babies

**W**RITERS make different classifications of convulsions according to their own peculiar notions in regard to the nature and causes of the disorder. In our talk this month we shall consider but two kinds, sympathetic and symptomatic. The symptomatic convulsions are signs or symptoms of a condition where the disease has invaded the brain, as in meningitis, typhoid fever and tubercular disease. This form of convulsion we shall not discuss at this time, as it is simply a complication of some organic disease from which the baby is suffering.

Convulsions of the sympathetic class are the ones that seem to be of the most practical importance for consideration in this column, as they are the kind that occur most often, and in babies who appear to be well and strong, causing the mother serious alarm. It has been generally stated that weak, delicate, nervous babies are more liable to have convulsions; but this is not true, though a baby with an irritable, nervous temperament is very susceptible, and you often get this kind of temperament in a strong, healthy baby. The causes of sympathetic convulsions are teething, indigestion, or any disturbance of the digestion, or stomach. In some babies even a slight rise in temperature from any cause will bring on a convulsion. A sudden pain, head exposed to hot sun or sudden exposure to cold will bring one on. In some cases the only cause that could be detected was constipation with impaction of lower bowel.

The signs or symptoms that a mother will notice before a convulsion comes on vary and are uncertain, but in most cases you will detect a disordered condition of the nervous system, the baby sleeps lightly, is easily disturbed, baby moans or starts or may have frightful dreams, screams out, or awakes in a bewildered, frightened manner. The baby seems very irritable, crying or fretting without cause. The expression is peculiar, a fixed staring look, lasting only a moment as if the baby was looking intently at some object, while in fact it is gazing at vacancy, the expression is without meaning.

Some babies seem to be pleased or happy and a smile passes over the face just previous to an attack. You often get tremblings or tremors in some cases, whether baby is asleep or awake. There may be a closing of the fingers and thumbs.

With or without any of the preliminary signs mentioned the convulsion begins suddenly. The baby utters a cry, becomes unconscious, the muscles of arms and legs draw up, the eyes are for a moment fixed and staring, then drawn upward until you can see only the white portion of the balls of the eyes. The whole body becomes rigid and stiff and you may not be able to detect that baby is breathing. The face for a moment may be pale, but becomes red and congested and the veins of the neck become noticeable.

The state of spasm is followed quickly by irregular convulsive movements. The face is not always congested, but may become pale or even bluish. In severe cases the baby may not be able to swallow. As the attack begins to subside, the convulsive movements become more and more feeble until they cease entirely and the baby falls into a deep sleep, or more or less of a stupor. The duration of an attack is variable and in very severe cases may continue several hours, but as a general rule lasts from a few minutes to half an hour. When the attacks recur several times a day they leave the patient more or less nervous, but there may be restlessness and delirium. The period of time, during which the recurrence continues depends principally upon the cause of the convulsion. The danger of a convulsion depends entirely on the severity of the attack and the cause. If the attack is slight and followed soon by complete restoration of consciousness, there is not much doubt but what the condition is sympathetic; but if the baby is sick before the convulsion, it may indicate the presence of some brain involvement, and be a serious complication.

The important thing to bear in mind is that baby will not have a convulsion unless something is radically wrong. The cause of the trouble must be discovered and removed.

There are some general rules to be followed that every mother should know. The first thing to do is to remove the clothing, or at least loosen enough to relieve any constriction of the breathing. The air in the room should be good, and if the room is hot or poorly ventilated, expose the child to the fresh air of an open window. In some cases by simply doing this baby will come out of the convulsion, especially if the air in the room had been foul or full of smoke.

It is a general rule always to place the baby in a warm bath 96 or 97 degrees F.—no matter what the cause of the convulsion may be. This has proved to be an efficient remedy and easily procured. Be careful not to get the water too hot and if a thermometer is not available, dip your elbow into the water and test it.

The warm bath was never known to do harm unless too hot, and the baby burned. The baby should be left in the warm bath 10 or 20 minutes or until all the convulsive movements have ceased. Remove baby from bath and wrap in flannel or blanket. Do not put on clothes for a while, as you may wish to put it in again, and whether you do or not it is best to hold baby for a while until it gets over the shock of an attack.

You can now consider the cause, and if there is any suspicion of indigestion or constipation, relieve this by moving the bowels at once with suppositories or an enema. Castor oil, or one-half grain doses of calomel are good treatment. If the stomach seems distended, it will be proper treatment to produce vomiting.

If the baby is teething, the gums swollen, they should be freely lanced under antiseptic precautions. In cases where there is no indigestion, no teething, but the baby's head seems hot and a convulsion occurs, put baby in warm bath, apply cold cloths to head and send for a physician to find out, if possible, the cause in this special case. The subject of our talk next month will be, Scarlet Fever.

### Questions and Answers

STIRRE.—What can I do for my three-year-old boy, who for over a year has had sties on his eyes, although his eyes do not seem to be weak?

Mrs. J. M. C. Albermarle, N. C.  
A.—Hot fomentations, and frequent washings with saturated Boracic acid solution when pus seems to have formed, but if you will bathe eyes with one-teach of one per cent. Chlorazene solution (Dakins Solution), means that the general system should be built up, and I suggest that you give your boy three-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron in syrup, after meals, three times a day.

SOBE NAYEL.—What can I do for my two-year-old

boy, who has reddish spots near navel that look like blisters? They heal up, then become raw again.

Mrs. C. C. C., Ekins, W. Va.  
A.—I should bathe the parts once a day with Dakins solution, then apply a little sulphur ointment. Keep bowels regular and give two-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron in syrup, three times a day, after meals.

BED-WETTING.—What can I do for my 10-year-old girl who wets the bed every night? She seems normal in every way, and I have tried everything, even coaxing and spanking. Mrs. J. C. Manchester, Tenn.  
A.—Bed-wetting is a most obstinate condition to relieve, and we must first find the cause and remove it. Spanking is absolutely wrong as the child is not responsible. Many of the most obstinate cases will yield to treatment when the urine is made clear and mild by some simple alkalies, like cream of tartar, teaspoonful to glass of water, or equal parts of vichy water and milk.

If urine is concentrated, with odor of ammonia, give three-grain doses of Urotropin in one-half glass of water, three times a day. Do not do this if urine is acid, as this will acidify it.

Have urine examined to see if acid.

In some cases you get bed-wetting from reflex irritation of the bladder walls from pinworms. Enlarged, diseased tonsils, and adenoids will often cause this condition; in such cases a surgical operation is required to remove the cause of the nervous condition and give relief.

UNDERWEIGHT.—My two-year-old girl is under weight, although she seems healthy. She walked when she was seven and one-half months old, and has all her teeth but her eye-teeth. Her diet is milk, beans, potatoes, meat, corn and fruits. What can I do for myself as I am all run down? "Just a Mother."

A.—Get your baby out of doors all you can, and give her plenty of milk and cream. Give meat and potato in moderation, but do not think I should give her beans, or corn. For yourself, get a bottle of Ellis Iron, Quinine and Strychnine, and take teaspoonful doses in water, after each meal, three times a day.

BABY SITTING UP.—Will it injure my three-months-old baby to sit up in a chair? How old should a baby be to use a baby walker?

Mrs. J. L. B. Moorehead, Ky.  
A.—Your baby is too young to sit up. Should not encourage baby to walk by any means until after the eighth month. Sitting up, or walking too young, are the causes of weak backs and legs.

INFANT'S CLOTHES.—What should an infant's clothes consist of that is born in May?

Mrs. V. L. Forney, Texas.  
A.—You should have woolen receiving blanket, three small abdominal bands, three shirts, woolen, pinning blanket, three outing flannel nightdresses, three dozen diapers, four cotton slips or dresses. Of course there is no limit to baby's wardrobe that you can get, but you really need the things mentioned.

CONVULSIONS.—My four-months-old baby has spells about every three weeks. She wakes up crying, screaming, gives out large and during this time it is impossible to awaken her at all. Mrs. S. Hoxter, Okla.

A.—From your letter would suspect that your baby has some form of convulsions. Coming in such regularity, would indicate a persistent cause, and I should advise a careful examination by a physician.

HEMORRHOIDS.—What can I do for my three-year-old boy who has piles that protrude at each movement? He is fond of cereals, milk, custards, but will not eat cooked fruits. Mrs. T. E. C. Mason, Ga.

A.—It is exceptional for a child of this age to have hemorrhoids, but without doubt the condition was caused by constipation. Give him enough American oil or Nujol each day to produce one or two soft, easy bowel movements. After each movement, insert in the rectum an Index suppository; your druggist can get these from Menley and James, New York City.

NURSING BABY.—Should baby ever be allowed to nurse at night? If so, how often, and how old should it be when you feed them during day only?

Mrs. C. Tennessee.  
The following is practical for an average baby, small baby will require less, a large one more.

Third to seventh day, ten feedings, two hours apart, one to one and one-half ounces at a feeding, two night feedings.

Second and third week, ten feedings, two hours apart, two night feedings, two to three ounces at a feeding.

Fourth and fifth week, nine feedings, two hours apart, one night feeding, two to three ounces at a feeding.

Third to sixth month seven feedings three hours apart four to five ounces at a time, no night feedings.

HERNIA.—My fourteen-months-old baby boy does not walk or creep, will not hold his weight on his feet. He is ruptured on both sides, and his stomach is very large. His bowels are too active and do not respond to treatment.

Mrs. R. H. Athens, Tenn.  
A.—Would advise your taking your baby to some hospital and have the ruptures relieved, as this will correct the intestinal trouble, and as soon as he gets his strength he will walk.

DIARRHEA.—My baby is twenty months old and has always had trouble with his bowels moving too often; cooked or uncooked fruit or vegetables pass through in a few hours; bowels sometimes move eight times a day.

Mrs. C. A. W., Philadelphia, Miss.  
A.—Give baby two-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron, in syrup, three times a day. Give him a Peppin Sacch, two grains, Arromatic powder, one grain, of the movements.

His diet should consist of milk, stale wheat bread, oatmeal, cooked a long time, cream of wheat, custards, a little baked potato.

## Give "California Fig Syrup" Child's Harmless Laxative

Mother! This gentle laxative cleanses the child's system thoroughly. It never gripes or overacts like harsh cathartics, calomel, or castor oil. Children love it.

Avoid imitations! Ask druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Say "California."

I would like to get letters from the sisters try to answer all those who send stamps. I drew a large map of the U. S. and am cutting it out and use it for a pattern to make a quilt. I am using a different piece for each state. If any of the sisters care to send me a piece large enough to make a quilt, I will appreciate it. I enjoy your letters so much and am glad to have you for a neighbor. With love and best regards to all,  
Mrs. Chas. G.

SAN ANTONIO, 2312 E. Houston St., Tex.

DEAR COMFORT FOLKS:  
I am sending my baby's picture, taken December 1921. He was four months old at that time and weighed fourteen pounds. His name is John Harris O'Larmic.

A sister wanted to know how to make flowers in winter. I buy narcissus and hyacinth bulbs in November and put them in a vase of water and down, changing water daily, and they bloom in February, or earlier, depending upon the weather. This is called forcing and the bulbs will not bloom following spring but will the spring after if put in dirt as soon as they finish blooming.



JOHN HARRIS O'LARMIC

Do the sisters make up towels from worn-out clothes? I do, using some good part of cast-off gowns for aprons, cups and saucers. I also make up baby's bed from the best parts of old garments for the kitchen can be made the same way.

I have been a reader of COMFORT since it came out. I am a subscriber here. I think it is a magazine and specially like the patchwork and work page.

How many of the sisters have visited San Antonio? It is a prosperous town of 161,000 population with several attractive parks. Background, the best eating one, has a big zoo containing monkey, bear, bison, deer, moose, sacred buffalo, snakes, birds and bob cats. There are three dozen large hotels, the Alamo and many other interesting.

I would like to exchange postals with any of the sisters. I wish scenery cards from different parts. I see no reason for withholding name and address you may publish mine.

Mrs. John O'Neil

It's no use for the joy killers to tell Mrs. O'Larmic "there ain't no Santa Claus." wouldn't believe it and why should he? He's a tangible proof that there is, in the shape of his new sweater, cap and leggings, that he brought only the day before? Of course, he lives in Santa Claus. Merry Christmas, and may your smile never grow less.—Ed.

MAXWELL, N. H.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
May I come in with a few Christmas suggestions. Nearly everyone has some cast-off clothes that they make over into good caps and coats for some one. I have an old fur coat or a plush coat that I made as a scarf and muff. I have three girls, all three years old, so I know from experience what to do.

Try making the "Cubby Bear" stories into books then give them a box of crayons and let them draw hours of enjoyment they will get out of such a book. Anyone handy with saw and hammer can make kinds of things from boxes obtained at the store, a chair, doll bed or table and lots of other things can be made with very little labor. Home-made candy is very acceptable to anyone old or young, and I give lots of it, especially to the folks for it is harder to make things for them. I am sending some of my favorite candy recipes and you will see them in print.

Flower or garden seeds and bulbs are very popular if done up into a Christmas package. They are jellies, and home-made cakes and cookies that are sent to the bachelor girl or girl and boy at a party.

I have a baby boy one year old and he keeps busy, although the girls take lots of care of him.

I would like to hear from the sisters on the children and will answer all that enclose stamps. Just one more thing and then I'll go. Sister, do you withhold your names unless you request personal nature, especially when you request Mrs. Wilkinson? I believe she is frowning at me. Good by, I'll come again.

Mrs. Lloyd Miller

Mrs. Miller.—I wasn't frowning, I was trying to give you an encouraging nod which, I think, would mean, "That's right, you tell them, they get cross if I say anything."—Ed.

KOSBETH, Miss

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
Here's my hand for a hearty shake and if I could I'd like to see you all. I would be in at the door of every COMFORT sister and especially every sister's home. I have been deluged with letters from every part of our great U. S. since telling you that I will have to ask you Mrs. Wilkinson to help me give you all the information you desired. I am sure all that did enclose postage and may that did.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25)



## A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

her eyes. Do what she would, she could not h that haunting ghost of Lesard. Each word ad said to her rose up and battered at her s, that it might not be forgotten. And as if own wrongs were not enough, there was Gill turning to a pale shadow of herself before very eyes.

It would be no easy thing for the men who robbed Wellford House to get clear, and an knew it. There was not a newspaper r in England who did not know to a stone what they had taken, from the duchess' of pearls and diamonds and priceless neck- and rubies, to poor little Mrs. Fareham's owed brooches and bracelets. Even the men, made their living by buying stolen jewels d be afraid to take these at the price of a ound note for the lot. Most of them were rated family jewels, about as easy to dis- of as the Kohinoor.

nd there was no safety in the foreign market, Amsterdam, Paris and New York were just as dangerous as London. Whoever had the der would have to wait a long time before ing of it, and walk very softly in the mean-

nd of all places in England, Hamilton Place ed the quietest, the farthest removed from hing out of the common.

ere had been no midnight reunions of Mr. Marchmont and his upper servants; no visitors ark or daylight that were not people well n in the neighborhood; furthermore, Jacky satisfied herself that there was not a game- er to be found on the whole estate, with the ption of a doddering old man, with a stupid, ed grandson as his only helper. These two n-built men in velvet that night had cer- ly been flesh and blood, but they were quite ertainly no servants of Marchmont's.

or did she think they could be farmers, for ks to those recommendations, Gillian was no r in a kind of State prison where walks were dden. With her red-haired maid in charge, a might room where she would within the s of the huge estate. And the two had, y thought, scoured every inch of it and found pot where two confederates could possibly

it had not been for the newspapers, full of tling paragraphs about supposed discoveries e missing jewels—paragraphs that were cou- eted next day—and for the damning fact she had never heard one word from Lesard, y could have thought the whole thing a

hat not Gillian! She devoured every news- r she could lay her hands on, believed every d she read till it was denied, and shook with t all day long for the man she loved still.

r, Marchmont had offered a reward for the ang pearl collar as his neighbors had done their more valuable things. Gillian saw the e every Sunday, stuck up in the village where rove to church with her guardian. Mr. March- t was never absent from morning service, any e than Miss Hamilton's maid was ever seen e servants' pew. But she saw the notice one as she was on an errand for the housekeeper,

the insolence of it made her furious. Quiet hings looked, she was absolutely certain that only did Mr. Marchmont know exactly where collar was, but that it and everything else had been stolen was safely stored in his

se. Something else, too, brought her impac- e to a head. Gillian had heard from the ul Sir Simon Wellford that proceedings to ver the value of the borrowed diamonds had b- gun against Mrs. Fareham by the Jew stock- er, and "borrowed" was not the ugliest word d in connection with the matter. If they were ound soon there would be little reputation for the pretty young widow who had no ertful family to back her up.

It's all very well to wait till they're off their- d," Jacky thought, as she repaired to Mrs. s with the toothache-drops for which she had t sent to the village, "but goodness knows re those diamonds will be by that time, and wants them now!"

"Come in!" cried the housekeeper joyfully, or ouch so as a ragging tooth would permit. She a vast respect for the red-haired girl ever e she had returned from Wellford House, ab- ately silent about the robbery. Mrs. Gibbs was accustomed to such behavior from any one h such recommendations, and had quite given the idea that Mary James knew nothing. Give you got the drops? Thank goodness, for wren pain and Marchmont fussing round, I'm rly wild."

What's the matter with him?" shortly. It d odd to live in her grandmother's house a vant, and knowing nothing about its master pt what filtered through the housekeeper. Oh, they've sent a man down from the London ictive force, and he's fretting about every- re! He was here all the morning, asking ut those pearls, and Marchmont isn't one to worried about a few two-penny pearls. Be-

Jacky laughed, standing with one small foot t the fender. It was all very well to be as far ve suspicion as Caesar's wife, or Mr. March- it, of Hamilton Place, but it might neverthe- s be as uncomfortable to have fifty thousand ds worth of stolen jewels in your possession.

It's all very well for you to laugh!" Mrs. s remarked crossly, through the large silk dkerchief that adorned her head. "You haven't t put up with his tantrums. I can tell you can be a Tartar!"

"A devil incarnate," someone else had called t! Jacky winced at the thought.

"As for me," pursued Mrs. Gibbs, "I'm not go- e to catch my death of cold creeping around r house after dark, but he was that vicious I n't say so. I wonder if you wouldn't go down ight after the house is quiet and open that r under your window! Could you, like a good e?" She had thrown caution to the winds e she had decided that the new maid knew

everything.

"Where's the butler?" cautiously. As for the o footmen, she had long ago discovered that y were merely ordinary servants, like the maids. "Gone on an errand," significantly. "He was the dy one to send. You'll leave the door open for a; there's no latch-keys in this rattletrap ste. I don't fancy it myself. Give me a good n house, with a door into the next one, and I told Marchmont! But, no! This was drunken n Hamilton's scheme, and Marchmont fan- d it."

"Tom Hamilton! His daughter stood agast. "Why," she said lamely, "he was Miss Hamil- s's father!"

But the housekeeper was taken up with an ex- t twinge; she did not see the surprise in the e eyes that did not match the red hair. That n Hamilton had been a disreputable vagabond o one knew better than his daughters, but not n Gillian had dreamed of this. Gillian, who d found in his old writing-desk those magical ferences that had worked for Jacky like a Free- ason's grip in a foreign country.

"Of course, and I can't see how she comes to such a fool! He had good wits when he n't drunk. It was him worked out this scheme, trusting no one who didn't have references. y, even the butler had to take his with him day, that they might know he was sent. I con- ss I was staggered when I saw yours! I ex- cted just an ordinary girl, but I suppose Billy ough it was safer, you hung about so much lth Miss Hamilton. And it's lucky for me to- ght, because you can let them in!"

The maid could only nod.

Who was Billy? And what was this dreadful s about her father, whose blood ran in her ins? Had he been a thief and in league with iers, and was there no truth nor honor any- ere?

She dared not think, standing before Mrs. Gibbs,

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whom even toothache might not blind to the look on her face.

"It's safer, much!" she returned with composure. "You can trust me to see to the door," but as she turned away her heart beat madly.

For all she knew, this very night her enemies might give themselves into her hands!

The flush of elation that was hot under the white enamel on Jacky's face ebbed even as she closed the door of the housekeeper's room behind her.

At first, in spite of that revelation about "Tom Hamilton's scheme," her heart had been almost gay—that at last she could see her way to carrying out that plan that was her one thought, night and day. But now a quick conviction of coming dangers slowed her pulse.

It seemed a simple thing to creep down stairs and unbolt a door—but why did not Marchmont do it himself? Could Mrs. Gibbs' apparent openness be all a trap, her careless statement about Tom Hamilton merely a veiled warning that the meshes about Gillian were thicker than could ever be broken? For, if this were true, there must be many pages in her father's life that would not bear the light of day! Supposing the hiding place of those jewels was discovered by that detective from London. The red-haired maid knew enough now of Mr. Marchmont to be sure that at the last pinch it would not be he who would bear the brunt, but Gillian, the daughter of a dead thief and blackguard!

To the white-faced girl moving slowly through the house to Gillian's room the hushed, decorous air of it seemed to smell of danger. The very tapestry on the walls seemed to sway with the moving of unseen spies behind it, mocking at the girl who passed them thinking to defeat with her own power the schemes of some of the subtlest men in England.

She had meant to tell Gillian all she had heard, but now she hesitated at her sister's door.

The story of the references she would tell. If only to warn Gillian how she must not dream of anything but flying for her life if anything should happen to "Mary James."

"What could they do to me, supposing they found me out? They dare not murder me," but though she thought bravely enough, she was not so sure.

"They," Mrs. Gibbs had said. Who could "they" be but Lesard and the bullet-headed man?

And surely Lesard—liar, thief, deceiver of women, though she knew him to be—could not stand by and see murder done to the girl he had loved enough to warn against his own confederate?

Yet, after all, what did she know of Lesard? He had made her acquaintance in the street by restoring to her a purse she had dropped. It had held all the money she owned; she had thanked him with sparkling eyes. Now she wondered if

he had picked her pocket in order to scrape acquaintance.

In all their short friendship she had never known anything at all about him, except that he had offices in Chapel Court in London; that he seemed to have money; was always perfectly dressed, and that his name was Lesard. She gave a little frightened gasp as it came over her suddenly that she did not even know his Christian name.

"Gill knows," he's her husband!" she said to herself sharply, to drive out the memory of those heaven-sweet days when the sun had risen and set for the man who was her lover. She opened the door of Gillian's room, and the sight of her sister's wax face quickened the hatred of the man who had betrayed them both.

"What are you going to do with that frock?" she said, with surprise, for Gillian was trying on a pale yellow evening dress her sister had never seen.

"It came from London while you were out. He says I'm to wear it tonight; he has a dinner-party."

"Gillian turned from the glass, her face very white and pitiful over the gorgeous satin gown. "You don't think it's a—purple velvet?" Jacky, do you?"

Jacky pointed to the dressmaker's name on the cardboard dress box.

"Not any more than you are a Mrs. Gibbs," she returned almost absently. "Who's coming to dinner, Gill?"

"I don't know. Only men, I think, but he said I must come down."

"A dinner-party! So that was why he could not open the side door himself. It was bold, too, to have people to dine on the very night those men were to come; bold, and in its way clever. But even Jacky did not guess just how bold it was."

She threw down her hat and coat. She had long ceased to be cautious in Gillian's room, for no one ever came there except a housemaid at stated times. Yet she was all caution in another way as she stretched herself in an easy-chair by the fire. There was that in Gillian's face which told her that to say Lesard was coming to the house that very night would mean ruin. She would insist on seeing him from some hiding place, and once she saw him Jacky knew there would be no holding her. She would run to him, betray everything, be as wax in those strong, unscrupulous fingers. And then farewell to those jewels, forevermore!

"Gill, I've heard something today," she said abruptly. "No, don't look like that! It's about father. Mrs. Gibbs let out about those recommendations. She says those, and coming to this house, and everything—were father's scheme. Except that he died before he could come himself,

and so Mr. Marchmont adopted you to get the entrée in the neighborhood."

Gillian closed her eyes with a shiver, but there was no surprise on her face.

"I had found that out for myself," she said. "Look here, what I found among his papers this afternoon. I didn't understand it quite, but I do now."

She held out a sheet of paper, and Jacky, with a sick heart, read a list of all the great houses for twenty miles round.

"Why are there crosses after some of them?" she asked, staring at her father's writing.

"Those are all the very rich houses, the family jewel people's! Jacky, if Marchmont is ever caught, what will happen to me? He would not hold his tongue if he could make Tom Hamilton's daughter look guilty!"

"He'll be a cleverer man than he is, if he does that," but there was no conviction in her voice.

"We must get away from this before that happens," Gillian she rose and looked hard at her.

"Could you face Lesard if you had to, and—hold your own?"

Gillian turned the color of ashes.

"No," she whispered. "I'd follow him to the end of the world. I'd do whatever he said; I shouldn't care if he were a murderer."

"Not if he murdered me?" All the bitterness of her heart was in her voice. "I suppose not! But listen. If anything happens to me, if I disappear, will you have sense enough to know that it is Lesard who has disposed of me? Will you promise me to run for your life from him for my sake?"

"You're mad—dreaming!" Gillian cried. "I'm very sane," composedly. "I tell you if I am found out in this house that will be the end of me. I know it."

"Marchmont can't find you out; no one can," dully.

"No one but Lesard. You forget he knows me."

Gillian, still in her satin gown, flung her arms round her sister.

"Jacky, Jacky," she moaned, "teach me to hate him! I try and try, but I can't. If I were free perhaps I could, but I'm his wife."

"If I dared, you should be his widow!" but the hot thought was unspoken. Gillian, who could forgive anything, could never understand the passion in her sister's heart any more than that sister could comprehend her dreadful loyalty to Lesard. Jacky Hamilton had never in her life forgotten or forgiven a wrong.

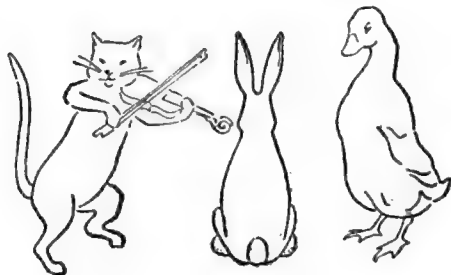
"You'll be free yet, Gill," she said softly, though her lips were dry.

Gillian clung to her, comforted by words that would have made her shriek outright if she had understood them.

"Don't ring for me, if I'm not here when you come up tonight," the sham maid said abruptly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



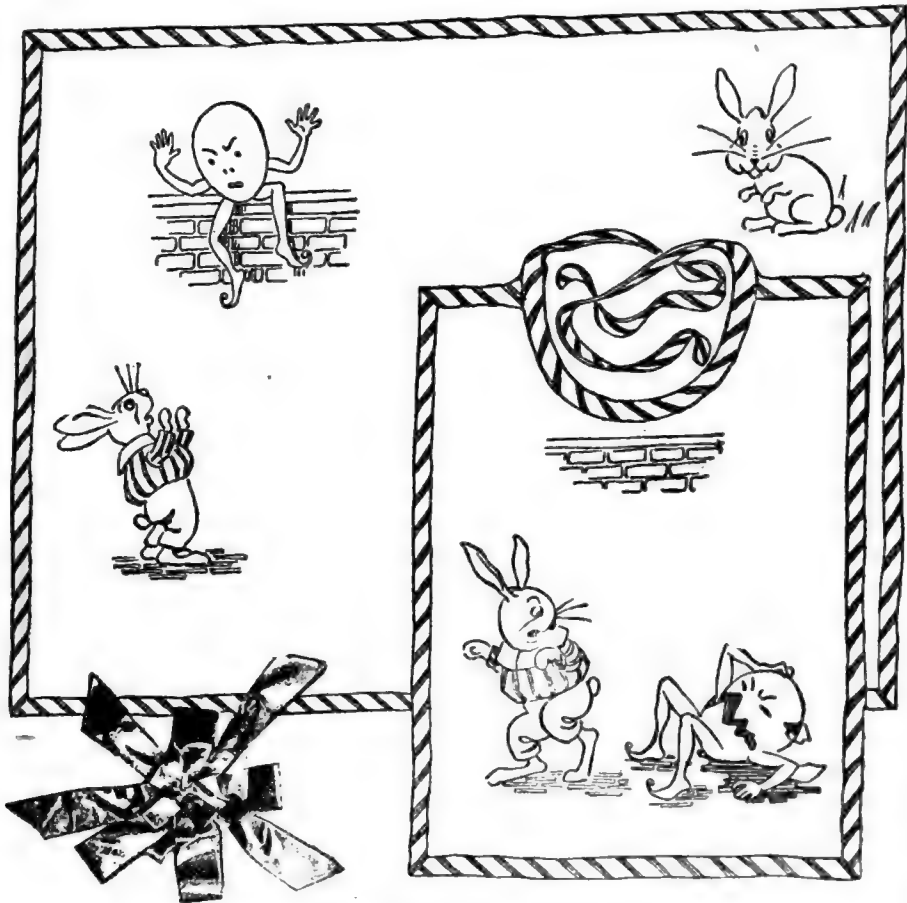


For the wash-cloths, use a double thickness of ordinary white mosquito netting. In size, cut about 12 inches square. Crochet a close picot edge all around with the silakteen. These little cloths are soft as down after they are once wet.

#### Rosebud Pillow

A most dainty and attractive little carriage pillow may be made of baby blue and white cotton perle, No. 3. Make six squares of each color in single crochet, working through the back loop only of each stitch so the rows will form ribs. The squares should measure about four inches.

Put together in checker-board fashion then



CARRIAGE ROSETTE AND A BREAD-AND-MILK SET.

#### Cuddle Toys

FOR the "most dear" wee folks on your gift list there are many varieties of delightful, huggable little dolls and animals which can be made up very easily of old stockings or small pieces of cotton outing flannel or gingham.

Of these we illustrate a funny black cuddle cat, Sonny Boy and Sarah Jane. Then there are endless bunnies, dogs, elephants, clowns, jolly Aunt Dinah and a host of others that the little folks are sure to love.

Sonny and Sarah are examples of the stamped doll patterns which come all ready to outline. When these are worked, the front and back are machine stitched together on the wrong side, turned and stuffed lightly with cotton batting.

The black cat which is just right to tuck under little Reddy's arm may be made up without any pattern as follows:

From an old black silk or lisle stocking one can easily make up a little black cat such as is here shown.

Fold the stocking together from the seam towards the front and cut out a piece nine inches in length.

At the bottom it should measure at least nine and one-half inches around.

Five inches up from the bottom shape in a couple of inches so that around the line which marks the kitten's neck the measure will be about seven and one-half inches.

From here curve outward for the ear, which is three inches above the neck. Shape the ears as nearly as possible like the illustration. Then seam up, turn inside out, gather the bottom and draw it up closely about braided strands of stockings, used for the kitty's tail.

Mark the face with white silakteen, use two half-inch white pearl buttons, sewed on with black, for eyes. Stuff with cotton batting, but do not fill too full as a cuddly, by-low toy should be soft.

#### For the New Baby

A bath-mat and a little wash-cloth wrapped around a soap kewpie makes a most useful and attractive gift. For the mat, which is designed for use in one's lap, a square of white rubber will be needed, a piece of Turkish toweling, a ball of silakteen and two yards of inch wide ribbon.

With the silakteen crochet a picot edge around the toweling. Across one corner work the words Baby's Bath in cross-stitch, place the rubber underneath in the center and tie in place by running the ribbons through and making bows in the four corners.



SONNY BOY WITH A BASKET OF APPLES.

work on each square four tiny pink bullion-stitch rosebuds with green lazy-daisy stitch leaves.

A handsome ribbon bow for a carriage robe, a pair of embroidered cap strings, a flannel-covered, tiny hot water bottle bearing baby's name, or any other little gift, for that matter may be made doubly attractive if neatly boxed and accompanied with such a little card as this:

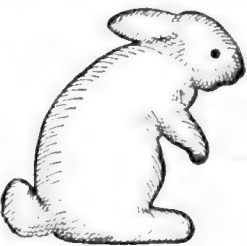
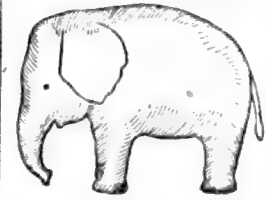
"If all the little babies were  
As sweet as you,  
I'd have to make so many gifts,  
I don't know what I'd do."

#### Animal Bean Bag

These little playthings can be made actually in a jiffy, as all the stitching can or rather should be done on the machine as it is so much stronger, and this quality is particularly necessary for these little bags which will be constantly handled and tossed about.

From pieces of cotton flannel, wool flannel, cloth or felt, cut two pieces exactly alike for each bag. With the simplest possible outline indicate some little animal which will appeal to the little folks. The outlines here shown illustrate the idea, the elephant alone being the only form which would require anything but a small button or a heavily worked dot for an eye. On this the elephant's large ears should be outlined.

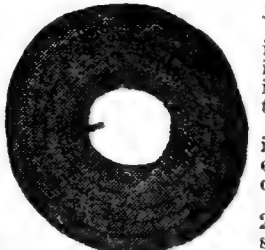
For patterns one can copy the figures from children's books, and in addition to these shown, little bears, pigs and kittens may be used. If light weight material is used, such as flannel, stitch all about on the wrong side, turn, poking out all the corners and stitch again on the right about a quarter inch in from the edge, fill full enough so each figure will be plump and close the remaining space by hand.



#### Doughnut Bean Bag

Very realistic are the bags made of golden brown silakteen. A trifling gift, perhaps, in some ways, but one which is sure to please a kiddie, whether boy or girl.

Begin with a ch 50 stitches, join in ring, 1 d c in each st, join, ch 2.  
2nd row—1 d c in 24 sts, 2 d c in the next, 1 d c in 24 sts, 2 d c in the last, join, ch 2.  
3rd row—1 d c in 4 sts, 2 d c in every 5th st, join, ch 2.  
4th row—3 d c, 2 d c in every 4th st, join, ch 2.  
5th row—2 d c in first st and the one about opposite.  
6th row—Same as 4th row.  
7th row—2 d c in every 3rd st, join, ch 2.  
8th row—1 d c in each d c.  
This completes one side. Now working in each stitch of the first chain, make the second row in the same way. Fill with beans and



GOLDEN BROWN DOUGHNUT.

## Gifts For Little Folks

### A Bread-and-Milk Set

Little bibs or feeding sets, the making of which almost tells its own story in the illustration, are very popular with the little folks.

These can be made in a number of ways and of different materials, but are very satisfactory and attractive of unbleached muslin.

The tray-cloth may be 14 by 18 inches, the bib 13 by 16 1/2 inches.

To shape the neck of this, fold lengthwise,

measure five inches over from one end and

mark with a pin.

Place another pin four and one-half inches

down from the same edge, on the center fold.

Round the neck from this pin to the first one.

The neck may be finished with a tiny rolled

hem, the other edges having one-half inch

hems turned on the right and buttonholed

down.

In finishing with a bias binding, fold the

under edge ever so slightly beyond the upper,

so that it will surely be caught when stitching.

In the outlined designs the main lines of

the figures stand out best if worked with two

threads of stranded cotton, but for the fea-

tures, bunny's whiskers, etc., a single strand

only is needed.

Colored chambray bibs with the figures out-

lined on white and then applied in place,

and the edges finished with white rickrack

braid, are also very pretty.

Two ducks facing each other, the cat and

the fiddle repeated three times, a group of

chicks or bunnies, or just a single figure, are

but a few ways in which outlines such as are

shown above may be used.

After finishing each piece, press and fold

neatly and pack in a little box, adding a small

card to the top with this jingle, which may

be changed a little to suit the article sent,

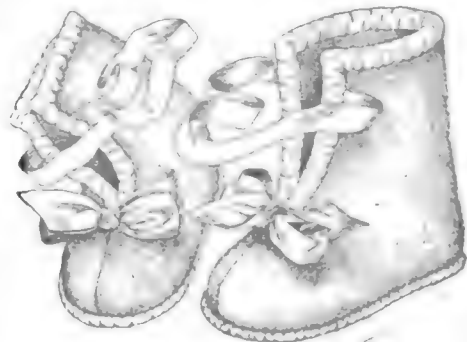
or one of your own making:

"The bib I'm sending you, my dear,  
Bears Peter Rabbit and Humpty, too,  
And when it's bread-and-milk time  
They'll come and play with you."

### Carriage Booties

A six-inch square will be necessary to form the pattern. On the front side make a curve up two inches for the toe, and in to a point indicated by the bow; from here to the back measures four inches. Run line from here straight up to the top.

To cut bootie, lay straight back edge on a fold of material, and cut to shape. The shape of the sole can be traced from a child's shoe.



WARM CARRIAGE BOOTIES.

For this use cardboard for foundation to give a little stiffness, cover with eider-down on both sides, leaving edges raw. Baste the lining and outside of the upper part together, sew lower edge to sole. Bind all edges with inch-wide ribbon, as shown, finishing with bows and strings near the top of the sides for tying.

### Rosette for Carriage Robe

For this simple but appropriate gift, for a wee baby, you will need two and one-half yards of three-inch pink or blue satin ribbon, one and one-half yards of inch ribbon.

Make a large, flat bow, having four five-inch loops and five ends of the inch ribbon. Of the inch ribbon make a rosette of two-inch loops and place in the center.

### Shoe Forms

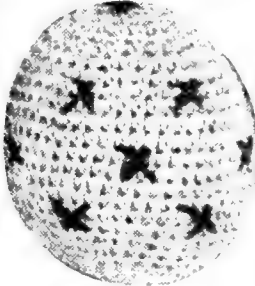
Who would not be pleased with a pair of these dainty little shoe forms which can be bought for the trifling sum of 10 cents and transformed in a jiffy with a little black paint?

Use this on the wooden toe pieces and the small balls. When thoroughly dry, paint in some small roses and green leaves in a group or semi-circle. Cover the steel springs between smoothly with a piece of pretty silk or wind round and round with a half-inch satin ribbon.

### Crocheted Ball

A pretty gay ball is a nice and harmless plaything for a young child, and one which will please. Odds and ends of wool can be joined and worked up hit or miss, or one color used throughout and then cross-stitched, as shown, is attractive.

Begin with ch 4, join, 7 s c in ring, then 1 s c in a st, 2 s c in next st for 2 rounds, followed by 2 s c in each 3rd st. Make work to bowl until it measures about 3 inches across, then several rows of 1 st in each st, before shaping again by omitting instead of adding stitches. Stuff and then cross-stitch.



TO AMUSE BABY.

### Timely Suggestions

The way a gift is given is really of almost as much importance as the gift itself. After that is selected and wrapped or boxed, just often are necessary, yet few of us have the what we want to say into words. Little gift cards for many of the most frequently selected articles, such as gloves, handkerchiefs and

stockings, may now be obtained. A few appropriate words may be used to accompany different small gifts.

### Poppy Basket Envelope

Most popular are the woven envelope kits, which one can get in all sizes for daily lunches, others as a substitute for a hand bag, or in a bureau drawer for holding handkerchiefs or or gloves, so, as they are so practical and useful, what girl could resist a case made gay and Christmasy with some small, brilliant flowers and bright leaves?

Begin your decorating first by buttoning the edge of the upper case and cross-stitching a three-inch space, to represent the leaves of a basket, with black wool.

Use bits of your most vivid work in the small hollyhock-like flowers. For the leaves, begin with a ch 3 stitches, join in a round, then ch 3, 1 s c in first, ch 3. Repeat.

Make the flowers as full as possible, in place closely bunched together, then with long stitches in two or more shades of bright green.

### Guest Room Bouquet

As the desire to make one's guest as comfortable and happy as possible is generally a most popular convenient affair.

It is supposed to contain everything in sewing line which would prove convenient in case a few unexpected stitches were needed. Besides the convenience it is a most attractive addition to a guest room bureau.

For its making one should have a small pair of scissors, a thimble, an emery, a needle and silk in black, white, navy blue, perhaps light pink and blue, needles and pins in size, darning needles, hooks and eyes in black and white pins and pins of different sizes.

A little pink, blue and white crepe paper will also be needed, some hat frame wire, a few wire, a paper lace dolly and a yard of baby ribbon. Sew the spoons on the skewers, thread each in a three-inch wide strip of crepe paper, using either blue or pink and finishing with a couple of rounds of green.

Some crepe paper in a repeat make into loops, wrap with wire wiring all together, then wire various sized safety pins, hooks on a wire hairpin, eye-snaps on other pins and wire the paper of needles by sewing a wire through the fold and wrap in the same way. Make a loop of wire the size to fit the top of the thimble, just as it not slip through, and wrap this also.

Use a small silk or satin-covered cushion, either light blue, pink or yellow for the center of the bouquet, wrapped in paper to make other articles, and filled with pins. Surround this with the other things which have been described, placing between each a few artificial flowers if one has them. Any small bouquet as rosebuds, forget-me-nots or lilac leaves and a carded summer hat will answer and add to the attractiveness of the whole bouquet. A place for the scissors can be made by tying a ribbon through two or three strong wire hairpins and knotting one end to the scissors, or they can be attached to the ribbon which holds the bouquet together. All of the articles used should be wrapped as described, and after surrounding the cushion wrap the whole in green paper, then slip through the center of a paper lace dolly and tie securely underneath with a ribbon.

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A little pink, blue and white crepe paper will also be needed, some hat frame wire, a few wire, a paper lace dolly and a yard of baby ribbon. Sew the spoons on the skewers, thread each in a three-inch wide strip of crepe paper, using either blue or pink and finishing with a couple of rounds of green.

Some crepe paper in a repeat make into loops, wrap with wire wiring all together, then wire various sized safety pins, hooks on a wire hairpin, eye-snaps on other pins and wire the paper of needles by sewing a wire through the fold and wrap in the same way. Make a loop of wire the size to fit the top of the thimble, just as it not slip through, and wrap this also.

Use a small silk or satin-covered cushion, either light blue, pink or yellow for the center of the bouquet, wrapped in paper to make other articles, and filled with pins. Surround this with the other things which have been described, placing between each a few artificial flowers if one has them. Any small bouquet as rosebuds, forget-me-nots or lilac leaves and a carded summer hat will answer and add to the attractiveness of the whole bouquet. A place for the scissors can be made by tying a ribbon through two or three strong wire hairpins and knotting one end to the scissors, or they can be attached to the ribbon which holds the bouquet together. All of the articles used should be wrapped as described, and after surrounding the cushion wrap the whole in green paper, then slip through the center of a paper lace dolly and tie securely underneath with a ribbon.

Begin your decorating first by buttoning the edge of the upper case and cross-stitching a three-inch space, to represent the leaves of a basket, with black wool.

Use bits of your most vivid work in the small hollyhock-like flowers. For the leaves, begin with a ch 3 stitches, join in a round, then ch 3, 1 s c in first, ch 3. Repeat.

Make the flowers as full as possible, in place closely bunched together, then with long stitches in two or more shades of bright green.

As the desire to make one's guest as comfortable and happy as possible is generally a most popular convenient affair.

It is supposed to contain everything in sewing line which would prove convenient in case a few unexpected stitches were needed. Besides the convenience it is a most attractive addition to a guest room bureau.

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# Home For Big Folks

## With Bright Cretonne

HERE are a few suggestions for making last-minute gifts of bright bits of figured wall-paper, cretonne, silk or, in fact, anything pretty which you may have on hand which the work in.

The first little illustrated might be a phony gift, but so it is one of the most necessary. Just an inexpensive little "phone" and such as can be bought at any stationery store is the foundation for anything suitable for the covers, usually a good cardboard.

For the top edge, a bit of velvet, ribbons, gold braid, and silk cord and for hanging. In PAD FOR PHONE CALLS, tassels, cord run through a few large colored wooden beads may be used effectively.

A card bearing these words may accompany this attractive little affair:

Central says, "What number, please?" You're in such a hurry, the index near your phone save both time and worry."



## Book Ends

For practical little gift for anyone who books is a transformed tin book end, which will serve the purpose of a more expensive one. These can be found in any stationery shop and may be covered with a brightly-colored cretonne, a figured tapestry corduroy and any material substantial enough to give a considerable amount of wear. First cover the cotton cloth, or, if silk is to be the book, sheet wadding may be used. All may be turned in and neatly felled, or a upholsterer's braid used as a binding.

## Waste Paper Basket

Waste-paper basket is a desirable gift and one to secure for stationery wire basket. With heavy paper or cotton, adding a four-inch figure and which cut from and around. Bind and decorate the sides with tassels which will harmonize with the band.



WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

## Case for Veils

In the merest scrap of pretty silk, chiffon, another little tuck-in case can be made. For this cut two four-inch seam together, turn and add a tiny lace. Cut one circle from side to side through the center and buttonhole the top. To the opposite side of the case sew a small safety-pin for pinning to the crown of one's hat. Write on a card the following:

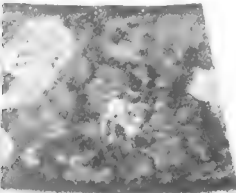
"If this is pinned inside your hat You'll always have your veil Where you can find it instantly In any sudden gale."

## Cretonne Lampshade

By no means as difficult as one might think to make a really beautiful lampshade, one can secure a wire frame. Cretonne is comparatively an easy matter now as most of the larger stores carry them. Selecting a cretonne, pick out something bold in design. In coloring it should be active in the daylight, and also a pattern which the light will filter through prettily. Wind all the wires of the frame with binding, which comes by the piece, or of old velvet or silk. Cut a pattern for shade of any cotton material, fitting it snugly. Care must be taken to have this right before cutting the cretonne, as if it is too small it will draw and if too large it will wrinkle.

Cut the cretonne a half inch longer at top and bottom to allow for turning in.

Seam up and slip over the frame, arranging seam over a wire. If one is not successful in working in this way, pin in place, sew to a wire, turn in the other edge and slip stitch down. In making up in this manner, a strip of narrow galloon will have to be run from top to bottom over each wire to cover the joining. Finish with four-inch silk fringe and band of galloon at the heading and also around the top of the shade.

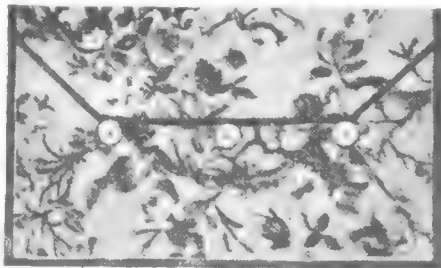


ATTY LAMP SHADE.

## Fetching Slipper Case

A slipper case is another little article which can easily be made of a small piece of anything which is bright and attractive. Cretonne is perhaps the best material, if one has to buy the needed amount.

In shape, the case is like a large envelope. Take a piece of material 10 by 27 inches, turn up one end about 12 inches. On each side insert a 12-inch fold strip about two and one-half inches wide to give spring to the case. Finish all edges around with a binding of



SLIPPER CASE.

narrow black satin ribbon or with bias binding in black or color. Fold over the top to form a flap and sew on good firm snap fasteners.

"When packing for a little trip, This snug little case Will keep your extra slippers In their proper place."

## Hair Net Case

At the bottom of the next column is illustrated a clever idea for a hair-net case. For this one will need a cardboard drum or roll upon which ribbon comes wound. Make an opening at the top about one-third of the distance around. Make and fit a little silk pocket into the inside, turning the edges down around the top and holding in place with a little paste.

Next cut two circles of silk an inch larger than the foundation. The band for hanging should be just the width of the space between. Buttonhole all the raw edges closely with embroidery silk. Decorate one or both sides with a fancy piece of silk, a bit of applique or a few flowers simply outlined.

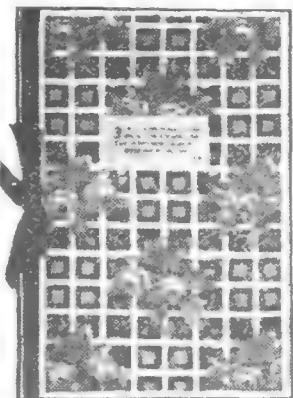
Send with a card bearing these words:

"Hair nets, hair nets, Apt to fly away, So just tuck inside Where they'll stay."

## Receipt Folder

In a recipe case like the one illustrated below you may present to an expectant bride or old housekeeper a set of cards bearing your tried and choicest recipes. It is simply a folder of heavy paper, ornamental in design and attractive in color, measuring six by nine inches, and tied securely through the center with a red ribbon.

On the outside, letter and paste in place a small white card bearing these appropriate words:

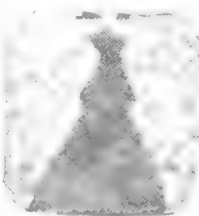


FOLDER FOR RECIPES.

"The recipes within You'll find Are the finest Of their kind"

## Polly Prim Polisher

The lines below come with a four-inch square of lamb's wool, the back of which is illustrated as covered with flowered cretonne, neatly stitched down along the edge. Any design for the back, in making up a gift for the holiday season, can be used. A silhouette of a young girl in full skirt and broad hat, cut from black kid or velvet, forms a handle and helps to make a very attractive and helpful whole, as described and shown here.



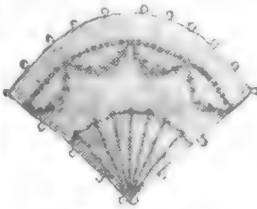
AN ORIGINAL POLISHER.

"A Polly Prim polisher for your shoes Is just the little gift I choose. To carry loving thoughts to you And give you faithful service, too."

## Pocket Pin Case

A Pocket Pin Case made in the shape of a little fan instead of the usual circle is attractive. Cut a three-inch square of cardboard, cover both sides with sheet wadding after shaping as shown.

The model is of plain buff silk, trimmed with fine gold cord, and a row of loops embroidered with green lazy-daisy stitches and tiny pink roses. Fill with different colored round-headed pins.



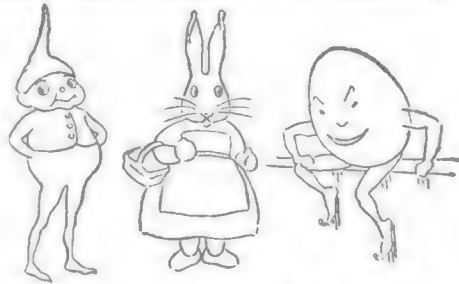
DAINTY PIN CASE.

## Making Aprons of What You Have

It is the exceptional woman or child who does not have a use for an apron of some sort, so just to give one a few ideas of how at-

tractive and becoming these necessary little articles may be, we are very glad to be able to illustrate a few of the ways in which materials on hand can be utilized.

A dress which is out of date or worn, or two yards of bright cretonne may be very easily made up into the gay slip-over (Fig. 1) which is so becoming any girl will be glad of an excuse for wearing. This is fashioned by sewing a full skirt onto the straight waistline of the front which runs from a four-inch band in the back up to the bib in front, which is cut straight across the top, from either side of which bands go over the shoulders and down the back to the waist-band.



APRONS ARE AS BECOMING AS THEY ARE USEFUL.

Strings of the same are used for tying.

The apron shown on Fig. 2 one would little guess when finished that the materials once did duty as dad's or brother's shirt. When these garments, however, are past repair, it is



GRACEFUL GIRDLES OF VELVET AND SILK.

possible and practical to utilize them in this way if the materials are good.

From the back of the shirt one can get the center piece and from the front the side pieces. The extra pieces used in trimming should be of a decided contrast. Nos. 3, 4 and 5 show other smaller aprons, each of them made of numerous pieces, which may be of the same or different materials. The lines are so simple they may be easily copied, and one or more will certainly make a worthwhile present for any busy housekeeper.

No. 4 is a good suggestion for combining the rich, creamy tint of unbleached and a bit of color applique in flower forms.

No. 5, with its two deep pockets, is a useful design for a sewing apron. The edges are finished with wide rickrack braid.

For children, aprons and bibs are a real necessity but they are now so interesting that the little ones delight in wearing them.

The little models hanging on the line are really simplicity itself, as each is cut in a single piece. The straps button on the shoulders, after crossing in the back. Nos. 6 and 7 are designed especially for feeding bibs and have pockets placed, as shown, to catch any stray bits of food. The numerals or alphabet in outline will prove instructive as well as amusing to a child of three or four years. The third design is for general use and may be dressed up by outlining little bunnies, chicks or ducks across the bottom. Bind or hem all edges, afterwards overcasting in both directions to make cross-stitches.

No. 9 is a bread-and-milk bib, with sleeves, for a younger child. This also has a pocket across the whole lower section of the front. The sleeves are cut kimono style, and the back of the bib only comes to the waistline, fastening with one button at the neck.

For a little girl, an all white apron is often desirable so we picture the little model, No. 10, to prove that daintiness need not be sacrificed to serviceability.

Shirred lawn or dimity or sateen would work up very prettily in this way. The back and front are both square pieces, seamed up half way on the side, hemmed at bottom and the tops shirred separately and stitched to two nine-inch bands. Straps sewed to the back button onto the front and strings tie across the back at the waist-line.

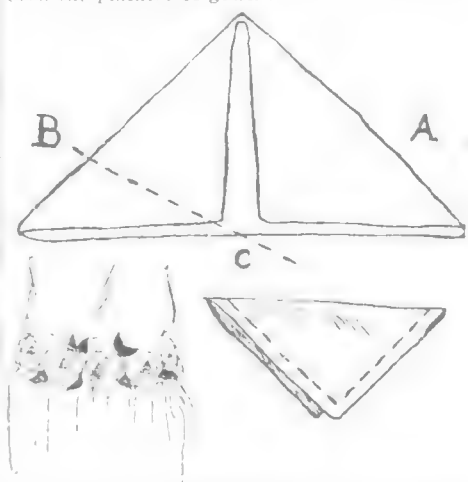
The small pockets are cut from light flowered lawn to represent little baskets.

## Smart Girdles for Gifts

As girdles are worn with dresses for all occasions, a few designs featuring the small silk roses, now so popular, furnish ideas for home-made models which are very dainty and attractive.

For light voile or silk dresses nothing is prettier than one of these girdles made of several lengths of black velvet ribbon, upon which rest the roses.

The top girdle will require 10 yards of No. 2 ribbon. Cut into five pieces, varying in length. This joins in the back with two roses and the ends, while across the front are roses placed as closely together as possible. The sketch below gives one a good idea of the appearance of the girdle as worn, and of what it will add to even the plainest of gowns.



The other two girdles illustrate side front decorations, one showing loops of piping cord covered with green silk, just below a group of three roses, and the other two roses made up of two shades of material.

## Silk Rambler Roses

For the center of each flower one may use either a few yellow flower centers or, if not obtainable, cut a one and one-half inch circle of silk, gather around the edge, draw up and fill with cotton.

For small roses, cut from nine to 11 pieces of silk into squares measuring three inches, fold together diagonally as shown in detail above and gather along the two raw edges, as shown, and draw up.

Around the center arrange three petals, each overlapping the other as indicated in sketch. Follow with next round, and the balance in the last round.

Leaves of bits of velvet are sometimes also added most effectively between the roses, and for these cut a piece of velvet at least one and one-half by three inches. Fold in the ends of each side towards the center as shown in illustration.

Then fold side A over to side B and run in a gathering thread from point B to C.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



ROSE SILK CANDLE SHADE.



# Comfort's Publisher Tours Europe

By W. H. Gannett

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## A Gala Week at Geneva

**T**HE great Gordon Bennett International Balloon Race was started on Sunday, August 6, from Geneva, Switzerland. This was the culminating event so far as the aerial part was concerned of a gala week of celebrations in this beautiful Swiss city.

I had no intention of participating in any of the events, but was one day invited by the Swiss army officer in charge to make an ascent in the captive balloon from which the parachute jumping was taking place.

I spent the greater part of the week watching the aerial events, in which I am so keenly interested.

There were races of other sorts during the week, including bicycle, motorcycle and motor car races. Aquatic sports were carried out on Lake Geneva; there was a monster fireworks display, and Geneva generally outdid herself.

## The Gordon Bennett International Balloon Race

But the great event for all was, of course, the Gordon Bennett International Balloon race, it being held in Switzerland this year in honor of the fact that a Swiss competitor won the event last year.

This annual race, which, of course, did not take place during the years of the war, was established by James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, with his gift of an international challenge cup. The cup was to go to the country which should win three times in succession. This triple feat has never been accomplished. America having been the only country to win twice in succession, in 1909 and 1910.

The starting point was laid down to be in the country of the winner of the previous year. The conditions were also that the pilots should, if possible, remain in the air two nights, the race being limited to forty-eight hours and the trophy being awarded to the aeronaut traveling the longest distance as measured in a straight line from the starting point.

Seven countries took part in the first race—the same as this year, except that Germany was included and that Switzerland was absent. It started from the Tuilleries Gardens, Paris, on a memorable day, September 20, 1906, and America, represented by E. P. Lahn, was the winner.

The American team was composed of Major Oscar Westover, who piloted an army balloon and had as assistants, Lieut. Carleton F. Bond, who accompanied him in the car, and Lieut. William E. Connelly and William Hoffman; Lieut. W. Read, who had charge of a navy balloon and had as an alternate, Commander Norfleet and was accompanied in the race by Chief Shadrach; Mr. Honeywell, well-known manufacturer of balloons in America, who piloted the third entry, a special type of his own construction.

## Three Former Winners

Three notable former winners were in this year's race: Captain Armbruster (Switzerland), last year's winner; Lieut. Demuyter (Belgium), winner in 1920, and the veteran Maurice Bionnaire (France), winner in 1912, who made the great flight of 2,200 kilometers far into Russia.

Entries apart from America were:

England—Ernest Allen and Griffith Brewer, Belgium—Lieut. Labrousse, Captain George and E. Demuyter.

France—Maurice Bionnaire, Georges Cornier and Jules Dubois.

Spain—E. Magdalena and F. Martinez Sanz.

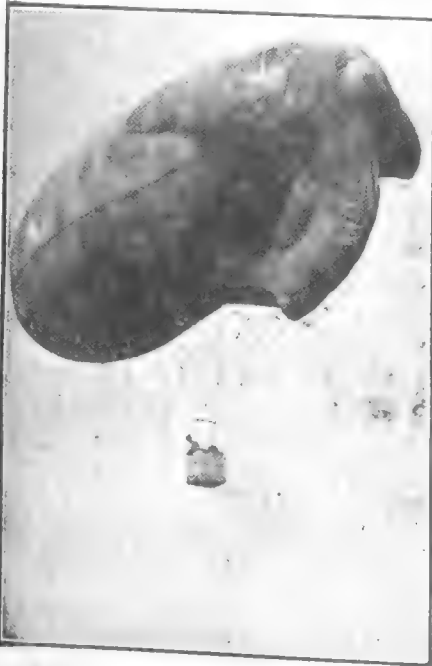
Italy—Barbanti, G. Valle and A. Guellinetti.

Switzerland—Captain Armbruster, Lieut. Ansermier and Major Gerber.

For a description of the more important events of the week, as I witnessed them, I will quote from my diary as follows:

## As Told in My Diary

Geneva, Wednesday, August 2. Evidently Nature did not want the people here to have the human fireworks as a monopoly of pyrotechnics last evening, so she got up a roaring thunder and lightning storm just as they were ready to



CAPTIVE BALLOON—MR. GANNETT IN THE BASKET.

start. This happened to be just as I was arriving back from my trip to Montreux so there was not much celebrating last night.

An aeroplane went over yesterday afternoon while we were way up 6,000 feet high, so I could get an idea of how it was on Saturday, when I flew over from Paris this same way, for they seemed to be a long way above us. What seemed high, mountainous, broken country. I can now better understand, for it looks all level enough when looking down on it from away up in the air.

The fireworks are to go off tonight. There were heaps of paper Japanese lanterns, ruined along the party ways are still flying gaily. I from the U. S. Army. He was at West Point at the same time my son-in-law, Major Farnum, was

## Preliminary Balloon Races

There is a little balloon racing this afternoon which I am going to see. Major Westover goes into the big race on Sunday.

Wednesday afternoon.—I am out at the field

to see the first balloon races for short distance flights. At 6 o'clock. Not a very large crowd as I presume everybody is more interested in the Sunday event when the Gordon Bennett Cup will be raced for.

The wind seems to be blowing lightly right away from the Swiss Alps so think it will be good for the start. There are six balloons ready to go—mostly French—no Americans.

There is a low-priced flying service from here to Zurich and return the same day for only \$22.00 but I do not think I will fly any more until I return to Paris and can fly into Belgium and Holland and back to London by air.

I have just met two more American officers who are looking for a balloon to enter a race with.

The people out here on the field are all Swiss

## Up 2,000 Feet in a Captive Balloon

Thursday P. M.—Well, I had quite a little experience this afternoon while out watching the parachute jumping from a captive balloon. The Swiss army officer who has charge of all the starting of the balloons in the races also had charge of these events, and as he can talk English pretty well, he asked me if I would like to go up two thousand feet and look at Geneva from the sausage-shaped captive balloon they were using for the jumping. Perhaps I am unconsciously taking on an International Air Voyager's appearance. This may be the reason he singled me out in the bunch as the only one to receive such an invitation.

I could not very well refuse, so accepted and took my turn right after the first jumper had



U. S. ARMY BALLOON LEAVING THE GROUND INTERNATIONAL RACE STARTING AT GENEVA.

or French. Most of them are sitting about in the restaurant but drinking wine or beer.

Just met an American pilot, Hoffman, who is going into the novelty race tomorrow—a hare and hounds race, which is also followed by auto mobiles. The six balloons all got off nicely with a north wind, so they sailed away very prettily together. There were some women who went along as well as the men. They say that higher up the winds blow south, so they are keeping fairly low down.

Thursday A. M., Aug. 3. They did not get away so good as they were expected to. The balloons were all shot off with shooting star rockets, bombs, etc. I had a nice seat on the balcony, where I ate and sat through it all in the pale moonlight. There must have been half of Geneva out to see the works, all concentrated within half a mile of these bridges and parks. It took until midnight for the crowds to disperse.

I have just been to the American Consul to get a card to the secretary of the balloon events so as to have the privileges of a press representative. Succeeded in getting my card, so I am now a full-fledged Press reporter. I met the New York Herald and the local press reporters. I also met Lieut. Connelly and Lieut. Read of the American Army and Navy, and some other good Americans, so get some real American English spoken first hand.

## Balloon Races with Automobiles Following

The races this morning have nine entries and are called "Hare and Hounds Race," the hare starting a little ahead of the hounds who follow in close order, just a few minutes apart from each other, and are supposed to land as near as possible to the hare, who drops within an hour of the starting time.

Then to make it more interesting they have autos follow along by road to see who can get the nearest to the landing place of the hare.

They have a sort of fairway through which they lead the balloons all strung along in a line up to the front of the grandstand, they being all so well balanced that a few men can guide them along very easily. As they are led along, one behind the other, they look like a drove of elephants, except that the balloons are spherical in shape. They have one of the sausage-shaped army balloons for a captive balloon here on the field.

At 11 o'clock no word had been received from any of the six balloons that started on a long distance race yesterday, but they were supposed to remain up about 24 hours. The light winds today took these balloons off to the North at the same speed and in the same direction as yesterday.

Lieut. Hoffman succeeded in getting a small balloon and entered in the Hare and Hounds race all alone. I had an American flag and gave him a good wave as he gracefully left the ground. Some of the large balloons had four and five people, some women going along.

The Belgian balloon got what they call a false lift and they thought she would touch the ground before she finally got away, but some sand bags hastily emptied soon put her up in the air and over the tree tops and grandstand.

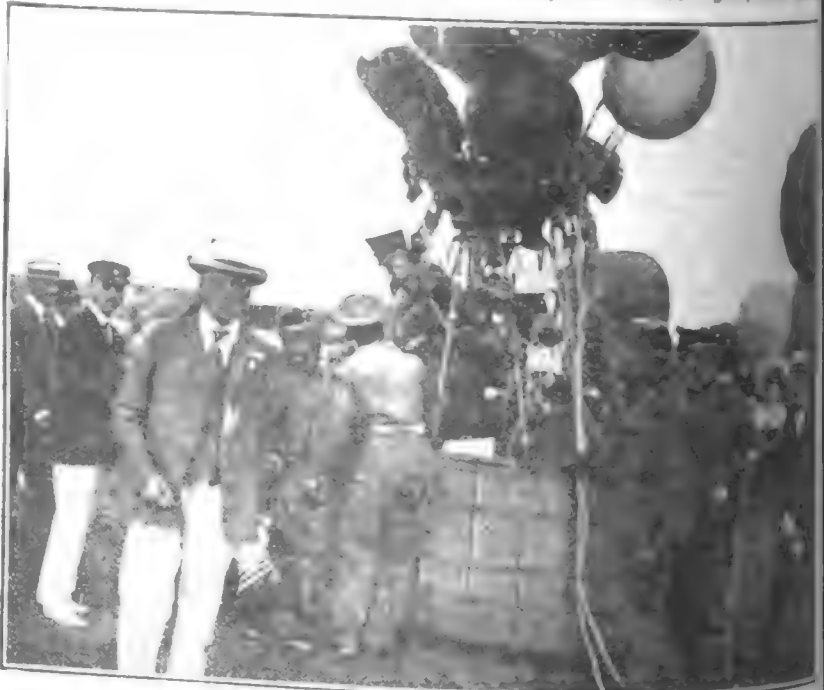
There was an aeroplane flying about after all would like to be up in one and chase them up, but there are no spare machines around here, but not seen any today. The Fox films are taking movies of the balloons. I happened to be in one of the "close-ups," Panama hat and American flag and all.

safely landed. I told the pilot I was used to seeing sky jumping but this was my first sight of a real army parachute jump.

I was piloted up by Lieut. Thon, French, and we were the only passenger in the basket of this great army balloon. I had not been on a captive balloon before, for it was the first time I had been up. I had to be off for a long journey without any ballast or any control over the air motor, and they do look like the stars of the great elephant class. The side wings look like the ears of an elephant.

head looks like the body of a porcupine at the point and acts like the rudder of a ship to take the wind easily. Although near the head it acts as a rudder, of the tail of a fish.

We ascended very easily and gracefully, the



MR. GANNETT NEAR BASKET OF U. S. ARMY BALLOON ABOUT TO START

wire cable being unwound from a windlass on the body of a big truck that has an easy-running but powerful motor. When we were up about two thousand feet I told my pilot that was high enough for me to get a good view of the city and the running together of the two great rivers. This last view is the one known as the "Water of the Rhone with its clear water." They make a broad turn around and partly blend together right under where we were poised. The pilot blew his bugle three blasts and the motor below was shut off and we remained stationary for a while. This is the only time any motion is felt. There is quite a severe rocking of the basket but not for long, and as we quieted down I took a good look about the city and country from our

following. Hoffman had the smaller balloon being alone could handle it quite easily and finally did succeed in almost catching the foxy hare. I believe the trick is in the delivering of a letter or parcel to the fortunate hound who catches it.

There is to be another demonstration of chute jumping this afternoon and they are doing in the air line until the big day. That will take all day filling the balloons and getting ready for the start.

There is to be a big banquet tonight and tomorrow come the Aquatic Sports of water polo, boat racing, swimming, etc. The winners of the combined ball and car competition which took place here are announced as follows: (A) Balloon

elongated Eiffel Tower, at West of the river, both on the ground and in the running aeroplane a mile back. A good chance to look down at the waters while standing still is to be had here as the muddy Arve flows past. You can clearly see the net and water gradually working their way up in the center about five feet of dirty water, and then, as it flows, it all looks nasty and muddy and curving around still more, as it becomes one. Gaining more and more swiftly on towards Lake Geneva and pure body of active running water.

As I looked down on the muddy water place away below, my mind cannot be likened to the scene at first to be the dirty water. Then as the better and purer the pure thoughts sort of strength until the pure protest of evil is obliterated.

There is material for a story may have been preached, but I was given me away up in the air in Switzerland.

M. Blanchet, pilot of the Porcaine balloon, has telegraphed of his last across the Mediterranean. He was six starters yesterday.

The parachutist, Ernest Ruser, gave a picture of himself and his balloon within two minutes of his descent from a jump. He came down within ten feet of some woods. I witnessed as he is, his hand was raised, he signed the card for me.

## Balloon Race for Location

Friday, August 4.—In this town, day, for location, they call it, the landing nearest a given place with lotment where there were fourteen balloons being Swiss, the others French, Italian, no Americans or British but I waved the Stars and Stripes as it started.

They seem to have a lot of balloons over here, thirty different, having been inflated from this town here on the field; and they seem to be of gas left for the eleven others, that are to ascend Sunday.

The race today was the most interesting of any thus far seen, as it was still and the distance short, we saw only the ascent but most of the race. They seemed to start off a little way around a while—or drifting land—as they reached a little higher the currents would take them to the in the direction of the foot of the

The occupants were made up of the pilot to a party of four or five, some just a man and woman, the attracted much attention from the little eight-year-old Swiss miss who, dressed in white, with a white

these fourteen balloons, nearly all of which launched quite near together, but the air, a captive spherical balloon, to give a close-up demonstration of a balloon. They did not seem to be the pilot immediately pulled the gas valve placed at the top of the balloon. It descended right on the field

standing, we, of course, did not move close on account of inhaling the fumes of escaping gas. It was a very quiet landing, not being any wind stirring, and the exciting as the three different balloons were going at full speed, but a great of how one is enveloped in the big gas hitting the ground and the gas has

All of the fourteen balloons that took this morning's race could now be seen, none having gone a great many accounts of quiet air movement, as the short time limit put on this race.

In the hare and hounds race of Lieutenant Connelly just told me that in an automobile with Mrs. Connelly and to keep in close touch with Lieutenant Hoffman the only American who started in that one time Lieutenant Hoffman came from his balloon, hiding behind a clump of bushes very close to the elusive hare, immediately took the air again, with



# by Airplane Covers Six Countries in Flight of Two Thousand Five Hundred Miles



PIPING THE STARTING SIGNALS WITH HUNDRED-YEARS-OLD SWISS ALPINE HORN.

Cumulus, piloted by Comte de la Vaulx; 2. Azuria, piloted by Major Gerber, Switzerland. (B) Motor-cars—1. M. Gallay, Geneva; 2. M. Welte, Geneva.

Saturday, August 5:—The winners of the balloon direction race, which took place yesterday, were: (1) Signor Valle, Italy, who landed one thousand yards from the landing place he had chosen; (2) M. Cormier, France; (3) M. Demuyter, Belgium. At the moment of starting the pilots had to choose their landing place, and they had to try to land as near it as possible.

The competitors for the six days' motorcycle race arrived yesterday night at Lugano, where they are resting today. There is a very close fight between the British and Swiss national teams, the former trying to win the championship, which is held by Switzerland. The British team is a few points ahead. On Monday the competitors leave Lugano and go to Beren over the St. Gothard Pass.

## Big Gordon Bennett Race Starts

Sunday, August 6:—All balloons entering the Gordon Bennett Cup Race are spherical and contain eighty thousand cubic feet of gas—over four times as large as the one Lieutenant Hoffman used in the hare and hounds race Thursday. The baskets measure about three feet by six feet. It is a busy place early Sunday morning as one views the large aviation field, with nineteen of these large gas bags spread upon the ground, nets being covered over the silken bags; two hundred sand bags distributed around the large circle enclosing the net to which they are attached in the slow process of inflation. It will tax the great gas tanks to their utmost to get them all filled within the four hours allowed for this process, but Lieutenant Connolly, who is general manager of the American Air Team, says there are two million feet of gas in the tanks and only one million, six hundred thousand feet are required for the twenty balloons to be filled today and this filling process is all done at one time.

There is a crew of twenty-five men allowed to each balloon as helpers in the filling. There is a narrow-gauge railroad running around the field, on which a hand car is run to distribute the equipment.

In filling, the American Army balloon is the first one to get the gas, so let's hope she is the first to get the start—and also the cup. As far as I can learn there is no other American special press representative here and I think I am the only man in the world to come to the balloon races by aeroplane, which will probably not be the case next year as flying becomes safer and more popular.

The three Belgians have first place, being one, two and three in the start. The American Army balloon has place No. 4, American Civilian No. 5, American Navy No. 6. Major Westover and Lieut. Bond piloted this same Army balloon from Milwaukee to near Labrador, 863 miles. The balloon is the only one fitted with an awning or oscillating damper running all around the bag, to assist in landing and other maneuvering. The outfits carried are about the same in each basket, suitable clothing, food and instruments being

It could not be better, being low wind on ground and high wind above, says Hoffman. The Swiss helpers around the American balloons have kept the different pilots busy signing and autographing cards.

The balloons are all sent off promptly three minutes apart, starting at 4 P. M.

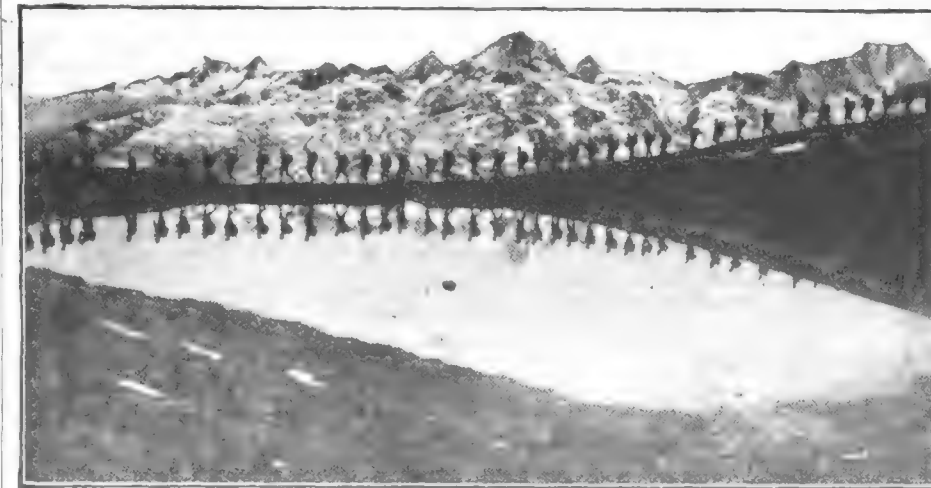
Quite a busy time about 2.30 P. M. when all pilots go to headquarters on field to get their cars and sign out.

I am well decorated with balloon badges, press tag, American flags, and a pennant same as is carried on army balloon, given me by Pilot Hoffman.

The sun is quite hot. Don't know how many thousands are here, but being Sunday and such a good day there are many, many people about watching the preparations for the start in this great race on a long journey into Nature's most hazardous territory. Quite a number of Americans are present.

Many small test balloons are sent up to give air current direction.

An aeroplane is now flying over; it is 3.45.



SWISS SOLDIERS IN THE ALPS NEAR ANDAMATT CLOSE TO ITALIAN BORDER.

Four planes now appear and then the parachute jumps from the big military balloon take place. Now it is time for balloons to get away. The bugle from the gas tank has just signaled to go. I have just shaken hands with Major Westover and Lieuts. Bond and Hoffman, and bid them Godspeed.

The three Belgians are all in the air flying serenely along towards Lausanne and now comes the American Army balloon amid loud cheers from the hundreds there bidding it Godspeed, with the music of the Swiss Alpine horn sounding its pure Swiss notes as coming from the mountain passes of Mt. Blanc, and I waved the Stars and Stripes as they were off for their long journey into unknown lands with the big American flag flying from the immense bag.

I gave up my pennant to a pilot of the civilian balloon to hang on his basket.

Here comes No. 13 being towed up to the starter. She is called the Bee—the Queen Bee of Great Britain, no doubt—for she is from England and the band plays "God Save the King" as she goes gaily above.

The British balloon is the only one with wireless equipment, a large wooden frame being hung from the basket for the equipment, it being strung with a lot of fine wires, so looks like a mammoth zither, octagonal in shape.

Several more naval men have arrived and now the Navy gets her send-off. I told Lieut. Reed she ought to be lucky for she has a bunch of thirteen small balloons hung over this pilot's head in the rigging of the network of cords above. They being brave sailors, stand on the edge of the basket as they ascend, and one wipes a lot of perspiration from his brow and throws it to the ground to lighten their load, and create a laugh.

Our civilian, H. E. Honeywell, No. 5, got an extra fine send-off and I gave him a parting yodel and yell.

At six o'clock all the balloons are still in sight, there is so little wind.

It is remarkable that throughout the whole week with forty-nine ascensions there has been but one accident. On Thursday a military balloon envelope developed a fault while in air, and in its quick descent a pilot's assistant suffered a broken leg.

One competitor—a Spanish balloon—came down soon after the start—a torn envelope.

It now looks as though the wind might carry the competitors to Norway or Sweden.

The direction taken emphasizes the importance of the agreement come to by the pilots that Russia shall be considered as forbidden territory. Unless the air currents are found, landings are probable on this side of the line agreed upon as the boundary barring Russia.

## Winter Sports in Mid-Summer

Wengen, Switzerland, August 7th.—This is a fine place and I should have arranged a longer stay so as to have gone further along on the little railroad that cogs itself up the mountain, for I have not found the spot that makes me feel I have really arrived. Perhaps St. Moritz will give it to me. If not, will decide on this place for a week's stay next winter.

I have a dandy room and the ice and snow does look pretty near from here. It must be

melting a lot by the amount of water coming over the cascades and down the river.

August 8.—Here at Wengen they say the temperature does not rise above 60 degrees in the summer, nor go below 20 degrees in the winter, so what more could one want for a comfortable temperature as it is said there is usually about enough snow to make good sporting over the ski runs and jumps built by nature.

There are heaps of people coming in on these many eight-car electric trains, but very few Americans. I am about the only person on this long train going out this morning en route for St. Moritz. A good many bicycles hereabouts. It's hard walking them up the steep grades, but mighty easy coming down.

I thought I was going to bed very early last night—and I felt so very sleepy after the hard day of Sunday, but the effect of seeing the rays of soft light stealing softly from behind these great high mountains kept me up quite late, for having this wonderful bright moon just at its full on coming out on such a clear night after such a rainy day was really a transformation one could not help enjoying to its utmost. The great snow-white mountains here do stand up so majestically from this particular spot from where this hotel is located. It makes a genuinely ideal place from which to enjoy a sublime view of Nature's great upheaval of massive granite. And as the moon finally came up from behind these great peaks, first casting its soft light before it and rising above in all its great fullness, the scene that was presented was certainly one never to be forgotten. And now something awoke me early this morning and just made me get up and take this fine view of the sunrise that words cannot describe.

The sun setting was just as fine as it could be after the showers of the day, and I have certainly been fortunate in having such fine weather given me during my brief stay so as to get the most there is to be had from my little visit. An inspiring sunset and a glorious moon rise as well as this splendid sun coming up.

most perfectly and distinctly shown across the broad horizon of that great natural mansion in the skies—God's house—without any walls on this most wonderful dawn of a perfect day.

And now, my dear young Fran, you gay glacier-gowned queen of the Alps, I must bid you adieu, but having seen you from my aeroplane over a hundred miles afar, and then coming right into the heart of you, in fact, almost sitting in your very spacious lap, I can but promise to return to you and further explore your fair face and



SWISS SOLDIERS SKIING DOWN A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

form, for your fine proportions are propitious for a tarry that is long.

## Panting Brings Regret

In coming down the Funicular at Interlaken, I met a Danish lady who can talk English and she said she took the trip way up and back to Jungfrauoch where I have marked, in one day. Guess I ought to have put in a day or two longer in this section so as to cover the snow places. They had a squall of snow while she was up there. Have just taken this trip up the Harder-kulm by Funicular railway at Interlaken while I am waiting for train.

Had several hours' wait here at Interlaken and am now leaving for St. Moritz, going by motor car from Meringen to Gletsch today from Gletsch to Coire the same way tomorrow. Arrive at 9.43 P. M., so guess it is some trip as we leave at 8 A. M., making a long day of it, but don't leave Coire until 10.25 next morning and arrive at St. Moritz at 1.40, so that will give a resting chance.

## Like Lakes of Maine

As we motor bus along the narrow roads over the mountains going from Wengen to St. Moritz, we pass two little lakes of very clear black water like Maine. Just below it is the dirty water same as the Arve. The clear water from the lakes comes from the ledges but the muddy water comes from a gravelly soil which accounts for muddy water of Arve and clear of Rhone. A pretty view from here, higher up as we bus along, looking back through the notch to high snow-capped peaks.

Soon we are really at Hotel de Rhone des Alps and can look right up on to this great mass of ice frozen in between the high ledges, and as we see the water flowing out from under this frozen mass can now say I have been to the mouth of the Rhone as well as its source, as the mouth of the glacier makes the course of the Rhone. I have seen this long river flowing along its shore from an aeroplane high in the sky and also on foot as well as from the military balloon. Now I have come through the narrow passes by motor car, crossing mountains 7,500 feet high to arrive at this spot where the varying waters are seen sweeping down through the gorges on to Geneva and its great lake.

## Gletsch—August 9th

It surely was a nice trip over the mountains 7,500 feet high in the big motor bus yesterday to the mouth of the Rhone Glacier here at Gletsch. This ice is about 1,500 feet thick at the mouth which is the source of the Rhone River that has its mouth in Geneva miles and miles away. I am out at 6.30 A. M. writing this, looking right on to the ice which is 1,000 feet away. Sun is just coming up. We leave at 8 o'clock; I must go to breakfast at 7.

When I first looked at this fill of ice from Gletsch I guess it was 50 feet and then a hundred and finally 150, but as we came up to its top it was 1,000 and finally decided on at least

## Dawn of a Perfect Day

The sublime stillness of this mountain air, the subtle hush given the quick-moving waters as they flow rapidly down the green hillside below



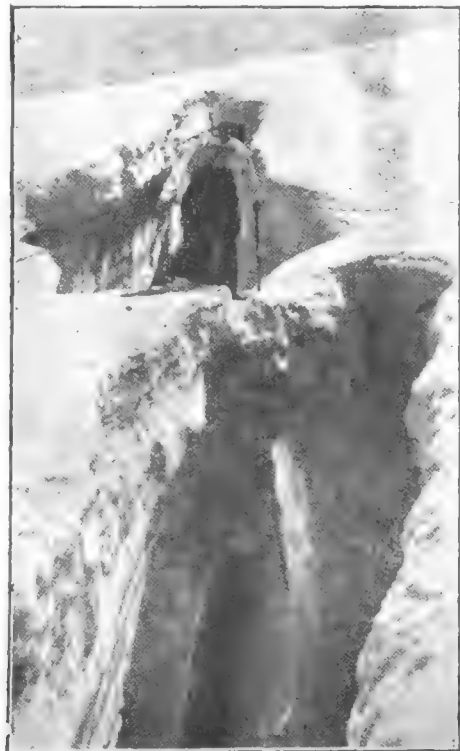
NATURE'S OWN SKI JUMP NEAR ANDAMATT.

their great white ice and snow covered parents towering far above, gives a God-like aspect to this broad scene of indescribable grandeur. Cascades and beautiful waterfalls come into more distinct view as the softness and greater light comes stealing over the sky, cast from the fast-spreading rays of the glorious sunrise, bringing nearer and nearer, clearer and clearer, the view of this marvelous mountain panorama. It is now

1,500 feet thickness of ice laid between these ledges. We walked out on it and into the ice grotto. Ten minutes' stop allowed here. There had been a big rock slide so a bridge has been built near hotel. We all got out of bus and walked across.

It was nice to really get right on top of the source of the Rhone and now I can say I have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



ENTRANCE TO ICE GROTTA NEAR GLETSCH.

taken to enable one to exist at least forty-eight hours. A rifle is also taken. The Civilian balloon won second place and the Navy third in the Milwaukee race this year. All American teams are carrying a supply of oxygen.

The dull air of the morning has livened up in the afternoon, so there is a nice easy breeze the right direction to take the balloons up Lake Geneva instead of away over the Alps in the direction of Mt. Blanc, as was feared.







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# Forty-Mile Trap-Line

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## CHAPTER IV.

THE snowslide which came down and filled the hollow nearly annihilated the two trappers for fair. Had they been less alert to impending danger or only a few seconds slower in acting, the tons of debris surely would have caught and crushed them. Every spring trappers and prospectors in the high mountain countries are accustomed to finding skeletons of various animals that have been overtaken by the terrible snowslides.

Lon had barely reached the protection of a rock ledge, when the roar and spray of the slide deadened all sound and sight of his companion. Above the terrific howl of the snowslide, Lon thought he heard a cry, but at the moment had no time to look and a few seconds later a mountain of packed snow and logs covered the spot where they had been eating their lunch.

Even before the snowslide had quite settled, Lon was clawing his way over the ridges of snow to get to the spot where he had last seen his partner, Tubs. As he ran, Lon ceased with misgiving the solidity of the packed snow. Nothing could lie for any length of time and live under this huge mass of plunder. The trapper rushed all the faster, until he stood over the spot where his partner was last seen, then he grabbed a pole and started digging away. The pole loosened up the snow but was a poor tool for shoveling it out of the way, so Lon jerked off a snowshoe and used it furiously as a shovel. When down almost out of sight, he came to a large log lying crosswise of the ravine; in a few minutes he dropped through for a distance of perhaps two feet.

"Hey, that's no way to come in, feet first," greeted Tubs, seemingly unhurt, but still "pale around the gills," as Lon afterwards expressed it. The junior trapper had fallen between two large boulders, and the log settling across them had held up the tons of smaller objects. Tubs had room enough to wiggle around during his short period of interment, and had begun to devise a means of escape. He had been cautious enough not to do any digging without first feeling around the dark vacuum for fear a mass of snow and stones would cave in on him. When Lon dropped through on one snowshoe, bringing daylight with him, Tubs was about the most tickled trapper that had ever bent steel.

"That was a close call, Buddy," said Tubs, "let's get out of here before another mountain peak rolls down on us."

"I'm with you, Tubby. Guess we've set enough traps for today." On the way down the mountainside the boys ran into a fisher's trail, apparently freshly made. Like all professional trappers, Lon stopped and closely examined the trail. Perhaps to a novice like Tubs, the tracks meant little except to indicate the direction in which their owner had been traveling. As it was still a couple of hours of dark, the trappers spent some time looking over the fisher signs. After a few hundred feet of trailing, Lon determined to follow the animal up to its den.

That the fisher's sleeping quarters was close, Lon deducted reasons to believe from the "signs." The animal had walked all the logs in its path—which is a habit of the pekan—but instead of hopping off and continuing ahead, it had sniffed and clawed around the ends, as if looking for a hollow. A small rocky bluff had been circled and the zigzagging trail indicated that the maker had been looking for porcupine dens. Lon circled the bluff to save the time of following the intricate loops of the trail, and soon crossed the trail again. The fisher had next completely circled a dead snag, but still the trail led on through the mixed green timber and hardwood. Now there was no doubt about the fisher's purpose.

"There's a forty-dollar pet waiting for us, Tubs. All we have to do is to trail it. Can't be more'n a mile from here; maybe a few hundred yards. A bark may catch us, but I'm in favor of getting that skin, even if we have to lie out over night. I have my safety box of matches and a little jerky, so we will neither freeze nor starve."

"I'm with you," rejoined Tubs. The trappers tightened their belts and increased their pace. Lon, who was in the lead, looked to the loading of his carbine and kept an eye ahead on the trail, in readiness for a quick shot, should the fisher be seen. He greatly preferred a chance shot at the running animal to later finding the pekan safely holed in a rock den. Of course, he might try smoking it out, and if this method failed, he could resort to setting traps, but this animal is too cunning for either of these ways to insure capture. Lon, who was really a crack shot with the rifle, expressed a preference of "lining his sights on the varmint."

While the fur hunters did not come within sight of the fisher, they were lucky enough to find that its trail ended in a tangled windfall. Lon circled ahead and failed to find the tracks leaving the log jam, so a search was started by following the trail closely. Now the trail circled and crisscrossed so that it was difficult to tell whether the fisher had been coming or going. But Lon had trailed more than one fisher, and he invariably untangled all the "doubles" with little loss of time. The end of the trail was reached at a hollow log.

"Isn't this luck," exclaimed Lon, "nothing to do but chop him out."

Already it was getting dusk, and the boys hustled around, highly elated with their good fortune, but none the less alert to prevent the animal escaping. First a switch was poked into the log, and a snarl indicated the location of the fisher; then the ends of the log were plugged with chunks of wood. The work of chopping the fisher out was only a matter of ten or fifteen minutes. To obviate escape, as soon as the animal's head became visible through the newly chopped hole, Tubs was permitted to try his .22 pistol, which mercifully ended the career of a perfectly furred pekan.

The boys had turned to back-track themselves, when Tubs uttered an exclamation that might have done justice to a scalped Indian.

Quickly Lon whirled on his feet, gun in readiness, and the two trappers opened fire simultaneously on a large black bear which had approached within gunshot range.

There was no chance for the bear and it had dropped at Lon's second shot. Tubs kept firing, as fast as he could work the lever of his gun, evidently not aware that the bear was not only dead but had actually rolled out of sight into a hollow.

"Say, what're you shooting at, Tubs?" This isn't the Fourth of July nor your birthday, neither," stormed the cool-headed Lon.

"Oh, so we've already killed the bear," laconically replied Tubs.

The woods now rang with whoops and yells of the trappers. A bear was indeed big game, especially so late in the season. Its fur would be prime and valuable. Ordinarily this hibernating animal would have been dened up, and to satisfy woodsman's curiosity, Lon back-tracked the animal the following day to its den in a rock bluff over which the snowslide had passed. Evidently the bear had decided it was healthier to den in the lowlands, but of course it had no way of anticipating the menace of armed humans in the winter woods. The luck of favorable wind had been against it.

"Some adventures for one day, I'll say," said Lon. "Now for the hard work. Did you ever try to skin a bear in the dark—but of course you never. Here's a candle. I always carry a short one when in the woods. It won't take so long to rip the hide off while the carcass is warm. If it should freeze, we might as well leave it here till spring."

Luckily the boys were only about a mile from their toboggan trail, and the candle lasted them until it was reached. It was no trouble to keep in the hard packed toboggan road, and two tired but happy boys came staggering up to their camp late in the evening loaded down with a fisher and a heavy bearskin. During the return trip, Tubs had spoken little for when the bearskin had been taken off no marks were found to indicate that he had put in a single effective shot. One hole back of the shoulder, such as a soft point bullet from Lon's gun would have made, seemed to have been the telling shot.

Fur trapping and hunting was now in full swing. The blizzard and cold weather had primed up all kinds of furs sought after by the boys, and the traps required the combined attention of the two, working from daylight until dark. The frequent snowfalls necessitated moving up the traps often. The snow interfered greatly with trail sets, but as foxes, for which the trail sets were particularly intended, did not travel much during cold weather, these sets were neglected in favor of cubbies and under-ice sets.

During the early days of the season, Tubs made some large catches of muskrats, mink and raccoon, but as the season advanced, the raccoon dened up, and the mink and muskrat traveled most of the time under the ice of the streams and ponds. Winter trapping in the woods was something new to Tubs, so he soon abandoned his trap-line and pulled most of the traps, intending to follow and help the experienced Lon with his long lines. In this way he would acquire in a few weeks the knowledge of trapping lore and woodcraft that had required years of personal experience to learn.

"We start at daylight, old top, which means we get up at an hour of dawn to cook some of this bear meat. By the time you get your hide around a pound of bear steak, you may be able to keep up with me. Better stick a bunch of raisins and some sweet chocolate in your pockets, too, along with a chunk of bear meat. I never stop to cook a meal while on the trap-line; usually I halt only long enough to 'boil the kettle'—make tea, in trappers' parlance."

If the reader will follow closely the narrative of the day's trip over the trap-line, he will learn almost as much about trapping ways as did Tubs who followed in Lon's snowshoe trail. There were not any traps set for fur animals within a mile of the camp, except a few muskrat and rabbit traps. The muskrat traps were not visited, as any animals caught would be drowned in the stream and remain safely until a convenient time to remove them. The rabbit traps were set not far off the trail and these were visited and the captured rabbits killed and taken along in the packbags to be used as bait. When enough were taken for bait, the rest were hung up in the evergreens to be taken to camp later.

"Now, Tubs, from here on little talking, remember. We're getting into the fur country and are apt to get a shot at game or a fur bearer any time. Most important of all, a trapped animal begins to struggle fiercely in the trap when it hears the trapper coming, and often if they have time enough this last superb effort will effect their escape. I always slip up to a trap quietly,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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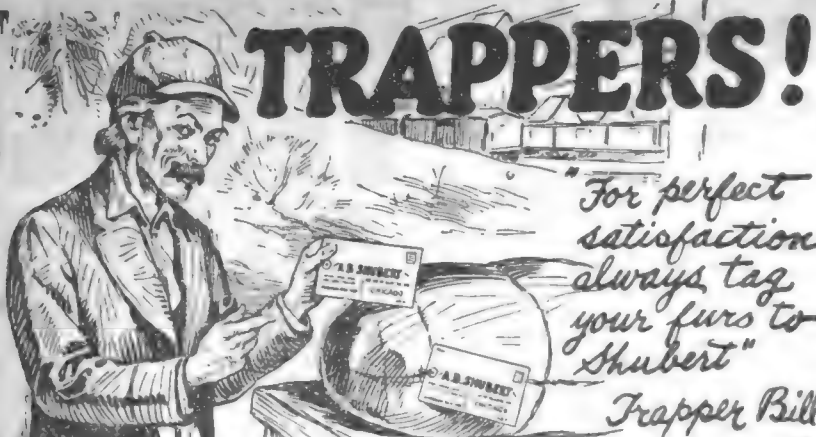
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The man who works and never plays  
Will shorten his allotted days.  
Work in the day with all your might,  
But call it quits when comes the night.  
—Portland Express.

## Forty-Mile Trap-Line

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

If I expect game in it, and the animal escape then, I stand alone. This was the law laid down by the senior trapper, and thereafter until the boys arrived back to camp conversation was limited to the sign language and chants while eating lunch or traveling in the clearings.

"Hear that chain jangling, Tubs? That's no tale to my ears, for I happen to know it's a trail set for fox. The line was set yesterday evidently covered the trap and human sign and scent properly. Fox trapping in the snow depends mostly on the luck you have with the weather."

The trappers came within sight of the trap and found that it held a large, prime red fox. The chain had a grapple on the end which had hung up close to the fox. The fox was quiet and tapped the fox smartly across the head with a walking stick he always carried on the trap line. He purposely aimed the blow just light enough not to draw blood, for the set would then be ruined. The trap, a No. 2, was reset and with a balsam bough Lon lightly brushed dry snow over it, then brushed out his own tracks as he backed away. The trap was set in a narrow trail between two evergreens which Lon had learned early in the season to be a regular fox run.

Three hundred yards down the trail the fox was pulled off and the carcass hung up in a set a No. 3 jump trap.

"Just the kind of set for a fool cat (Canadian lynx) and I've caught fisher this way," remarked Lon.

The trap-line next traversed a two-mile stretch of barren or burnt-over land where traps were far apart. Lon had recognized one runway at right angles to his trail and placed several traps in it. The traps were No. 3 jumps and wool was stuffed under the pans to prevent rabbits springing them. One of these traps held another red fox.

Further time was lost on the burnt-over land by following a bobcat's winding trail. After an hour's trailing in the hope that the animal would be found, Lon declared the cat didn't know where it was going, now, so they didn't set a trap. The trap now led into a swamp where rabbit trails were without end, and in each trail appeared lynx tracks. Lon was disappointed in not bearing one of these valuable and scarce furs ready to scrap at the approach of the trapper.

In the swamp were numerous springs and these afforded excellent places to trap mink and raccoon. Lon reckoned he had about a dozen sets in the swamp springs, some of them for fox. Some of the sets were hard to find, in spite of the fact they were marked by three blazes on the nearest tree. The results of three blazes on the nearest mink and an undersized raccoon. These had been taken in blind sets where tracks had been numerous.

Down at the lower end of the swamp, the water was draining off in sufficient quantity to form a small brook. Lon had carefully prospected this stream for a place where one trap would be effective. The results of three blazes on the nearest mink and an undersized raccoon. These had been taken in blind sets where tracks had been numerous.

"Holy Mackinaw! Tubs, that's a lot of sign for a mink to make," exclaimed Lon aloud, who now changed his gait into a lope, so impatient was he to learn what rare game was now trapped. The trap chain extended its full length out into deep water and Lon began to pull it in with trembling hands. It pulled hard, as if attached to a log, and then the head of an animal appeared, the like of which Tubs had never before seen.

"Ah, whoopee! By the great medicine, here's a real luck. A rare otter, the travelingst bird that wears fur and catches trout. What do you think of that, Tubs? Worth at least thirty dollars." Lon was all excitement and held up the slim and finely furred animal admiringly.

"Guess this is some lucky catch for one day, even if the line hasn't been visited for a week," replied Tubs.

The younger trapper now got the job of carrying the otter, for this animal is so difficult to skin that most trappers prefer to take them to camp where a careful and unhurried skinning may be performed.

The otter brought a change of luck, for not another animal of any value was taken that day. Several new sets were made along the stream where mink and raccoon had been wading in search of crawfish, cubby pens baited with fish were conveniently established along the banks near crossing places or at the mouths of brooks. Back on the mountain line, en route to camp, the boys found a deer carcass that was being eaten by what appeared to be a whole colony of martens; but Lon soon explained that a pair of martens will make tracks enough in one night to afford a toboggan trail. Anyway, here were at least a few pairs of these valuable and easily trapped animals, and most of the afternoon was taken up in setting traps in the trails.

When Tubs and Lon reached camp at dark, the former declared he would never be able to crawl out of the bunk on the morning, the trappers having covered about fifteen miles besides trap setting, most of the time carrying considerable loads. The next day, fortunately for the less calloused trapper, was a fine, sunny day and the trappers stayed indoors, making boards and stretching their furs.

The days that followed during the month of December were hard ones for the trappers. The thermometer hung around thirty below much of the time. The country was new, the trap line far back off the beaten paths of hunters and village trappers, and the boys profited greatly by their energetic methods. Tubs worked several pounds of his superior fish into hard-as-steel-iron muscle and both made enough money to exceed the best wages paid "outside." Besides a substantial cut in tax on mink, fox, and raccoon, a few such of these skins and other, just a few days before the first of January, the boys were going out to the store to buy supplies. The fox was taken in a set of traps set in a trail. The set brought \$75 a head.

The weather was fine, but the boys were hibernated or lived under ice, and the trap line catch fell off fast, so a week before Christmas the boys pulled and checked their traps under rock ledges and tacked up a sign on the cabin door, reading:

"This cabin belongs to Lon Baker and Tubs Johnson, fur trappers, who have come out to the Lake Umbagog to sell their furs. Everybody welcome, but leave what you find. Set back hanging from the rafters on a pole. Teach your children in the Dutch oven. Shut the door when you leave. Thank you."

Thus ends the first trapping expedition of Tubs Johnson and Lon Baker, fur trappers of the Adirondacks.

## Industrial Gas Uses Increasing Rapidly

The use of manufactured gas in industrial plants is increasing rapidly in the great manufacturing centers of the country. It is supplanting other fuels in many processes where an easily controlled and intense heat is needed. Some of the reasons for the increased use of gas in industry are:

1. A gas is uniform in quality.

2. Gas is a clean fuel which is easily controlled and the amount of heat necessary to various manufacturing processes readily adjusted.

3. Heat is easily applied to work as it is not necessary to go through the process of melting or other fuels.

4. The cost is reasonable.

5. The gas is always available by the twist of a wrist.

It is not necessary to provide storage space for fuel and gas.

When Government Runs the Switchboard

Public ownership of a utility causes some very serious problems. When the British telephone system, run by the Post Office, is contemplated, the report of an official committee which had been seeking the reason why the British telephone system is not a success and the reports of the telephone system of the United States for the previous year.

In the United States the 20,000,000 associated private companies and the 9,000 and more independent companies made a showing of efficiency that is unknown in England, where both the telephone and the telegraph are heavy charges upon the public purse.

"The telephone system in America," one British comment runs, "is as different from what we know here under the same name as an article of luxury is different from a rare and expensive article engaged in business use. The people here are in the United States, even in rural districts, it is quite common to find the telephone installed under conditions which in this country would seem to preclude the possibility of having such a convenience."—The Nation's Business.

## 350 SHOT AIR RIFLE

Automatic Repeater, with lever action. Shoots 350 times without reloading. A powerful, accurate air rifle—guaranteed to give satisfaction. Beautiful walnut finished stock, nickel plated one-piece barrel and sides—31½ inches long. Send name and we will send you 12 art pictures to dispose of on special offer. Remit the \$3 you collect and we will send you this 350-shot Air Rifle. This is a wonderful offer.

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NOV. 318

## The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made

Here's an easy way to save \$2 and have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this wonderful remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc. It's a simple and effective remedy. It takes hold of a cough with its permanent place in your home. Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of water, then add plain granulated sugar, 2½ ounces of honey, or corn syrup, 2½ ounces of syrup. Either way, it tastes good and gives you a full pint of better than you could buy ready-made for its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly made remedy conquers a cough—hours or less. It seems to penetrate every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse cough, lifts the phlegm, breaks the throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated, pure pine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for Pinex, with directions. It's the only thing else. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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She is just a big, fine, darling doll every girl's heart is hungry for. Mary Ann will come to you without costing one cent. She will play mother to walk with, sing to, and do everything else you want her to do.

Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry—Sleep—Wink

Mary Ann's hair is soft and wavy. Her eyes are blue and large. She has a sweet smile and a gentle voice. She will play mother to walk with, sing to, and do everything else you want her to do.

She is YOURS for doing me a little favor

I will send a Mary Ann doll just as described above in return for a small favor. Just write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost. Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann."

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C. M. THOMAS, 337 W. Madison Street, 12 D 5, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

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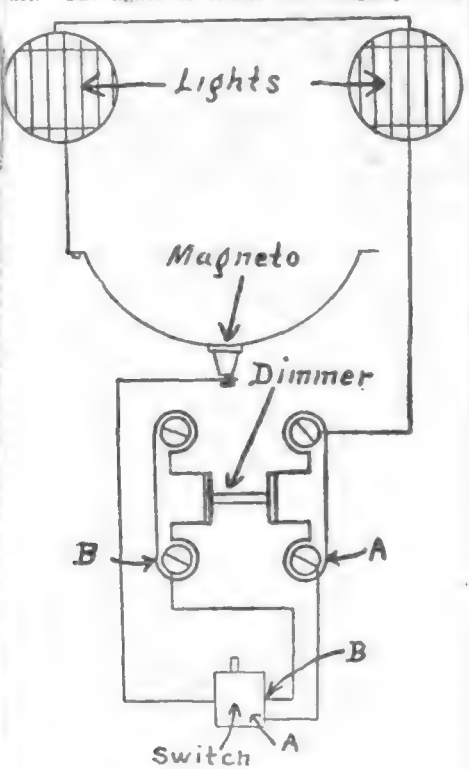


# Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

## Dimming Headlights

**O**WNERS of Ford cars which use magneto generated current for headlights have undoubtedly many times desired an arrangement which would make possible the dimming of the lights without necessitating the reducing of the motor to almost an idling speed. While there are dimming sockets and resistance units which can be purchased for this purpose, the owner can, he should so desire, make and install a device which will serve the purpose well and incur but small outlay of money. The resistance unit which cuts down the amount of current to the lamps is a piece of hard lead cut away from an ordinary one-half inch pencil. A piece of about one and one-half inches in length is about right but the owner can best determine the proper length to use by trying leads of different lengths. Two brackets are constructed of sheet brass between which the piece of lead is held. A switch and a few lengths of cable complete the outfit. The accompanying diagram shows the manner in which the outfit should be installed. It will be noted that turning the switch to the position marked "A" in the sketch sends the current directly to the lamps without going through the dimming unit. The lights of course burn brightly when



SKETCH OF HOME-MADE DIMMER.

switched in this position. Turning the switch to position "B" sends the current through the unit and cuts it down so that the lights are dim even when the engine is running at fairly high rate of speed.

## Gasoline-Oil Mixture

Manufacturers warn owners of new cars to drive at moderate rates of speeds for the first 500 to 1,000 miles so as to give the bearings a chance to ease and polish. It is a timely warning and one which should be strictly heeded. I am acquainted with a large car and truck distributor who for several years has made it a practice to drive cars overland from the factory to his place of business, a distance of about 600 miles. It has been his custom to pour into the gasoline tank one pint of oil to every five gallons of gasoline. The principle is that a small amount of cylinder oil will be sprayed through the carburetor up into the cylinders. This affords additional lubricant for the pistons and is good insurance against a scratched cylinder should the piston rings be a trifle tight.

## Helpful Pointers

### Engine Refuses to Stop

Due to a lean mixture, it sometimes happens that the motor continues to run after the ignition switch is turned off. An easy way to stop it is to choke the carburetor or engage a gear and let in the clutch.

### Railway Crossings

A driver should, and usually does, slow down when approaching a railway crossing. The danger of stalling the motor on the crossing lies in attempting to pick up speed while still in high gear. After slowing down it is always well to engage the second gear or even the low speed until having passed over the crossing. You are then assured plenty of power with little or no danger of stalling the motor.

### Battery Reading

When necessary to test a storage battery, take the hydrometer reading before adding any distilled water. The true condition of a cell cannot be determined immediately after adding the water as charging is necessary for its mixing with the electrolyte.

### Leak-Tight Gaskets

Gaskets used for carburetor manifold, water connections and like places, will usually be rendered leak-proof if coated on both sides with hard oil before being drawn up tight.

### Getting Out of Ditch

Having recently experienced the misfortune of running one side of my car off a gravel road, due to a fog and the blinding lights from an approaching car, I wish to pass along a suggestion which may prove helpful to other owners. The right side of my car was down the bank about a foot when I brought the machine to a halt. As is usually the case, my tow-line reposed on a nail in the garage. I inquired of the drivers who arrived on the scene and like myself they all seemed to have tow-lines but they were left at home. Necessity being the mother of invention, I dug a track with my hands in the loose gravel so that the right side of the car would have a runway onto the road. Next I persuaded my friends to stand on the left running board or on the side away from the ditch. This I did to keep all the

weight possible on the road side. Taking my place behind the wheel, I engaged the low gear and with just enough motor speed to insure power, I gently let in the clutch. Like the conclusion of the movies where all is well, the car gained the road on its own power without digging or sliding further down the bank.

## Cold Weather Suggestions

### Cold Weather Hard on Battery

Most everyone knows from experience that when a motor is turned over on a cold day, the action is very stiff. When the electric starter is used upon such occasions, additional current is required to perform the work which would have been accomplished on much less current on a warmer day. All this current is taken directly from the storage battery. If the engine does not start readily, continued use of the starter places an enormous drain on the battery. If the battery is not kept up to "fully charged" state, starting with the electric starter on a cold day may be almost an impossibility. The starter may turn the engine over but the failure of the engine to fire is due to all available current going to the starter, leaving none for ignition purposes. If only a little current diverts to the ignition system, the spark may be too weak to fire the mixture in the cylinder. The use of the hand crank after the car has been standing a long time in the cold is good policy as it insures a hot spark and also does not cause a heavy drain on the storage battery.

### Winter Battery Storage

If the storage battery is to stand idle it should first be fully charged. About once a month the battery should receive a freshening charge. Unless you are equipped to give the battery a charge from an outside source, I have found it convenient to store it at a garage or battery shop during the winter where equipment is available for recharging.

### Care of Top

Do not put the top down if the car is stored for the winter. Leave the top up and the curtains on to prevent their cracking.

### Carburetor Air Heater

Most cars are equipped with an arrangement for heating the air taken into the carburetor. Frequently these heaters are fitted with a shutter which should be opened in summer and closed in winter. If you have not already done so, the shutter should be closed so as to direct all air through the heater. If you have been running on a lean mixture during the summer months it will be well to enrich the mixture a trifle at this season to assist starting and prevent a lengthy spell of spitting through the carburetor when the motor is first started.

### Cold Weather Starting

Difficulty in starting is a common trouble in cold weather. Frequently choking and priming the carburetor will be sufficient to produce a start but there may be times when priming the cylinders with gasoline will be necessary. Some drivers do not understand why a motor refuses to fire after the cylinders have been "primed" with a considerable amount of gasoline. The fact is that when a large amount of gasoline is poured into each cylinder, the cylinder is not primed but flooded. This charge will not fire and must be thinned by opening the relief cocks in the head of the motor and turning the motor over several times with the ignition switch off. The cocks can then be closed and after the ignition is switched on the motor will usually fire. At times an owner will flood the cylinders with gasoline, make several attempts to start the motor and then give up. An hour or so later he will try again and be surprised to find that the motor starts readily. In this case the gasoline has worked past the pistons, leaving just enough in the combustion chambers to form a rich starting mixture. About a teaspoonful of gasoline in each cylinder should be enough for priming.

### Warming Gasoline

In the absence of high test gasoline, warm gasoline makes an effective priming agent. Gasoline poured in a squirt can and placed in hot water will quickly rise in temperature. Due to the explosive vapor which will come off of the heated gasoline, it will be safer to place the hot water away from any flames before immersing the squirt can of gasoline.

### Watch Crankcase Oil.

For reasons which have been several times explained in these columns, gasoline may accumulate in the motor crankcase during the cold weather. A close watch should be kept on oil consumption during this period because, should the motor appear to be using but little oil then an investigation should be made on the assumption that gasoline is replacing the oil in the crankcase. The crankcase should be drained and the old oil caught in a retainer. When contaminated with gasoline, the oil will be thin and usually will put off an odor of kerosene or gasoline. Refill the crankcase with fresh oil. Most manufacturers advise changing the oil in the crankcase about every 500 miles during cold weather. The old oil drained from the crankcase is excellent for spring leaf lubrication.

## Answers to Correspondents

**BURNT GAS RESIDUE IN CYLINDER.**—Have been an interested reader of COMFORT's "Automobile and Gas Engine Helps" for several years and certainly have received some valuable information therefrom. If not too theoretical, please answer the following question: If it were possible to build a gasoline engine that would force all the burnt gas out of the cylinder on the exhaust stroke and still have a suitable combustion chamber on the compression stroke, would it not be more economical of gasoline than the present-day motor with its seemingly necessary combustion chamber which cannot be entirely cleared of burnt gas?

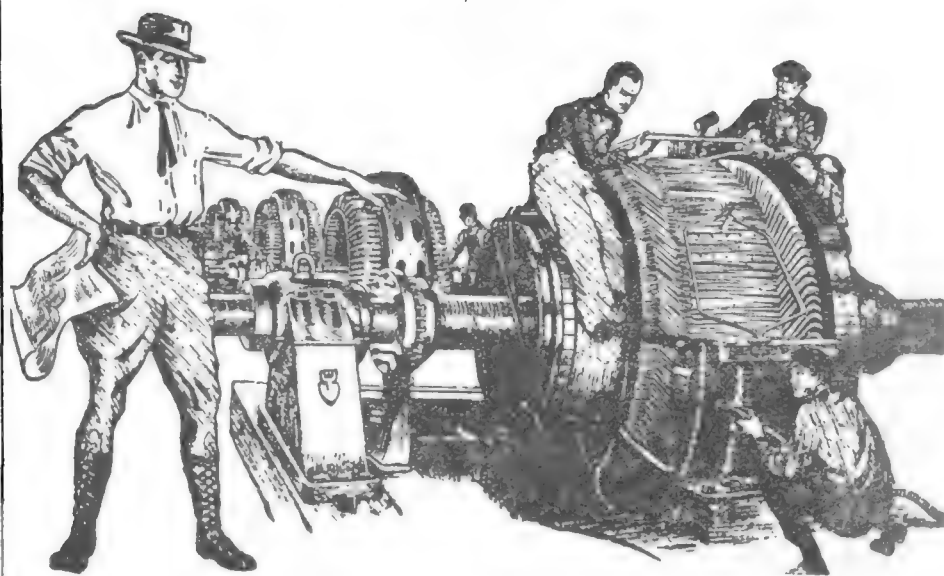
**H. K. Hanover, Ohio.**  
A.—Theoretically, the exhaust stroke is supposed to sweep the cylinder clean of all burnt gases. However, in practice the four-stroke cycle does not absolutely clean the cylinder and there is a certain portion of the burnt gases in the cylinder when the fresh charge of vapor is admitted. You are correct in the assumption that the engine would be more efficient if the burnt gases were entirely forced out.

**POINTS ON BUYING USED CAR.**—As we are thinking of purchasing a used car next spring I would like to get some pointers on how to judge the quality of a used car.

**D. S. Madison, Kansas.**  
A.—It is a difficult matter to give advice relative to the purchase of a used car. I have purchased a few myself and have got "stung" as well as received bargains. My first suggestion is that you deal with only a reputable concern. By this I mean that you should consider a dealer who has been thoroughly established and who has a reputation for looking after the interests of his customers. In further explanation, I would state that this type of dealer usually considers the purchaser of a used car as a good prospect for a new car at a later date. He will therefore take care that the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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## LOOK! What Other Men Are Doing

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Herbert Dickerson, Warrenton, Va., a farmer, is making over \$65.00 a week. "This is as much as other young fellows around here get in a month—your training did it" he says.

Al. Sebreeck, Phoenix, Arizona, jumps to \$75.00 a week from an \$18.00 carpenter's helper job—"Electricity and you did it," he says.

W. E. Pence, of Chehalis, Wash., earns \$750.00 every month as an Electrical Expert. \$125.00 was his limit before taking my course.

Jos. A. Stueber, St. Louis, Mo., on Electrical Contracting business, employing six men and making over \$600.00 a month clear, earned only 30.00 a week when he started my course.

## Electrical Experts Needed I Will Train You at Home

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the "screw driver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"—who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss Big Jobs—the jobs that pay.

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So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you too, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

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Send at once the "Vital Facts" of the Electrical Industry. Your FREE Outfit Offer, Sample Lessons, and your book that will show me how to become an Electrical Expert in my spare time—All this to be sent postpaid and without any obligation on my part.

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State ..... Occupation ..... Age .....

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Return if not satisfactory. Costs less, saves repairs, wears longer, fits any size horse perfectly. Made in all styles, back pads, side buckers, breechingless, etc. EASY PAYMENTS—\$5 after 30 days trial—balance monthly. Write for catalog, prices, easy terms.

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**A Kalamazoo Direct to You**

**AGENTS: \$60 a Week**

taking orders for Kerosene Burners—fits any stove. Burns kerosene (coal oil), cheapest fuel known. Quickly lighted; turns off by valve.

**Clean Odorless No smoke**

Easy to get orders on account of high price and scarcity of coal. Work spare time or full time. Write for sample.

Thomas Mfg. Co. B-530 Dayton, Ohio

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**FINE STROP FREE**

STERLING razors are hand forged from special cutlery steel, hollow ground, tempered and finished by experts. Thousands used by barbers and self shavers. We will send you a STERLING on 30 days trial. If satisfactory, costs \$1.67. If not, costs nothing. Barber's double swing horsehead strop FREE with each razor. Write today. Sterling Company, Dept. 210, Baltimore, Md.

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**GUARANTEED WATCH**

To introduce our Jewelry Catalog we are offering this elegant guaranteed watch, nickel silver plated case, stem wind and stem set. Genuine American lever movement, fully guaranteed. Reliable timekeeper, special price of \$1.67. Send no money. Pay postmaster on arrival and the watch is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Walters, Young & Co., 3332 W. 38th Place, Dept. 87, Chicago

**WITTE \$75.00 Buzz Saw**

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**FAMOUS OTTAWA ENGINES**

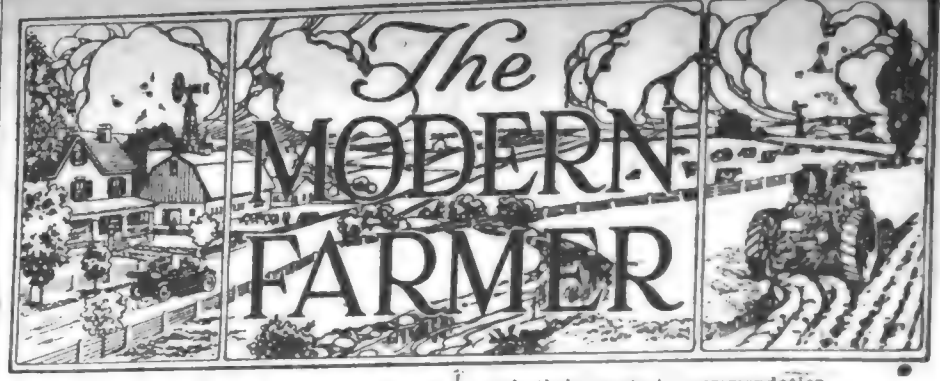
Other sizes, 2 1/2 to 22 H.P. proportionally low priced. Direct from factory. Latest, improved models, built to last, dependable work. Get big offer now, before sale ends. Write for FREE Book! OTTAWA MFG. CO., 1271-Pitt St., Ottawa, Kansas, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**A Stove For a Dime**

In the furnished room, apartment, office, shop or factory use a

**STERNO CANNED HEAT STOVE**

for warming your lunch or preparing hot meals. Delightful for making afternoon tea. Send this ad with 10c. to Sterno Corp., 9 East 37th St., New York, Dept. D. N., and the stove will be shipped to you.



**December—and "Merry Christmas"**

DECEMBER is the "rest month" in the garden. Other things take up our time, for this is the season of Christmas trees, Santa Claus, presents and good cheer.

But has it ever occurred to you that most of us, unintentionally of course, overlook our best friend every holiday season? There are toys and goodies for the kiddies; there are remembrances for Gran'ma and Gran'pa, bless their cheery old hearts; there are presents for the "good wife" and for daughters and sons and good friends of the family. But, speaking of good friends tried and true, why is it that the old farm itself is overlooked? It provides the where-withal that buys the presents—the presents that are simply the dessert following the full meal of the season's bounty it has so lavishly provided. At this merry time of giving is it right or fair to forget the farm, the place that represents home to us, the hearth around which our happiness for years has centered? How thoughtless we humans are! But once our attention is called to the error of our ways, how promptly and willingly we strive to make amends.

Speaking in all seriousness, why not make the farm a present? Let the whole family contribute toward the gift. Make it something that will be useful, something that will serve for years to lighten the load and the hearts of the farm family. Look at it this way if you wish: When you make a present to your farm it is for all the world like reaching down into the pocket of your jeans and transferring the money to your vest pocket. You eat the cake and still you have it, the old saying to the contrary notwithstanding.

Worthy farm presents are legion; we have space to mention only a few. Let's therefore take a look at the farm as a whole. What single thing would be most welcome? To our way of thinking there is nothing that should take precedence over electricity as a source of farm light and power. Farmers the country over begin and end their days with a lantern in their hands. They perform from four to six hours' work by the dim and questionable light of a smoky lantern, "cuses" the gloom of the cold winter mornings, start the day with a groan. Without mentioning the fire risk, and the inconvenience, there are dozens of reasons why electric lights are worth while and should not be considered as an impossible luxury.

Then, too, with a power plant there is "juice" right at hand to save elbow grease in countless ways. In the barn there is the fanning mill and the feed grinder; in the machine shop the grindstone, emery wheel, lathe or drill; in the modern dairy the cream separator and perhaps the churn. There may even be the wood saw and the silo filler—but we have said enough along this line. Let's take a look inside the house.

Often on the so-called "improved farm" all the improvements are from the back door of the dwelling house out. The house itself shows little change in the past generation. Is it fair to the "missus" and the girls, life partners in successful farming, that this should be the case? We only state facts when we say that their side of farm improvements is neglected at the expense of happiness, health and prosperity. Is it worth correcting?

Here, then, is a chance to do a good turn for the housewife and for the old farm at one and the same time—to kill two birds with one stone, as it were. A pressure system to provide running water will lighten her work and brighten her long working day. Add to that the convenience of running water at the kitchen sink, the comforts of a well-equipped bathroom, and the joys of an up-to-date laundry. Then there is running water for the barn, the watering trough, for fire protection, for lawn sprinkling and for washing the family automobile when the ambitious boy prepares to go "sparking" the neighbor's daughter.

We could go on and enumerate good presents for the farm, things that would quickly return the first cost in a number of ways of which increased profits would be one. But space does not permit. All we can do is advise that the idea be given serious thought by every reader. Each knows his own needs best; each can best tell how much can be afforded. But remember this: any outlay for a Christmas present for the good old farm is in reality an investment, not an expenditure. How many other presents we buy will stand that test?

**"Home-Grown Ice"**

In regions where ponds, lakes or rivers are few, a supply of ice for the farm can be "home-grown," provided cold winter weather prevails for a sufficiently long period.

Ice may be made in either metal cans or paper bags. The metal cans may be made in any convenient size by a local tinsmith for a small cost. They should be of galvanized iron reinforced at top and bottom with iron strips. The bottom is made smaller than the top to make the removal of the cake easier. Here is how they are used: When cold weather is at hand, the cans are placed near the water supply, filled with water, and left exposed to the weather. A shell of ice soon freezes across the top and around the inner surfaces of the can. When the shell is one and one-half to two inches in thickness, pour hot water carefully into the can to loosen the ice. Chop a small hole in the top of the shell, remove the part of the water; the little remaining will quickly freeze. Add more water little by little through the hole in the top until the shell has been filled with ice and a solid block is produced. By operating in this manner, only a few cans are required, and the cost is considerably reduced.

Paraffined paper or light cardboard boxes or bags are handled in just the same way as the galvanized iron cans, but they do not last long and are more difficult to handle, having a tendency to "buckle" and spill their contents. Their cheap-

**ness is their greatest recommendation.**

Another method of ice making that can be used in the colder sections is to run water into the ice-house and let a layer freeze. This is done by first constructing a dam of snow around the floor of the ice-house 10 or 12 inches from the walls to allow room for sawdust insulation next to the walls. The interior of the house is then flooded with a few inches of water; when this freezes, the process is repeated until the house is filled with ice. It is then covered with sawdust or marsh hay and closed up until ice is needed. One great drawback of this method is that in order to remove ice it must be cut or chopped out with an ax. Uneven and irregular pieces, and considerable waste result. Cakes of uniform shape and size, as those obtained by the tank or paper bag methods, are much more convenient to handle and economical to use.

**Drainage Through Wells**

Drainage through wells, sometimes called "vertical drainage," is a method of disposing of surface water through wells dug down to a porous soil layer or to an opening in the underlying rock. Occasionally such wells can be used to advantage to dispose of surplus water where outlets into natural water courses or artificial drains or ditches are not possible. Where accumulated water is held in depressions by a layer of tight soil or rock which does not permit the water to pass readily through, and where no surface outlet is practicable, vertical drainage often proves to be a comparatively simple solution of the drainage problem.

Simply stated, vertical drainage consists in providing a channel for passing the water from the surface through impervious soil layers into an underlying reservoir. This reservoir may be formed either by rock openings or by an extensive body of coarse sand or gravel that is capable of taking up large volumes of water. It is only necessary, then, to dig or drill a well down to this natural reservoir and turn the drainage into it, first having taken precautions to prevent the clogging of the well with sediment carried in the water. Clogging may be prevented by lining the well properly and by providing an entrance for water that will exclude trash and sediment.

This sounds quite simple; sometimes it is. The difficulty lies principally in the fact that the existence of the required underground reservoir is the exception rather than the rule. Furthermore, there usually is no way of telling in advance whether such a reservoir exists, or whether its capacity is sufficient to be permanently effective. The only way to find out is to try—and to try means to make an outlay of time, labor and money which either may or may not bring the results desired.

**Limestone Areas Favorable**

In the limestone areas of the United States, particularly in Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and Alabama, "sink holes" are more or less common. Frequently drainage of considerable areas takes place naturally through these depressions. Sometimes there may be only a few feet of soil over the rock openings. Sometimes the openings in the rock extend to the surface of the ground. Where such openings can be reached without great expense, they afford good outlets for drainage. As such conditions are more likely to be found in the limestone regions, it is here that we find the best opportunities for vertical drainage.

Drainage wells that depend for their efficiency upon the water absorbing capacity of underground layers will always be more or less uncertain except where experience with nearby wells discharging into the same reservoir has proved that the reservoir has the required capacity. Even then the addition of more wells may prove to be an overload that results in the failure of all. Often such wells will give good service for a time, only to fail later due to the limited capacity of the reservoir. Where the rocks are known to have sufficient porosity to absorb water or depressions, the possibility of their usefulness for drainage purposes is considerably increased.

Of 73 wells in the North Central States examined by engineers of the Department of Agriculture, 42 were reported unsatisfactory, 26 of doubtful value, and eight entirely satisfactory. Many wells had been dug in regions in no respect suited to this method of drainage, which may account in part for the unfavorable showing. Of the properly constructed wells examined in limestone regions, 75 per cent. were successful. Power-drilled, rock-penetrating wells have generally proved more effective than shallow wells, provided that clogging had been successfully prevented.

**Using Tobacco Barns for Sweet-Potato Storage**

Many farmers who do not raise a large acreage of sweet potatoes feel that the expense of a special building in which to store their crop is not justified by the size of the crop itself. Therefore they depend upon pits, banks, or cellars for storage—and in many instances a large part of the crop is lost. For sweet potato raisers who cannot afford the necessary outlay for a special building, some building already on the farm which served another important purpose can be remodeled so as to meet both needs, thus assuring safe storage of the sweet potato crop at a very small cash outlay. On farms that have due-heated tobacco barns or similar buildings that serve their main purpose before the potato harvest, this saving is quite practical.

Farmers' Bulletin 1267, "Utilization of Flue-heated Tobacco Barns for Sweet Potato Storage," has recently been issued by the United States Department of Agriculture to meet the request of farmers living in sweet potato regions in the tobacco country. The changes needed to convert purpose, bill of materials necessary for the remodeling, best methods of storehouse management, and a brief description of a number of varieties of sweet potatoes are all included in the new bulletin which may be obtained free by writing to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

**Why a Farm Name?**

Here are some good reasons why a farm should bear a name of its own, a name that is distinctive.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

**A NEW OIL LAMP .FREE**

Burns 94% Air

M. A. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.—Advertisement.

**Don't neglect a Cold**

Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and without the blister.

At the first sneeze or sniff, take down the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, hiccups, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

Order Musterole today from your druggist. 35c and 60c in jars and tubes; hospital size, \$1.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

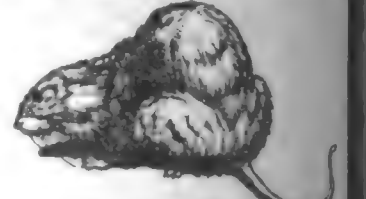
**BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER**



**KILL THEM ALL**

Every Rat and Mouse easily destroyed by New Discovery Not a Poison

Absolute freedom from rats and mice assured everyone. No more trapping and killing just a few. Clean out the whole place of young, big and little.



Hick's Rat Killer kills every rat or mouse in your place. Most wonderful of all it kills anything but rats, mice, gophers, and rodents. It is harmless to children, poultry and all kinds of stock. It can be used anywhere and will kill only rats and mice, bringing disease rapidly spread and destroying all the rats and mice. The smell or odor for they run outside for food away from the building.

**A Trial Costs You Nothing**

Mr. Hick is offering everyone a trial of these pests the chance to get rid of them cost to themselves. He will send you a double strength, one dollar bottle for the trial of one. You keep one for yourself; the other you sell to your neighbor at one dollar, returning your own free. Send \$1.00 today (money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick, Dept. 105, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman \$1.00 and on delivery. If after 30 days' trial you are absolutely satisfied, write Mr. Hick and money will be refunded.

**Safety First**

**SEND NO MONEY**

**PARAMOUNT AUTOMATIC**

Don't be taken un-awares. Protect your home and earnings with this dependable, brand new, fully tested, double safety, blue steel automatic. Shoots standard cartridges. Sold with iron-clad guarantee of money back if not satisfied. Don't be fooled by imitations which are inferior and sold for less. Genuine "Paramount Automatic" spell absolute protection when you need it. Be sure yours is a Paramount. Order direct from us.

**EXTRA MAGAZINE FREE.** An extra magazine worth \$1.50 free to all who order from this advertisement.

**GUARANTEE:** Money back if not fully satisfied after examination.

**HOW TO ORDER:** Select the pistol you want by number and send your name and address. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman on arrival our price plus postage. Order now.

**PARAMOUNT TRADING CO.**  
34 West 28th St., New York

**Rabbit Book FREE**

Illustrated. Facts about the most profitable home industry—raising domestic rabbits for meat, fur, fancy. Little space—cheap equipment. Big demand. We buy at you raise at \$7 to \$10 per pair. Turn your spare time into cash. Book free—write now.

**STANDARD FOOD & FUR**  
405-A Broadway New York City



## New Discovery Makes Hens Lay



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

### Getting Ready for the Holiday Market

**E**VEN for home consumption it is desirable to fatten, kill and dress poultry knowledgeably. It makes such a difference to nutriment and flavor.

Fattening, as understood in France and some parts of England, is a semi-artificial process. Birds—capons and turkeys, principally—are confined in individual coops and fed heavily on moderately soft mash for two weeks, by which time the appetite commences to fail and stuffing is resorted to. A funnel-like appliance is inserted in the bird's mouth and pushed down into its throat; then a liquid food is poured into the bird's crop until it is filled. The very large commercial establishments use an apparatus which looks something like a street knife grinder's machine, and is worked in the same way by the attendant's foot, only instead of turning the wheel the treadle action controls a pump which forces the feed out of a tank down a tube into the bird's crop. Both excellent methods, possibly, but after seeing them in operation, I confessed to preferring a little more humane and wholesomely old-fashioned way of providing delicacies for our table.

We have coops six feet long by two and a half wide, with yards six by ten, into which ten birds are placed three weeks before killing. Fowls of a year old when properly prepared make good roasters; taken from the general yard, they are tough and fit only for soup. Cockerels of ten or twelve weeks old will, by special fattening and inactivity, become plump very quickly. The roost in a coop is only a foot from the floor; yard and floor of coop are of firmly trampled earth, with no loose gravel, sand, or scratching material of any description, the object being to keep the birds as placid as possible.

Morning, noon and night mash is fed, as it is more easily digested and assimilated than whole corn. The first two days the mash consists of one

the bird can be drawn without any unseemly exposure or soiling of the flesh.

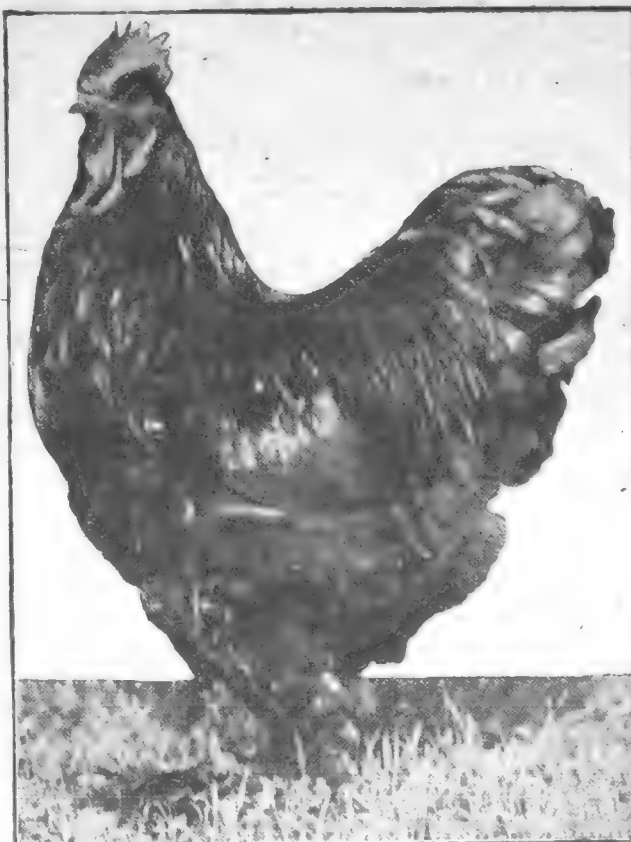
Place a poached onion or a piece of charcoal in the body, and hang up in a cold cellar for twenty-four hours. Following the above method of drawing leaves the bird unmarred; and the neck skin, being folded under the back after the stuffing has been put in, holds it firmly in place for roasting and carving. The few stitches necessary from the breastbone down do not show when the bird is trussed. The gizzard and liver must be carefully severed from the remaining parts to avoid breaking the gall bag, which is a small sac lying between the two parts of the liver. Hold the gizzard with the narrow, smooth line that runs on one side uppermost. Lay the edge of the knife on the line, and make a small, shallow cut, which will reveal a gray-colored inner bag that is to be removed intact, hence the necessity for the cut being shallow.

It has not yet become the general market custom in this country to draw and truss birds at once, but private customers will quickly appreciate the improvement in flavor that immediate attention to cleanliness makes, and before long I believe that the present custom of keeping and shipping undrawn birds will be condemned by the health authorities. When birds are going to customers, instead of being sent in a sprawling condition, they are trussed as for roasting, leaving a piece of charcoal inside to insure perfect sweetness.

The approach of Christmas makes every housewife and mother long for extra money to spend on presents and good things for the family table. Town and city women have to scrimp and scrimp for months to gratify such desires, but the country woman, with her poultry and other farm products, can easily earn the wherewithal for gifts and good cheer, as well as yearly income, by taking advantage of the parcel post to bring her in touch with private customers. On every farm there is some product which the city dweller would be glad to have direct from the country, and now, when the rural delivery picks parcels up right at the gate, a woman can ship from a comb of honey to a quart of berries, a dozen eggs or a fifty-pound box of vegetables, without waiting for the men folk to hitch up and take them to the express office, which used to be one of the greatest obstacles to small orders, even when customers were willing to pay the heavy charges made on small packages by express companies.

How to find such customers is usually a puzzle, unless one has city friends who can be bribed into doing a little diletante canvassing. Failing any such friendly agency, more commercial methods must be employed. A personal letter to a few doctors in good localities, stating that the writer was making a specialty of strictly new laid, sterilized eggs for invalids, for ladies and children, would be likely to bring results.

A city telephone book or business directory will furnish the names and addresses of private hospitals and sanitariums, and also of trained nurses.



BLACK LANGSHAN COCK.

An ex-city business woman, who was compelled by illness to return to her father's farm, worked up a very comfortable independence along such lines. She wrote to the Young Women's Christian Association in the city for a list of registries and boarding houses of trained nurses. A few of these located in the best neighborhoods were selected and a carefully worded note and self-addressed and stamped envelope was sent to each, asking the managers to supply the names and addresses of a few of their senior nurses. On receipt of replies, a few names were selected and personal letters were written, explaining that strictly fresh eggs could be shipped each morning for invalids' use in half-dozen or dozen boxes; price seventy-five cents a dozen or forty-seven cents a half dozen.

By return mail she received an order for half a dozen three times a week, and another order for a dozen a week. Within ten days three more orders had been received, one for a dozen a week, one for six twice a week, and another for a dozen a week.

Gradually she acquired a large clientele of customers; and in many cases where illness brought fresh orders for eggs, the family became regular customers for table eggs, and fresh vegetables and fruit when in season. In time they added snags broilers, chicken and currant jelly to their specialties for invalids, and are now clearing from fifteen to twenty dollars a week.

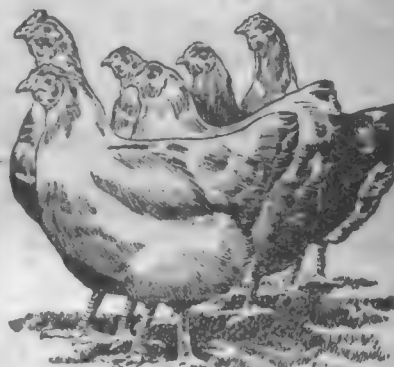
There are several firms making corrugated paper boxes and cases specially made for shipping eggs, berries, vegetables and dressed poultry through the parcel post, and as they are all constructed on the collapsible plan, they can be returned by the customer and used over and over again, which minimizes the cost, which seems heavy until that fact is considered.

The egg boxes which hold one dozen cost \$2.30 for fifty. Two dozen size, \$3.00 for fifty. The vegetable boxes also come in two sizes—15x9 and 14x13 inches, and cost respectively \$2 and \$2.50 for twenty-five. Postage on a dozen eggs is six cents within the first and second zones, which means within one hundred and fifty miles of the shipping point. Two dozen cost only an extra cent. The first sized vegetable box, when filled, usually weighs about eight pounds, on which the postage would be twelve cents.

The most satisfactory method is to have a fixed price, which will cover postage, for trying to follow the fluctuations of the market prices is annoying to both shipper and receiver, and is very likely to cause mistakes and dissatisfaction, besides which it causes much more laborious book-keeping. If you know that every dozen eggs is going to bring you in just so much cash return,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

# 117 Eggs Instead of 3!



One of our readers says, "More Eggs" increased my supply from 3 to 117 eggs. You, too, can reap bigger profits than ever, by making sure of a big egg yield this winter. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "MORE EGGS". Give your hens a few cents' worth of "MORE EGGS" and you will be amazed and delighted with results.

More Eggs Tonic keeps hens in the best possible laying condition. It is a concentrated tonic, not a food. It contains every element that helps make eggs.

Start using More Eggs Tonic right now. Keep your hens laying right through the coldest weather when eggs are highest. You can get big profits from your hens this winter, just as hundreds of other More Eggs users are doing.

### 1500 Eggs in 21 Days

"Dear Mr. Reefer: I have fed two boxes of More Eggs to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 white Leghorn hens and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs."—H. M. PATTON.

## Hens Lay All Winter

Results tell the story. Here are just a few letters from poultry raisers who are getting more eggs and more profits through the use of Reefer's MORE EGGS Tonic.

### Gets 132 Eggs on December 1

"Dear Mr. Reefer: Sometime ago I got some of your More Eggs and it meant MORE EGGS. I am now fully convinced of its utility. I have 14 pullets and 14 hens one year old, and the first 10 days in December they laid 11 dozen eggs."—H. F. POHLAND, President Citizen's Bank, Ashland, Ore.

### Moulting Hens Lay 200 Eggs

"Dear Mr. Reefer: From the 21st of November to the 7th of December, my 35 hens have moulted and laid 200 eggs. Your More Eggs Tonic is fine and never will be without it in my home."—F. SHAW.

### 48 Dozen in One Week

"Dear Mr. Reefer: I can't express in words how much I was benefited by answering your ad. I sold 48 dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 15 dozen left."—MRS. LENA MCBROOM.

## Act Now! Send No Money

Do not send a penny. Just send the coupon below and I will send you two \$1.00 packages of my latest improved More-Eggs Tonic. When the postman delivers them to your home, pay him only \$1.00 plus postage. The other \$1.00 package is free. Remember this scientific egg tonic has been tried and tested, but to prove its value to you I am going to send it to you on 30 days free trial. If at the end of 30 days you are not entirely satisfied, I will send you the money you have paid. Act now! Mail the coupon.

**E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert**  
Dept. 3049, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

**E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert**  
Dept. 3049, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send me two packages of More Eggs Tonic for which I agree to pay the postman \$1.00, plus postage, when the package arrives. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied at the end of 30 days, you will refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer, enclose \$1.00 cash or money order with this coupon. This brings your order sooner. C. O. D. packages sometimes take longer in the post office.

## Easy Now to Double Winter Egg Yield

Proven Remedy Gives Remarkable Results—Turns "Boarder" Hens Into Profitable Layers—

Winter egg yields, double and treble those of former years, are now being made by many poultrymen through the use of a compound that science has finally perfected.



This wonderful medicine, which is called "Hick's Egg-Lay," contains rare and expensive ingredients mixed so as to quickly increase the egg yield. The medicine acts on the reproductive organs and causes a double and treble the usual number of ova (the germ cells of the egg) to be produced. Thus you get many more eggs and get them during the time they bring the highest prices.

### A Trial Costs You Nothing

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## Best Christmas Poems

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**P**ROBABLY the most famous poem in the world—one that has been translated into as many languages, it is said, as the Bible, is best known as "The Night Before Christmas" although the author, Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, called it "A Visit From St. Nicholas." This poem was written in 1822 and first appeared in print in the Troy, N. Y., Sentinel in 1823. Dr. Moore was a translator of Greek and Hebrew, a noted authority on theology and the author of many books on theology—which are long forgotten, but this poem, which he wrote for his two daughters, will live forever:

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap:

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet, on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head and was turning around  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke of it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a whistle!

But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

Another famous Christmas poem is only famous because it is the first of its kind ever written in English—and the first of its kind, at that, is in Latin. It was written about A. D. 600, author unknown. It began with the ancient Latin line which means, translated, "For Us a Boy is Born of the Virgin Mary," as follows:

"Puer Nobis Natus est de Maria Virgine,  
Be glad, lordynges, be the more or lesse,  
I bring you tydings of gladnesse,  
As Gabriel me bereth witness."

There is an ancient Christmas poem which takes high place in literature today. It was written nearly eight hundred years ago. This is, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen." There is no record as to the author. It has been translated into many languages. The complete poem is:

### God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
Remember Christ, our Savior,  
Was born on Christmas Day—  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

From God, our Heavenly Father,  
A blessed angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same;  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by name.  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

"Fear not," then said the angel,  
Let you nothing affright;  
This day is born a Savior  
Of virtue, power and might;  
So frequently to vanquish all  
The friends of Satan quite."  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

The shepherds at those tidings,  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest, storm and wind;  
And went to Bethlehem straightway  
This blessed Babe to find.  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Where this infant lay,  
They found him in a manger,  
Where oxen fed on hay;  
His mother, Mary, kneeling,  
Unto the Lord did pray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace;  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface!  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

One of the best modern Christmas poems was written by the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, a Boston clergyman held by thousands to be as wonderful as his verses, which follow:

### "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

"O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

"For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

"How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of his heaven.  
No ear may hear his coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

"O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!"

An especial favorite with youngsters for reciting at the Sunday school Christmas entertainment is "Baby's Stocking," first published years ago by Edgar S. Werner. It follows:

### Hang Up the Baby's Stocking

Hang up the baby's stocking,  
Be sure you don't forget,  
The dear little dimpled darling  
Has never seen Christmas yet.  
But I've told her all about it,  
And she's told her all about it,  
And she opened her big, blue eyes,  
And I'm sure she understood it—  
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! What a tiny stocking!  
It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little pink toes as baby's  
Away from the frost and cold.  
But, then, for the baby's Christmas  
It will never do at all;  
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking  
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby—  
I've thought of the very best plan—  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
The longest that ever I can;  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right here in the corner—so;  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here.  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came last year.  
But she's just the blindest baby!  
And, now, before you go,  
Just cram her stocking with goodies  
From the top clean down to the toe!"

Soberly and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope.

God's plans for us in the new year are greater than our ambitions for ourselves.

It is the sign of a noble soul to appreciate what is worthy as it is to abhor whatever is base.

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## Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

"Certainly, dear, for I know that he had with a love as true and strong as my love for him, and this makes me think that he never let pride stand in the way of his love. If I had hushed the voice of my heart, written his lordship to come to me, I should have longed to do so, all would have been then."

"I should like to have known Lord Dunforth—I mean I should like to see him, whom you would choose," the young girl mused, and not heeding the voice of her heart, in after months she would find that she had face, but she had fully recovered her reason now.

"Go and bring me a little change, which you will find in the third drawer of a dressing-case," she said.

Brownie arose to obey, and soon returned, bringing a beautiful casket about twelve inches long and eight deep. It was inlaid with pearls, gold, in lovely designs, and was quite worth anything so small.

Miss Mehetabel took a delicate chain from her neck, to which was attached a tiny golden key. Her hand shook as with the palsy, as she inserted the key in the lock.

"This has not been opened for forty years, child, and I feel as if I were about to see the dead," she said in a voice that showed her efforts to control it.

"Don't open it now, then, Aunt Meta. I do not bear you to live over this sorrow for me. Brownie answered, a feeling of awe stealing over her at Miss Mehetabel's words.

"I will look once more before I die, dear, I wish to tell you about these things, when I am to be yours when I am gone."

She turned the key as she spoke, and a jeweled cover, and Brownie uttered a cry of light at the sight which greeted her eyes.

There upon their blue velvet bed gleamed jewels as she had never seen before.

In the center lay a beautiful diamond cross with ear-pendants to match. Then came coral and diamond cross, with a hair ring in the shape of a butterfly, to match.

Composed of pearls, opals and diamonds, a cross for the neck, kings of pearls, rubies, phires and emeralds; one, a large pearl surrounded by six small, pure diamonds. Miss Mehetabel took up tenderly in her hand.

"This," she said, while her lip quivered, Dunforth put upon my finger when he took his love. It has never been there since his death. I believed he went away from me forever, and then only a few times. So, feeling that I ought to do somebody some good, I had marked for you for your last birthday."

"I shall never wear them again without feeling that they are tenfold more precious than before," the young girl said with starting tears.

She little knew that even then one of the most precious things she had ever seen was lost. She had removed her linen undergarment, turning home, and left her cuffs hanging.

Miss Mehetabel now lifted the velvet bag, and laid it with all its glittering wealth upon a table near which she sat. Beneath it lay a cross of blue enamel and gold, studded with diamonds, a little bunch of dried flowers, a crumpled lace and a pair of soiled white kid gloves.

"These," Miss Mehetabel said, trembling, "flowers," "I wore in my hair that night, when with the butterfly; and these are the gloves they bear the last touch of his hand. The card on which the Count de Lussan won the name."

"She took up the locket with a tender touch. This contains the face of the dear one who died to me. Open it, dear—I cannot."

Brownie took it, the great tears rolling down her flushed cheeks. It seemed so beautiful, sad, and as if she, too, were about to leave the face of the dead.

She pressed the spring and it flew open. For one side of it there gazed up at her the noble face of a man about twenty-five years of age.

The fair girl gazed upon it for several moments in silence, then heaving a deep sigh, she said softly:

"He was grand, auntie!"

"Put it away," said Miss Mehetabel with lips, "and when I am dead come and see the chain and key and wear it around your neck as long as you live."

Little did that fond old lady dream of the pride and shame which that legacy of jewels would bring upon the fair girl whom she so loved.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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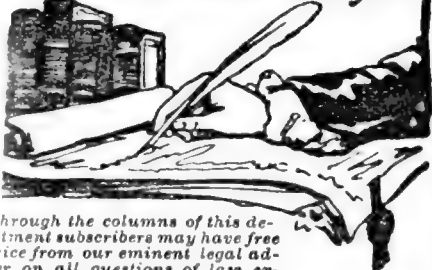
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are of the opinion that your parents have a legal  
right to disinherit by will such of their children as  
may see fit, provided they possess testamentary  
capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised  
on them in connection therewith and provided the  
will is legally drawn and executed. (2) We do not  
think your mother's children by a former marriage  
had any interest in your father's estate, unless  
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**MISS T. E. H., Massachusetts.**—Under the laws of  
your state, we are of the opinion that any person of  
legal age and sound mind can make a will disposing  
of his real and personal property, but such will must  
be in writing, signed by the testator, and attested and  
scribed at his request in his presence and in the  
presence of each other by three or more witnesses com-  
petent at the time of attestation; a beneficial devise or  
bequest to an attesting witness, or his or her husband  
or wife, is void unless there are three other competent  
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tator or testatrix has a legal right to waive any por-  
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the aggregate value of five thousand dollars in ad-  
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the surviving widow shall be entitled to the sum of  
five thousand dollars absolutely, to be chosen by her  
from real or personal estate, or both, and in addition  
thereto shall be entitled to one-half part of the remain-  
ing real and personal estate.

**J. F. J., Florida.**—If your brother refuses to pay  
is indebtedness to you it will be necessary for you to  
bring suit against him to enforce the payment of same;  
if he has no property or income you will, of course, not  
be able to collect your claim.

**Mrs. M. S., Oklahoma.**—Under the laws of your  
state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a  
married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving  
widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next  
of kin, such widow and child would receive the estate,  
after payment of debts and expenses, in equal shares;  
the widow would be entitled to remain in possession of  
the homestead until disposed of according to law.

**E. F. T., Vermont.**—Under the laws of your state,  
we are of the opinion that in building your share of  
the line fence in a farm community you would be en-  
titled to use such trees as posts as may be on the line  
but that you should not use fruit or other valuable  
trees as posts; we think you should replace and keep  
in repair such of your share of the fence as may be  
destroyed or washed out; we think such fence should  
be a substantial one in order to protect yourselves  
against such livestock as your neighbor may keep and  
to protect him from such as you may keep; we think  
that if your neighbor fails to build his share of the  
fence, after the proper notice to him, he would be  
liable to you for any damages his livestock may do you,  
and that he would be unable to collect damages from  
you in case your cattle trespass upon his property by  
reason of his poor fence; we think either of you must  
keep your fowls upon your own property.

**S. F. B., Nebraska.**—We are of the opinion that  
marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the  
laws of Arizona, Arkansas, District of Columbia, Idaho,  
Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan,  
Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hamp-  
shire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma,  
Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Virginia, Wash-  
ington and Wyoming.

**L. W. G., Texas.**—If the man with whom you had  
the contract failed to perform his part thereof with-  
out any failure on your part, we think you would be  
entitled to recover damages from him in such amount  
as you can substantiate by the proper evidence you suf-  
fered by reason of his failure to perform his part of  
the contract.

**Mrs. D. F. S., South Carolina.**—In the absence of  
a legal adoption, we do not think the child you in-  
tention would have any inheritance rights in the first  
parents' estates; we think, however, if this child can  
prove a contract with the foster parents for payment  
for services rendered them, such claim could be prop-  
erly proved as a claim against the estate.

**Mrs. D. C., Kentucky.**—Under the laws of your  
state we are of the opinion that no will shall be valid  
unless it is in writing, with the name of the testator  
subscribed thereto by himself or by some other person  
in his presence, and by his direction, and unless wholly  
written by the testator the subscription must be made  
and the will acknowledged in the presence of at least  
two credible witnesses, who shall subscribe their name  
to the will in the presence of the testator; the testator  
at the time of executing the will must possess testa-  
mentary capacity and must not be under undue influ-  
ence from any other person.

**Mrs. G. D., West Virginia.**—Under the laws of your  
state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a  
married man leaving no will and leaving no child nor  
descendant, his surviving widow, after payment of  
debts and expenses, would receive dower of a one-third  
interest for life in his real estate and all of the per-  
sonal estate, absolutely; we think the appointment of  
an administrator would be necessary in order to settle  
and distribute the estate and that the widow would be  
entitled to the appointment as such administratrix;  
we think any child born to the marriage after the death  
of the decedent would be entitled to a child's part of  
the estate. We think that under the laws of Ohio the  
widow's share in the husband's real estate in case of  
intestacy would depend upon the manner in which the  
husband acquired such real estate.

**Mrs. W. N. T., Colorado.**—We do not think the  
validity of the marriage of the girl you mention would  
be affected by the fact that she was married under the  
name she had always used and came to know later that  
the name was not her true legal name, nor do we think  
her inheritance rights in any estate would be affected  
by such fact provided she can prove by the proper evi-  
dence that she is the true person entitled to the in-  
heritance. (2) Under the laws of your state, we are  
of the opinion that all wills must be reduced to writing  
and signed by the testator or testatrix, or by some one  
in his or her presence and by his or her direction, and  
attested by two or more credible witnesses, in the  
presence of such testator or testatrix. (3) We do not  
think a married woman's separate property, unless ac-  
quired from her husband, is liable for his debts, but  
that it is liable for family expenses equally with her  
husband. (4) We think a mortgage must be recorded  
in order to hold against the claim of an innocent third  
party claimant without notice.

**G. S., Missouri.**—Upon your statements, we are of  
the opinion that if you are unable to settle your claim  
for damages against the Railroad Company you men-  
tion, it will be necessary for you to bring an action  
against them for the recovery of same; it may be pos-  
sible that the claim agent you mention may be offering  
you the small amount you mention in settlement in  
view of the fact that the expense of a lawsuit would  
cost you more than the amount you would lose in ac-  
cepting his offer.

**Mrs. W. W., Texas.**—Under the laws of your state,  
we are of the opinion that if the chattel mortgage upon  
the property you mention was properly executed, drawn  
and recorded it would be a lien upon the property it  
covered and the same could not be sold except subject  
to such mortgage, and the mortgage could, upon any de-  
fault, be foreclosed against the property in the hands  
of the new owner.

**Mrs. F. D., Pennsylvania.**—Under the laws of your  
state, we are of the opinion that if the property you  
mention stood in your mother's name, upon her death  
without a will, you would be entitled to a child's share

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Quarter-Sawn and Solid Oak  
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Yes, only \$1 brings this splendid suite of library, living room or parlor furniture—8 splendid, massive pieces—large table, with 36x23-inch top, arm chair, arm rocker, straight chair and sewing rocker, waste basket and 2 candlesticks. With it you get a beautiful Table Scarf FREE. Use the furniture and scarf for 30 days on free trial. Then if not satisfied, return the goods and we will refund your \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

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If you keep it, pay a little monthly. The suite is of quarter-sawn and solid oak in rich fumed finish. Rockers and chairs have cut-out panels, spring seats and padded construction. Upholstered in durable imitation Spanish brown leather. Shipped (fully boxed, "knocked down" to lessen freight charges) from factory in Central Indiana or Chicago warehouse. Order by No. 105DDMA18. Price \$34.95. Send \$1 now. Balance \$3.00 monthly. Table Scarf is FREE.

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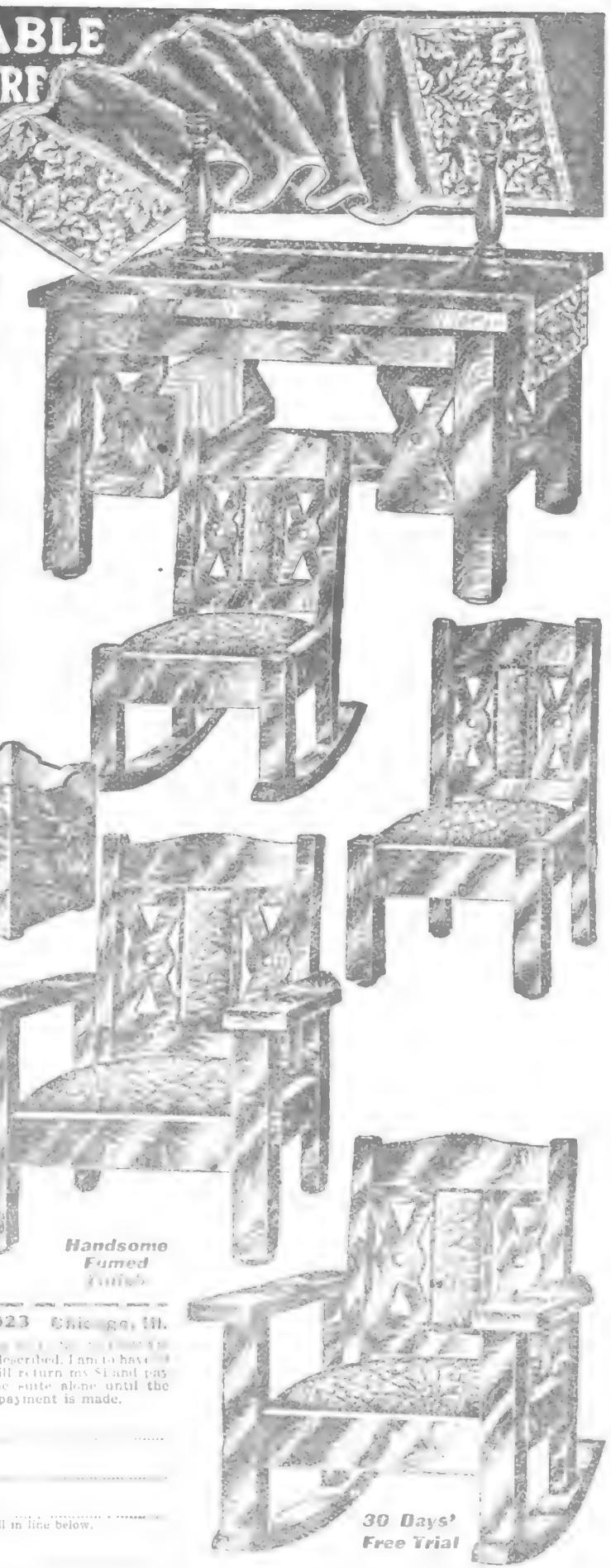
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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
R. F. D., Box No. \_\_\_\_\_  
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Post Office \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
If your shipping point is different from your post office, fill in line below.  
Send shipment to \_\_\_\_\_



30 Days' Free Trial

therein, but if the property is in your stepfather's name it would have been necessary for your mother to have survived your stepfather in order for you to have had any inheritance rights in the property upon your mother's death; we think the small amount of personal effects left by your mother would scarcely be of enough value to pay her funeral expenses in case there was an administrator appointed for the administration of her estate.

**Mrs. C. L. O., Michigan.**—If, as you state, your husband sold your car without your consent, we think you would be entitled to recover same from the purchaser thereof upon the presentation of the proper evidence of ownership; we think your husband would be liable to such purchaser for the purchase price and such damages as such purchaser has suffered, and if he made a misrepresentation as to the ownership he would also be liable to punishment for so doing.

**Mrs. G. A. H., Colorado.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the widow of the man you mention was named as beneficiary in his life insurance policy she would be entitled to receive payment of the same and the payment of her husband's debts could not be enforced against such moneys, but if the policy was made payable to his estate it would be liable for the payment of his estate debts.

**Miss E. K., Wisconsin.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your mother can, by will, disinherit such of her children as she may see fit, provided she possesses testamentary capacity and provided no undue influence is exercised upon her in connection therewith, and provided the will is legally drawn and executed; we think any party in interest has a legal right to contest such will, but that such will is valid if the above requirements are substantiated.

**Mrs. C. A. H., Utah.**—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that real estate sold for taxes may be redeemed at any time within four years by any person interested therein by paying into the county treasury, for the use of the purchaser or his legal representative, the amount paid by the purchaser, and all penalties and one per cent. a month interest on the whole from the day of sale to that of redemption, and all taxes subsequently paid by the purchaser.

## A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

as she saw Gillian ready to go down to dinner. "I promised to go and sit with Mrs. Gibbs, and I'm certain to be late. Don't wait up for me." The clock was striking half-past eleven that night as Jacky slipped down-stairs from the housekeeper's room. She had listened at Gill's door and knew she was in bed and asleep from very weariness of misery. But Mr. Marchmont must be somewhere. She peeped through the curtained archway into the great entrance-hall. There, in immaculate evening dress, stood March-

mont, speeding his last guests, with the assistance of a sleepy footman.

"Look up and go to bed, Thomas," the master said curtly, as the door closed on Sir Simon Welford and a man Jacky did not know. "I will put out the smoking-room lights."

The man obeyed willingly. The butler had been given leave till the next day—ostensibly to go to London!—and the first footman had had a heavy evening's work.

Jacky, in bedroom slippers that made no noise, fled like the wind to her old hiding place under the back stairs. She crouched there as the servant went sleepily by her, to lock the side door and see to the window fastenings. But the man was intent only on getting to bed, and climbed the stairs, candle in hand, with tired steps.

The passage was pitch-dark, the house deadly still, as Jacky slipped out and unbolted the door. It was pouring rain, but, even so, the gust of cold, fresh air that came in as she let the heavy door swing ajar was heavenly to her, for her cheeks were burning. She longed to stand in the door and watch for the coming visitors, but dared not on account of Marchmont.

She need have taken no thought for him, had she known it. Mr. Paul Marchmont, confiding in the utter trustworthiness of Mrs. Gibbs, and being at no time a man to keep a dog and bark himself, was calmly dozing on the smoking-room sofa. The butler and his friends might not arrive for hours, and Marchmont had no idea of exciting himself till they did.

But they were nearer than anyone thought. Jacky had only taken two steps from the door when a sound caught her ears; a sound of softly shod feet on gravel. She stopped short to make certain.

She was found out—lost! For the unlatched door was swinging noiselessly on her. "They" were here!

There was no time to get to her hiding place under the stairs; no chance to do anything but move like lightning behind that opening door and flatten herself against the wall so that the man who opened it should not feel the resistance of her body behind it. She crushed herself against the wall as the door swung open against her. If she were caught now she would be as helpless as a rat in a trap; and even if she were not caught, she could not see them. She would never know who passed her where she stood facing the wall, and she dared not turn to look through the crack, dared not breathe, even. If they shut the door and struck a light, there she would be, standing helpless before them.

"Come on, do!" It was the voice of Brookes, the butler. She realized that it was he who held the door open, with his hand not three inches from her shrinking shoulder.

"Oh, shut up! We've the night before us. The answer made her quiver, for the voice was Lesard's. "If we'd come in the other way you wouldn't be hurrying me on, I'll swear!"

"We couldn't get in the other way; that's all rot," returned the butler sulkily. "You couldn't, I dare say." She knew, without seeing, the smiling devil in Lesard's eyes as he spoke.

"Luckily we're not all Cockney bred. Oh, never mind the matches! Go on, and I'll follow. You ought to know the way well enough."

"I don't know who mightn't be in the house, though; we're before our time. I heard a carriage in the avenue as we came."

He went forward and vanished into the front part of the house.

Lesard swung the door to and fro, whistling, as he waited. Each time it came toward her Jacky was sure it would touch her, but it just stopped short. It seemed hours in her fright till she heard Brookes calling softly from the end of the passage.

"All clear!" he said. "Shut the door and come on."

"Oh, hang you and your door!" Lesard swore, as he carelessly kicked it shut, and, without a glance behind him, went after the butler.

He was alone then! The bullet-headed man was not there. Jacky drew a hard breath. Perhaps, if she had known that, she might have done differently. Well, it was too late now!

And as she thought it she little knew that chance, for the second time in that house, had saved her life. There would have been no mercy for Jacky Hamilton from Lesard if she had prayed for it all night long.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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## The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

ve, a name that indicates in some way the location or the most important enterprise cited thereon.

If a farm is worth farming it is worth a good name.

A good name helps make a good farm. It dignifies the farm home and increases the value of the farm property.

It adds permanency to agriculture and pride in the business of farming.

A good farm name can be sold with the land in just the same way as the good will of a business can be sold with the business.

Certain localities have become famous and famous because of their good farms and the active farm names that go with them.

A good name is one of the first essentials in building up a good reputation and a tradition for a farm.

A properly chosen farm name will go far in helping that sense of pride which is a fundamental basis for a more enduring and permanent way of living.

A good farm name doesn't cost a cent; it's a little thought.

### Feeding Winter Lambs

When over-feeding of fattening lambs, rather than continuous feeding of a narrow or protein-rich ration, has been determined as the cause of "b. apoplexy," according to experiments conducted under the supervision of Prof. Wing of Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station, is not at all uncommon for those who make business of fattening winter lambs to have lambs occur suddenly from no apparent cause. Lambs the lambs are all in good health in the morning; at noon or in the evening one or more are found dead, and there is nothing to indicate that death followed pain or struggling. Many of these cases are due to "b. apoplexy," as can be determined from an examination of the brain, where tiny blood clots will be found.

Among feeders it has generally been believed that such deaths were due to over-feeding of a low ration, but experiments with protein-rich rations as narrow as 1:4:8 and 1:5 no deaths resulted. On the other hand, deaths did result from a wider ration was fed, indicating that the other cause than the richness of the feed was to blame.

It was found that deaths occurred, even with rich feeds, when some of the lambs were permitted to go "off feed." This left vacancies at feeding racks, thus allowing others to over-feed.

In the opinions of those who conducted the experiment, there should be no deaths from lamb apoplexy if proper precautions were taken to keep rack spaces all occupied by lambs at each feeding and to distribute the grain equally throughout the length of the rack. There often is one or two lambs that cannot stand the heavy feeding necessary to fattening; they go off feed as a result.

When this happens see that the vacant spaces at the rack are closed, or introduce lambs from other pens to fill the vacancies. Do not "let one lamb eat for two"! This is where the danger

### Large Shoats Make Gains

An average of eight bushels of corn hogged off soy beans was required to make 100 pounds of gain on 20 Indiana farms where careful records were kept on this method of feeding hogs in cooperatively conducted experiment under the supervision of county agents and Purdue Agricultural College. At 50 cents a bushel for corn, the prevailing price at the time of the experiment, the average cost of 100 pounds of gain was \$4.20.

While the average figures show that hogging corn and soy beans is an economical method of fattening hogs, there was a big variation in the economy of gains made on the various farms. J. R. Wiley, of the Purdue University Agricultural Extension Department, "The things that added this variation were the size, thrift and addition of the hogs and the methods of management followed."

One bunch of 37 hogs, for instance, ate only 10 bushels of corn for each 100 pounds of gain. They were thrifty, growthy, big-framed shoats in medium flesh that averaged 113 pounds when they were turned into the corn and soy beans. The hogs gained 2.6 pounds apiece per day for 26 days. The cost of 100 pounds of gain with corn was 50 cents a bushel was only \$2.61. It was hogs of this kind—thrifty, growthy fellows in medium flesh weighing 100 pounds or more at the start—that made the most rapid and economical gains.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may receive free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

### Questions and Answers

**FLAG SMUT.**—Relatives of mine in Missouri have written to me about the damage done in their wheat fields by a new disease that they call flag smut. It seems that this has only been known in that region for a couple of years. How can the disease be controlled, and is it likely to make its appearance here? Where did it come from?

S. V. W., Nebraska.

A.—The new wheat disease called flag smut has made its appearance in the region adjoining St. Louis in both Missouri and Illinois, but so far as is known it has not gained a foothold elsewhere. It has, however, spread considerably in a restricted area, from some 72 square miles in 1921 to over 700 square miles in 1922, and with eradication and quarantine measures employed to restrict its further spread seem to be doomed to final failure because the spores of the disease are carried and scattered by the wind. Losses have run as high as 50 per cent., but usually are closer to 5 per cent. where whole field average is considered. In Australia, where the disease is quite common, a loss of one-fifth of the crop is general. As flag smut spreads mainly by means of the wind scattering the spores, it is unlikely to migrate westward against the prevailing winds, and exclusion of contaminated seed from infected regions should keep it out of Nebraska. Furthermore, several varieties of winter wheat are either immune or highly resistant to attacks, and if these are grown there will be little need to worry. Among the soft red winter wheats, Red Rock, Stoner or Marvelous, Fulcrum, Mammoth Red and Dietz are in this class. Of the hard red winter varieties, Kanred, Illinois 10-110, Illinois 2-41 and Illinois P-1068 are highly resistant or quite

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### About Butter Starters

Readers frequently inquire about butter starters, what they do, how they are used, what they consist of, and why they are necessary. A starter is a medium containing desirable bacteria for the ripening or souring of dairy products. Starters are usually divided into two classes, natural starters and artificial starters.

Natural starters are the result of the natural souring of milk, such as sour buttermilk, sour skin-milk, sour whole milk, or sour cream. But-

termilk is the most convenient and common of starters of this kind. Artificial starters are pure cultures of lactic acid forming bacteria, which, when introduced into milk or cream, produce lactic acid and cause souring. These bacteria are isolated from milk, are cultivated in laboratories, then put into such form that they can be sent to users in good condition.

Artificial starters can be purchased at some drug stores and at all dairy supply houses. These starters are added to cream to develop the best kind of souring or ripening, doing away with the slightest degree of uncertainty as to what kind of souring will take place—a common fault with the old-fashioned, "trust-to-luck" plan of souring cream for churning.

Cream should always be cooled to below 50 degrees and kept at this temperature for at least 36 hours prior to churning. At that time it should be placed at a temperature of about 72 degrees. Natural or artificial starter should be added to the cream before it is placed at the latter temperature. When cream is ripened, cool it again to 56 to 58 degrees, and hold it at that temperature for at least two hours before churning. If this is done there will be no excessive water formation in the soured cream; this happens only when careful and more improved methods of ripening are not followed.

### Label Butter Packages "15-oz. Net."

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace says that his department had discovered that several large butter packers are putting out short-weight packages, but that there is no law to reach them because of the label, "15-oz. net," on the package. The unsuspecting consumer, not deeming it necessary to scrutinize carefully, hands over the price of a pound.

The amount of earth brought to the surface of poor pasture land by worms has been calculated at as much as 18 tons an acre a year.

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**This Beautiful Crystal Necklace**

**Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire**

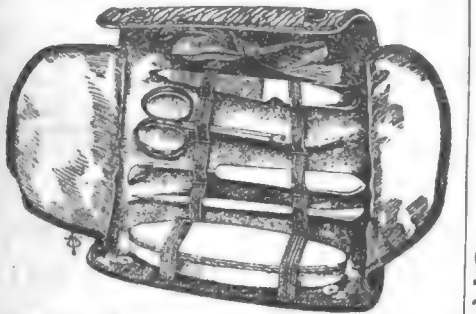
### For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its actual colors because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornaments and tassels. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT's women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 1145. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case

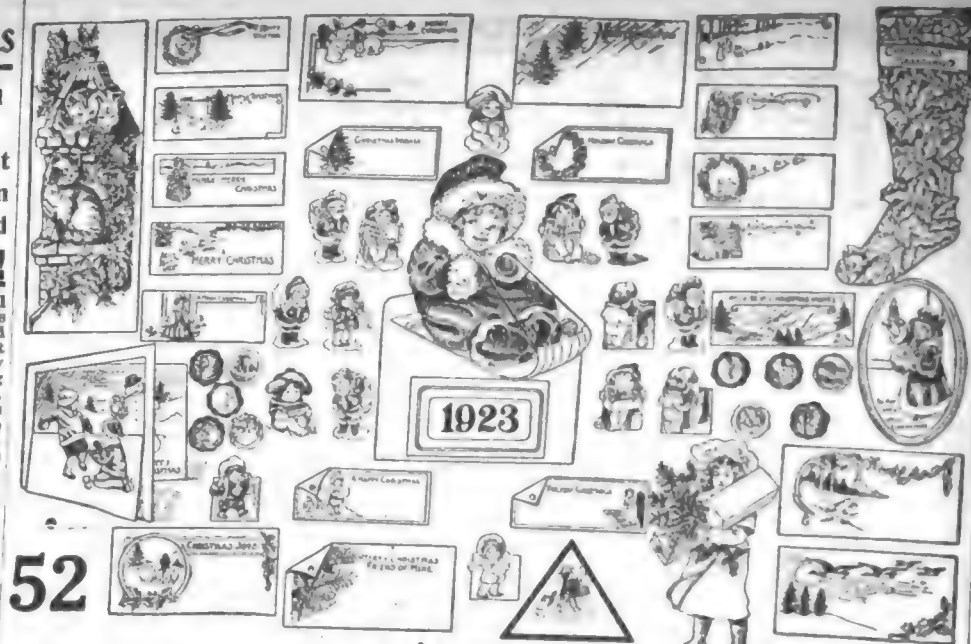


### Given For A Club Of Four!

**A** PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3 1/2-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 1 1/2-inch nail pusher or buffer with a French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, genuine leather case, measuring 5 1/2 inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5 1/2 x 2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

**Given To You!** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8124. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



**52**

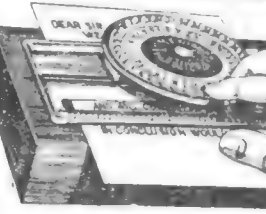
### All Different Lovely Gold and Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc., Etc.

All the latest new style Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and embossed on superfine paper in gold, purple, crimson, holly-green and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of holiday cheer is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., add to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up expressly for us by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the greatest value possible we had them add to the assortment a most beautiful 1923 Christmas Calendar 4 1/2 inches wide by 6 1/2 inches long, lithographed in no less than five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper. This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

- One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.
- Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.
- Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.
- Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.
- Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.
- One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.
- One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.
- Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.
- Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Polsetta, and Christmas Bells Gilded Seals.
- One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gilded Seal with the words, "Do Not Open Until Christmas."
- Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gilded Seals, Embossed in Colors.



### Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinct numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. Reward No. 1205. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



**Genuine Gold Filled**

**Guaranteed For Years**

APRIL

AUGUST

JANUARY

### Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings each month are twelve in all—a different stone for wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. No. 8421, February, Amethyst. No. 8431, March, Bloodstone. No. 8441, April, Diamond. No. 8451, May, Emerald. No. 8461, June, Agate. No. 8471, July, Ruby. No. 8481, August, Sardonyx. No. 8491, September, Sapphire. No. 8501, October, Opal. No. 8511, November, Topaz. No. 8521, December, Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee ourselves are perfectly plain. The rings are set with perfect imitations of the real gemstones—style. As a Christmas, Birthday or anniversary gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you the person to whom it is given. We will send you the person to whom it is given. We will send you the person to whom it is given.

**Given To You!** For one one-year subscription to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### A Big Package of Beautiful Christmas Novelties, And An Exquisite Colored Christmas Calendar For 1923.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gilded Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1923.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry a cheery Christmas Greeting, such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to seal and decorate the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the fun of "doing them up."

Don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1923, a large handsome holly decorated Book Mark, and two large Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders, which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a very attractive four-page Booklet, when preston a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in bold relief, and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantelpiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

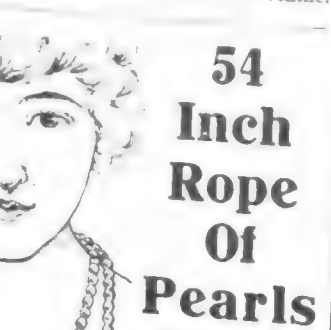
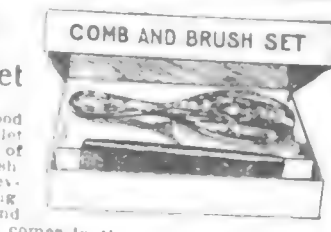
We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties, including the large handsome Christmas Calendar upon the terms of the following very liberal

**FREE OFFER.** For one one-year subscription to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. Reward No. 7931. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### 2-Piece Toilet Set

THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. Reward No. 9982. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



**54 Inch Rope Of Pearls**

**Full Opera Length**

**Reward No. 9882**

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent fascination about which she can gaze with every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full opera length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all of perfect finish and luster, far handier than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

**Given To You!** For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome opera-length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9882. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Silver Bonbon Dish



**Genuine Gold Lined**

THIS beautiful dish can be used for purposes—for candy, nuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than the above illustration, measuring inside width and two inches deep. It is handsomely outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it is a handsome ornament for the sideboard or table.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9942. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co. for you can depend upon it to give you pleasing and satisfactory results. It is a 1 1/2 by 1 1/4 inches, is fitted with a quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter. It is adapted for snapshots and time exposures. Pictures may be taken either in the short way of the camera. It is a roll film camera containing 12 exposures and this may be put in the camera and again in broad daylight, so that you can go into a dark room every time you load the camera. Anyone can make pictures with this camera. Being very compact, it is just the thing to carry about. "Snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc. And remember, we send you not only the camera but also include One Six Exposure Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed in a strong box and sent by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this camera, complete with instruction book, by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9942. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

HERE is a fountain pen that positively guarantees. Penmen have had some experience with pens which never would write continuously leaked ink all over their papers. If so you will certainly value this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. The illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you is 10 inches long, made entirely of sterling, finely finished, and the ink is genuine 14-K gold. The fountain pen is perfect, permitting a uniform ink and it will not leak. Notice that this is a self-filling pen. It can fill this fountain pen in 10 seconds by pressing down on the side, then placing the pen in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is filled with ink to its full capacity. Given proper care, this pen should last anybody for years. If you want the following special offer we will give you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that it will prove satisfactory in any way. Return it to us and we will refund with a new pen free of charge.

**Club Offer.** For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8873. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### The Latest Vanity Case



**Reward No. 1152**

**For A Club Of Two**

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed vanity cases. It is the latest design, having a thin model case like the one shown in the illustration. This model case is very light, weighs only two ounces, and of good quality. It is 12 inches long and 2 1/4 inches wide. The case is lined with a soft material and has a little mirror and two dainty powder puffs inside. Inside the case is a new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among our readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this vanity case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1152. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address: The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Me., Maine. Sign your true name and give address. Name will not be published.

**A. M. Seco, Ky.**—Your trouble may be of gastric origin. You might try five-grain capsules of sodium after meals. Avoid sweets of soda, including pastries. Drink plenty of water to out the kidneys also. Your diet should consist of vegetables and cereals plus milk or butter. Your constipation can be relieved by taking two capsules of fluid extract of cascara sagrada morning and night. Also take a tablespoonful of mineral with your meals. The army liniment, so-called, you rub on the painful parts. Liniment is made of parts of ammonia water, olive oil and turpentine. Each two eggs have been added.

**N. T., Belleville, Mich.**—The rheumatism men is due to a rheumatic condition of the general system. Have your husband take, after meals, a five-grain capsule of sodium and drink plenty of water. Also rub the leg with a flaxseed over flaxseed oil of hot mustard water.

**L. B. Magalia, Calif.**—The best way to remove the mustache is by the electric canter. Of the mustache must be done by one accustomed to the use of canter. Trichloroacetic acid also can be used. Former is, by all means, the best and most sure of the mustache.

**E. P., Russell Springs, Kansas.**—The mole can be removed by the use of the electric canter in the tent bands. Do not use tincture of iodine at all his purpose.

**B. W., Pittsfield, Ill.**—You probably are suffering from too hard work. Don't think you have a tumor disease. Try some good tonic, such as Basmam's, in tablespoonful doses well diluted, after meals. Nurse your body and avoid working beyond your strength. Use a vaginal douche of solution of common salt. Use a teaspoonful of the salt to the pint of water. Use hot.

**H. A., Lenah, Va.**—Your father is suffering intercostal (between the ribs) neuralgia. Have him take at once a tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture, diluted, after meals. He can also apply, locally, parts of camphor and chloral hydrate—combine these drugs makes a solution.

**E. F., Detroit, Mich.**—The latest belief is that the skin and warts are of bacterial origin. Have one removed by use of the actual cautery, and the rest will disappear.

**T. B. M., Bay City, Texas.**—You should apply elastic bandage to the legs in the morning and remove the same at night. This will help, if not cure, the varicose condition of veins of the leg.

**C. M., New Haven, Ky.**—Your husband may have enlarged tonsils and adenoids. Have him examined at once and the tonsils removed as well as the adenoids if present. In the meantime have him spray the nose and throat with Dobell's solution three times a day. At night apply, over the chest, a mustard plaster made of equal parts of mustard and flour.

**J. W. M., Florence, Miss.**—You better take hot vaginal douches of normal saline solution, morning and night, for the leucorrhoea.

**L. K., Decatur, Ill.**—Use no kind of ammonia for the hair. Have the hair removed by use of the electric needle.

**E. P., Crowell, Texas.**—You should have the dental abscess operated on and cured in this way. There is no other way to get relief.

**R. S., Peoria, Ill.**—For the chronic bronchitis, take a teaspoonful of the following mixture: Sodium iodide, thirty grains; Fowler's solution, thirty drops; rap Tolu, one ounce and water to make two ounces. Place of the sodium iodide you may use ammonium iodide, but in smaller quantity—about fifteen grains to two ounces.

**M. V. Y., Wilson, N. C.**—You have leucorrhoea. Use with normal saline solution. You can also take five-grain tablet of nrotoprin, after meals, for the latter condition.

**M. H. H., New Hampton, Iowa.**—You can get Warburg's tincture at any reliable drug store.

**"SUNFLOWER," Neodesha, Kansas.**—Your full name and address must be sent to warrant an answer.

**Mrs. H. S., Chicago, Ill.**—Probably adenoids cause the trouble to sleep with the mouth open. Be examined and treated on the exact condition.

**Mrs. B. J. H., Cannon Falls, Minn.**—Your backache may be due to some form of rheumatism. You should drink plenty of good spring water. Avoid red meats, live on fresh vegetables and avoid sweets of all kinds. As a remedy, you might try fluid extract of sassafras. Take a teaspoonful, well diluted, after meals. Keep your bowels free by use of some saline cathartic, such as Rochelle salts. At night, also, have your back rubbed with a hot iron applied to several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of hot mustard water.

**Miss G. M. B., Mart, Texas.**—One of the best remedies for chronic bronchitis is the iodide of ammonium combination. Try the following prescription: Ammonium iodide, sixteen grains; Fowler's solution, thirty drops, syrup Tolu, one ounce, and water to make two ounces. Take one teaspoonful after meals. You should also apply some counter-irritant to the chest at night—such as mustard plaster made up of equal parts of flour and Coleman's mustard.

**Mrs. G. C. W., Perry, Texas.**—Cannot give the name of any correspondent.

**Miss E. J., Grafton, West Va.**—Consult your dentist about the condition of your teeth and gums. The trouble can be cured. Wash out the mouth three or four times a day with Dobell's solution, in the meantime.

**Miss E. R., Deerfield, Va.**—Try, for your neuritis, which may be of malarial origin, two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals.

**Mrs. Q., Cashmere, Wash.**—The one "best cure" for varicose veins and ulcers is the woven elastic bandage put on in the morning and removed at night. A wet dressing of chloroform—one tablet to a pint of water—should be applied to the open ulcer before applying the bandage in the morning. The ulcers should also have a wet dressing applied at night and retained by an ordinary bandage. Have your daughter take a tablespoonful of Basmam's mixture, well diluted, after meals as a tonic and bracer.

**Mrs. C. A., Watts, Calif.**—The "lump in the testicle" may be a tubercular condition or it may be a varicose condition. Better be examined by some good surgeon and follow his advice. In the meantime you can paint the testicle with tincture of iodine; not often than once or twice a week.

**Mrs. L. B. M., Magent, Ark.**—The mucous comes from the intestine. Take one or two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada after meals, or twice a day, for the constipation. Avoid sweets of all kinds.

**Mrs. J. M. L., Indianapolis, Ind.**—Smoking tends to keep you thin. Give up smoking and drinking strong coffee and eat more starchy foods.

**Mrs. W. E., Tomah, Wisc.**—Take two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals, for your malaria.

**Mrs. A. J. W., Wilburton, Okla.**—Your druggist can send and get the tincture of larkspur for you, if he has not got it in stock. Can be gotten, as he knows, of any wholesale druggist.

**Mrs. S. E. H., Okmulgee, Okla.**—The cathartic pills which you are using contained belladonna probably are one of the causes of your dry throat. Try cascara sagrada pills, instead, as a cathartic. Use, also, Dobell's solution as a mouth wash or gargle.

**Mrs. M. N. A., Laton, Calif.**—Better be examined, as "lumps of the breast" are more or less dangerous and need immediate attention—medical or surgical. Lacerations of the womb should also be attended to and restored to normal by operation. All your pains and symptoms may be due to your sexual organs.

**Miss L. F., St. Henry, Ohio.**—Nervous indigestion. Take a five-grain asafetida pill after meals.

**Mrs. M. T. K., Taft, Calif.**—A two per cent. solution of resorcin in equal parts of alcohol and rose-water will remove the dandruff. Apply the lotion at night. Epsom salts are weakening and should not be taken too often.

# Win \$50,000

\$10,000 Bank Guarantee

Producers and Consumers Bank

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To the Public:  
E. J. Reefer has deposited \$10,000 in this bank to be used in awarding all the prizes in the "C" letter contest.  
This bank guarantees that no part of this \$10,000 will be used for any purpose until all the prizes have been paid by E. J. Reefer.

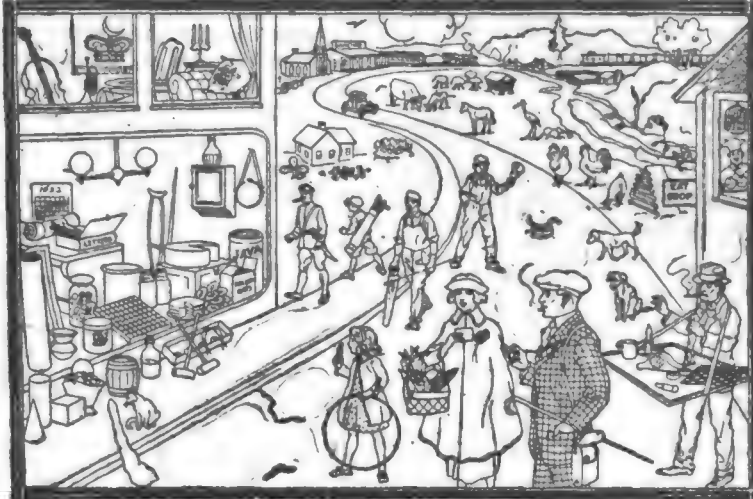
Very truly yours,  
PRODUCERS AND CONSUMERS BANK  
by Ben. B. Bowman, Treasurer.

Mrs. Young  
Got \$5000

Mrs. B. R. Young, of Girard, Pa., another winner of a \$5,000 Reefer Contest Prize.

Sam Ross  
Did!

19 year old Sam Ross, Hackensack, N. J., who won \$5,000 in a former Reefer Contest.



LARGE PICTURE SENT ON REQUEST FREE

\$10,000 in Prizes!

	If no order is sent	If a 10 cent order is sent	If a 25 cent order is sent	If a 50 cent order is sent
1st prize	\$50	\$250	\$600	\$5000
2nd prize	\$35	\$100	\$250	\$1250
3rd prize	\$30	\$60	\$125	\$500
4th prize	\$25	\$50	\$75	\$375
5th prize	\$15	\$35	\$50	\$250
6th to 10th prizes, each	\$10	\$25	\$40	\$100

Every prize in every column will be awarded.  
40 prizes in all, totaling \$10,000 will be paid.

## OBSERVE THESE RULES:

- Any one accepting our employees and their relatives may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.
- All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, February 15, 1923.
- Contestants who have sent lists or orders before February 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes provided orders are received through the mail, postmarked on or before February 28th.
- Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or plural of a word may be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teatime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.
- The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "C" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of prizes. The winning list will be made up from the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.
- For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.
- Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.
- You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive relation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.
- The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with E. J. Reefer Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering this contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the lists winning first prize and correct list determined by the judges and the names of the prize winners will be published and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
- An additional prize of not over \$500 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded.
- In case of ties for any prize offered, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

No goods bought during this contest are subject to exchange, refund or approval. No C. O. D.

## How Many Objects in This Picture Can You Find Beginning with the Letter "C"

There is Cap, Cornet, Cane. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is. Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down. This is a game of skill. Effort and perseverance will win.

## Costs Nothing to Try!

If you send in your list of "C" words and the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "C" they will award you first prize in whatever column you qualify. If your list is second best list, they will award you one of the second prizes, etc. Get started right now!

## Win the \$5000 Prize!

You do not have to buy anything to enter this contest and win a prize!  
If the judges decide your list of "C" words is best and you have not ordered anything, you will win first prize of \$5000.  
If you send in a \$1.00 order for either Washing Tablets or "More Eggs" Tonic, and your list is awarded first prize, you win \$250.  
If you send in a \$2.00 order for either product, and your list wins first prize, you get \$600.  
But if you send in a \$5 order for either product and you are awarded first prize, you get \$5000.  
(Study the Prize List)

Besides there are 36 other cash prizes. Every prize in every column will be awarded. 40 prizes in all, totaling \$10,000 will be paid. Second prize in column 4 is \$1,250. Third prize \$500, etc. Just think of it—40 chances for you to win.

## \$600 Extra for Promptness

Your word list may be mailed any time up to Feb. 15, but for every day before Feb. 15 that your order is received, a special prize of \$10 for each day (not exceeding \$600) will be added if you win the \$5000 prize. Send order today and word list later.

**Win All You Can!** Be sure to send your orders for \$5 worth of Washing Tablets or "More Eggs" Tonic if you wish to qualify your list of words for the \$5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

**Goods You Get** Either one of these products may be ordered to qualify in this contest, but combination orders will not be accepted.

## "More Eggs" A Wonderful Poultry Tonic

A scientific poultry tonic, used by half million poultry raisers with great success to increase egg production during Fall and Winter. A highly concentrated preparation. Makes rich, red blood. Helps the digestive apparatus. Sharpens the appetite and helps prepare for healthy egg production. Does not contain one particle of bran, or grit, or any filler. 100% concentrate. Contains every ingredient my vast experience tells me is needed to make a remarkable poultry tonic.

Two \$1.00 packages, Prepaid \$1. Five \$1.00 packages, Prepaid \$2. Economy size, or 20—\$1.00 packages, Prepaid \$5.

Take all the back-breaking work out of washday. One tablet to a tub of water. Soak clothes and rinse. So simple and easy! Wash dirtiest clothes with only 15 minutes work.

Family size, \$1. Economy size, \$2. Jumbo size, same as 7 large \$1 packages, \$5.

Send in your order today. Think of the extra prize money for promptness! Qualify for the biggest prizes. \$50 or \$5000—Which do you want?

Everyone, sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a sample package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for it today.

E. J. Reefer, Dept. 2049 9th and Spruce Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

## Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

You can estimate your income without any trouble, and the housekeeper who takes your supplies will know just what she has to pay.

## Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

A. A. S.—The year-old hen must have been hurt. Is the henhouse free from rats? If they are on free range, a skunk or fox may have caught the bird, or is there any young puppy in the neighborhood? Your rations run well balanced, and an correct feeding is of great importance at this season of the year, both for the protection of table eggs and the vigor of chicks to be hatched next spring. I will give you a condensed formula for old hens and pullets. The whitewash would not hurt the birds, but their eating it showed that they needed lime and grit.

## RATION 1.

- |                  |                      |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 1 lb. corn meal, | 2 lbs. cracked corn, |
| 1 " bran,        | 1 lb. wheat,         |
| 1 " meat scrap,  | 1 " oats,            |
| 1 " middlings,   | 1 " barley,          |
| 1 " ground oats, |                      |

## RATION 2.

- |                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 3 lbs. corn meal, | 2 lbs. cracked corn, |
| 1 lb. bran,       | 1 lb. wheat,         |
| 1 " middlings,    | 1 " oats,            |
| 1 " meat scrap,   |                      |

Feed with table scraps or cooked vegetables. Ration No. 1 is especially adapted for yearlings or old hens of breeds inclined to get too fat, such as Plymouth Rock, Orpington and Wyandotte. As corn meal fed with meat scrap is very fattening, those two feeds are cut down in the ration. With Ration No. 2, feed all table scraps available, or vegetables at the rate of five pounds daily to thirty hens. Five per cent. of bone meal may be used in any of these mashings, and the quantity of meat scrap reduced accordingly, or two per cent. of bone meal may be added without changing the mashings.

The scratch mixture should be fed twice a day, preferably scattered broadcast on litter, three to five inches deep on the floor of the henhouse. Give about one-third in the morning and two-thirds in the afternoon, which means giving them only what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes; in the evening enough to fully scratch them.

Mash, either dry or moist, must be fed in addition to scratch grain. Dry mash is kept constantly in a hopper before the hen. Moist mash is fed only once a day, preferably in the morning or at noon, and only as much should be given as the birds will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. A moist mash is more convenient and profitable for a small home flock, as all table scraps and cooked vegetables can be mixed with it. Moist mash is improved if mixed with milk instead of water. The quantity of the moist mash mixed in the mash can be reduced in proportion to the garbage and milk used. A light feed of moist mash sometimes may be fed to supplement the dry mash to pullets in the fall, if they do not eat the dry mash freely.

If hens show a tendency to become too fat, make them work longer for their feed by feeding the scratch grains in a deep litter; feed less scratch grain and reduce the quantity of meat scrap in the mash. It is sometimes necessary to close or hang up the dry mash hopper until noon to make the hens work harder for their feed. Feed the same rations or combinations of feeds throughout the year, and do not try to force the amount prematurely by special methods of feeding or by abnormal rations.

The feeder must use his own judgment in deciding how much grain to give the hens, as the amount of feed which they will eat varies with different pens and at different seasons of the year. They will eat more feed in the spring when laying heavily than in the summer and fall when laying fewer eggs. A fair general estimate is to feed about one quart of scratch grains and an equal weight of mash (about one and one-half quarts) daily to one of the general purpose breeds, such as the Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds or Wyandottes, or to sixteen hens of the smaller or egg breeds. This would be about seven and one-half pounds each of scratch grains and of mash daily to one hundred Leghorns, and about nine and one-half pounds of each to one hundred general purpose fowls. If hens have free range or large yards containing green feed, a general purpose hen will eat about 75 pounds of feed in one year, and a Leghorn will eat about 55 pounds, in addition to the green stuff consumed. Mash, either dry or moist, must be fed in high in protein, is the one essential constituent of the mash which cannot well be omitted. Skim-milk, or buttermilk, either sweet or sour, is excellent for replacing part or all of the meat scrap. The milk may be used in mixing the mash if a moist mash is fed, or it can be kept

before the fowls as a drink. If clabbered and fed thick like cheese, hens will eat enough of it to replace all the meat scrap needed. A little bone meal makes an excellent addition to the mash, or it can be used to replace part of the meat scrap. Green cut bone, if fresh and sweet, will also take the place of meat scrap if fed at the rate of one-third to one-half ounce daily to each hen. If too much is fed it will give the fowls diarrhea or looseness of the bowels.

High vegetable protein feeds do not entirely replace meat or animal protein feeds to advantage, but in sections where they are produced may be used to replace one-fourth to one-half the meat scrap. Of the high vegetable protein feeds, cottonseed meal has given the best results, followed by peanut meal, soy bean meal and velvet bean meal, named in the order of their value. Not more than one-tenth of the mash should be composed of cottonseed meal, as the use of a large proportion of the cottonseed meal cuts down the egg yield materially, and may affect the quality of the eggs, producing spots and blotches on the yolks which make them look bad. Other high vegetable protein feeds which can be used with success for poultry are gluten and linseed meal.

Green feeds should be supplied to hens confined to small yards and also to all hens during the winter. Good kinds of green feeds are alfalfa meal, chopped alfalfa and clover hay, cabbages and mangel beets. Ordinary cellar cabbages do not keep so well as mangel beets, so they should be used up first. Cabbages may be hung up in the poultry house; the beets are usually split and hung on a nail on the side wall of the pen about a foot above the floor. Vegetables which have been frozen can be thawed out and fed to the fowls but do not keep well after thawing. Clover and alfalfa may be cut into one-quarter to one-half inch lengths, or they may be bought in the form of meal.

Keep oyster shells and grit before the hens all the time. These substances are an inexpensive but quite necessary part of the ration. Hens will eat about two pounds of oyster shell and about one pound of grit each in a year.

H. L. F.—There are both brown and white Chinese geese. Possibly your stock came from a cross between the two varieties. Yes, you could improve your birds. Select females which are all white, and mate them to a thoroughbred gander.

J. T.—From your description, I should say the little chick had received some accidental injury, as the bird seems poorly well and strong. No, it is not natural for Wyandottes to be so slow in getting their feathers. Was the breeding stock strong and healthy? Or have you been inbreeding? If so, you must get new male before next season. Perhaps your method of feeding is to blame. Give them milk to drink, and some sort of animal food, such as beef scraps or bone meal.



## The Film-O-Scope

With 125 Moving  
Picture Views



Almost  
As Good  
As A  
Movie  
Show

HERE is something as good as a movie show for the children the year round—the wonderful new Film-O-Scope with a powerful magnifying lens—and with it we give you free a big collection of 125 Views from real moving picture films.

These views, when looked at through the Scope, are magnified many times and stand out as real and lifelike as they appear on the screen in regular moving picture theaters. Leading movie "stars" and scenes from their best pictures are included in the collection and there are no two alike. As one view after another is placed in the Scope and seen through the magnifying lens, one experiences about the same pleasure as that derived from a regular movie show and as the pictures may be repeated as often as desired, they furnish a never-ending, joyful entertainment for the young folks, keeping them amused, instructed, and out of mischief indoors.

Boys and girls in the cities are delighted with this new Film-O-Scope and the wonderful collection of 125 entertaining and exciting views that come with it, so we have purchased a supply of them to give away to COMFORT's boys and girls who live in the country and small towns where the Scope is not being sold. You can have one of them absolutely free by accepting the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For only one one-year subscription to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the Film-O-Scope with 125 Moving Picture Views free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8741. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. Reward No. 9992. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Here's Your Christmas Surprise Box!



### 50 Beautiful Christmas And New Year Post Cards.

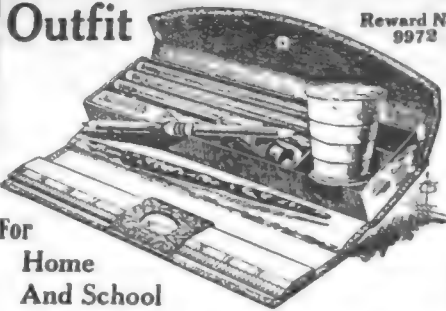
THESE are the prettiest, daintiest cards you ever saw, all new designs this year, exquisitely done in bright, harmonious colors, and hand-somely embossed. Of course you cannot give Christmas presents to all of your friends and acquaintances—none of us can afford to do that—but you can send them a loving remembrance when you get this Big Surprise Box by mail. Each of them a beautiful Christmas and New Year Greeting Card that they will never forget. In this Box you find cards to send to baby, the older children, father, mother, grandma and grandpa, too. There is old Santa Claus, or "Kris Kringle" with his big, smiling face, bright, cheerful, twinkling eyes and long gray beard; Christmas Bells, Cute Little Children, Holly, Evergreen, Snow, Birds, and many other beautiful designs all glowing with the happiness and cheer of the glad Christmas season.

Each card carries a Merry Christmas or New Year greeting in the sentiment expressed by a great mind. The designs are lithographed in exquisite colors on the finest cardstock and finished with plain and tinted backgrounds.

Christmas will be here almost before you know it, so don't delay, but send for your Christmas Surprise Box today. It is yours free on the terms of the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this 50 Beautiful Christmas and New Year Post Cards free by mail postpaid. Reward No. 8711. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Writing And Drawing Outfit



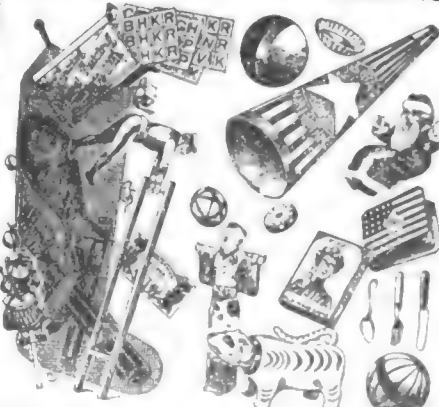
Reward No.  
9972

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10 1/2 inches long and 3 1/2 inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.

This outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

**Given To You!** For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9972. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Stocking Full of Fine Christmas Presents



### For A Club Of Only Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents COMFORT is going to play Santa Claus this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary, but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just girls—horns, dolls, whistles, musical flutes, toy other pleasing holiday novelties. The stockings are a foot and a quarter long, and all the presents to be in these stockings are larger than they appear to be in this accompanying illustration. We free upon the terms of the following offer:

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus gifts free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1012. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## What A Beautiful Christmas Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Wakes Up And Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Waiting For Her On Christmas Morning?

OF course she will—no girl could help being delighted with this big, beautiful Dolly which is even more beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. It is a prettier and better doll even than we offered last season. And just think—a club of only six subscriptions to COMFORT brings her right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful Christmas present for some little tot in your home!

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Brown, Curly Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Hat And Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will stay in any position you place them. Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls. She has real teeth, her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

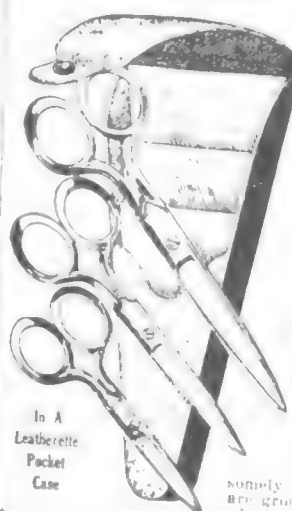
As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silvered buckles.

Fathers and mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have for a limited quantity of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

### FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year, send us their names and addresses and the money collected (\$3.00 in all) and we will send you this beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your mail carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is Reward No. 7856 and please mention this number when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### 3-Piece Scissor Set

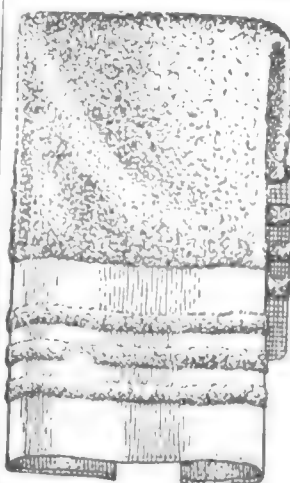
Reward No.  
9993

#### For A Club Of Three

THIS 3-Piece Scissor Set is a real necessity for every home. It consists of a pair of scissors, a nail clipper, and a comb, all made of the best steel, highly tempered and hand-somely nickel plated. They are ground to a keen cutting edge that will last a long time without resharpening. The complete assortment is in an attractive leatherette case which fastens with a ball and socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in a shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful rewards we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among COMFORT's lady and girl readers who have a lot of sewing and dressmaking to do. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 3-Piece Scissor Set in a fine leatherette case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9993. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Two Turkish Towels



Good Size  
Soft And  
Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel. In fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft, fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's bottles as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

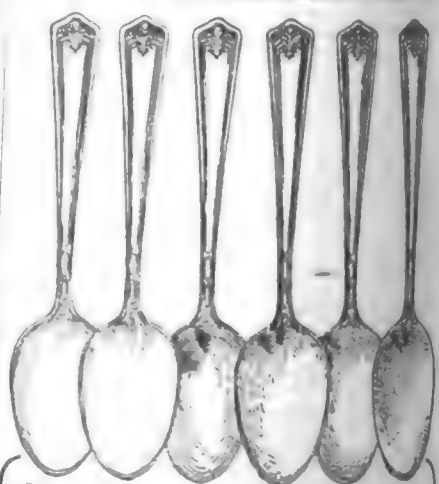
**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9912. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### 3-Piece Toilet Set

THERE does not live a girl whose heart will not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this well-dressed Toilet Set.

The Brush is 4 1/2 inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide, and has white bristles. The Mirror is 4 1/2 inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide on back, with a finely beveled glass set with an ornate frame. The Comb is seven inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. The Nail and Brush have a handsome silver shield on the back for monogram or initials. This fine Comb, Brush and Mirror Set comes in a specially fitted box and is yours absolutely free if you will accept the following offer.

**Given To You!** For only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send this 3-Piece Toilet Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. Reward No. 7635. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Six Silver Teaspoons

The Ever Popular "Avon" Design BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, made of pure nickel-silver, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design in the beautiful "Avon" deeply embossed on the handles.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offered in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Nickel-Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9682. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.











# The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

## AGENTS WANTED

nta-Sell necessities like Tea, Coffee, Powder, Flavors, Perfumes, Soaps and products; used every day in the year; over and over again. Every home a user and a regular user. The smart and successful agents handle this line, why not write today for money-making plan; delay, Territory going fast. American Cts Co., 7854 Amer. Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Start You in Business, furnishing thing; men and women, \$30 to \$100 y operating our "New System Candy rics" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. R. Ragdale, Drawer 8, East Orange, N. J.

ents-Write for big soap offer. Quick r, Big Money Maker. Ho-Bo-Co, 131 t St., St. Louis, Mo.

Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex- s, Perfumes-Toilet Goods. Experience un- ary. Carnation Co., Dept. 151, St. Louis.

ents- \$40 a week selling guaranteed hos- an, women and children. Must wear onths or replaced free. Write for sample t, Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 119, Dayton, O.

can up \$100.00 weekly from now till xmas with "Nifty Nine." Weekly aver- 100 sales-dollars profit each. 30-40 sales frequently made. Demonstrating outfit has order. 30 other coin-coasters. All for Christmas gifts-several at each se. Big rush now starting. Get free sample it offer. Postal brings our unique plans. is Products Co., Dept. 508, Chicago.

ents-\$15 a day-Easy, quick Sales- Auto-Big weekly Bonus-\$1.00 premium e to every customer. Simply show our ufual, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle lery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., Madison St., Dept. 32-F, Chicago.

5 to \$15 Daily Easy-Introducing New e Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear or ed free. No capital or experience required. Show samples, write orders. Your pay in ance. We deliver and collect. Elegant out- ured all colors and grades including s- wool and heathers. Mac-O-Rite Mils., Desk 5412, Cincinnati, Ohio.

00% Profit. Quick seller. Klean-Rite Magic ashing Compound. Washes clothes without ing. Sells 25c. you make 15c. Samples free. stever Prod. Co., 1941-E, Irving Park, Chicago.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents sell complete line of shirts direct to wear- clusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. adison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agental A sale in every home for our beau- ul Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard ods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book over 1000 handsome fabric samples fur- shed to agents. Write today. National Im- rting & Mfg. Co., Dept. 4X, 573 Broadway, ew York.

Sella like hot cakes. New ironing was pad ad asbestos from rest. Clamps board. Perfumes othes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manu- cturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sell the latest nationally approved cook- ing utensil, the Squire Broiler. Sells on eight, convenient to carry and show. \$30 profit week- y easy for live agents. Get full details from G. Squire Mfg. Corp., 280 Madison Ave., N.Y.

Sales Agents. Year round employment. No layoffs. Newest hosiery. Written guar- antee of satisfaction or new hose free. Liberal pay. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 523, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents- Reversible Raincoat. Two coats on one. One side dress coat, other side storm coat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., Coat 1417, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents-Make big money the year round selling latest New York fashions, so smart looking and low priced no woman can resist buying. Strump & Co., Dept. 8, 29 West 34th Street, New York City.

Agents Make \$10 Daily-Big line guar- anteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No cap- ital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and Instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Big Money Selling Nomis Guaranteed Silk Hosiery. They'll sell absolutely on sight! 4 pairs women's Silk Hosiery in Christmas boxes, \$5. 4 pairs men's silk hosiery in Christmas boxes, \$5. Also silk and wool stockings for men and women; back and colors. Write for our proposition. Nomis Knitting Mills, Dept. C, 34 S. 17th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents, Demonstrators Making \$20 daily selling newly patented E-Z-4-in-hands, latest, most novel Men's Neckties ever put on market. Styles take big; sell on sight. Double your money. Send \$1.00 for three trial samples. Write quick for territory. E-Z-4 Manufacturer Co., Suite 1007, 920 Broadway, New York.

Portraits, photo pillow tops, frames, sheet pictures, medals, merchant's signs, water- proof and tea aprons, silk and wool hose, luminous crucifixes, catalog, free 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk H 12, Chicago.

## AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

Wonderful Seller. No profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Misonon Head Factory C, 3421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business of Your Own-Make spark- ling glass name plates, numbers, checker- boards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

Risk a postal and learn how to start profitable business without capital or experi- ence. \$50 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, re- finishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Com- plete outfit furnished. International Labora- tories, Dept. D4, 305 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Old Worn Out Castings will give 3 to 5 thousand miles more service with Inadytires. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage - any tire, old or new. Use over and over again. Low priced. Agents wanted. American Accessories Co., B-820, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Full sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 935 Butler Bldg., Cin- cinnati.

Agents - New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubbs and mops floors, and does 3 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Har- per Brush Works, Dept. 81, Fairfield, Iowa.

General Agents. Something new. Win- dmill seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 3 Putnam St., Tunksanock, Pa.

Hustlers: Big Money selling Cherry Qual- ity Toilet Articles. Novel French packages. Free sample case with first order. Lee-Jack- son Co., Avondale 1, Cincinnati, O.

We Pay \$30 a week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., 1, Parsons, Kan.

Immense Holiday Trade-Sell Beautiful Gift Boxes high grade "Velva" Toilet Prepara- tions. Both men and women delighted. Dis- tinctive box for each. Pleases the most fastid- ious. Price very reasonable. Sure sellers. Profits Big. Write Duoform Co., Dept. H 41, Attica, N. Y., at once.

Make \$25 to \$50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit -worth \$25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Exclusive line. Established 50 years. Lyass Co., 200 Loganport, Ind.

Agents. Sell rich looking \$3.00 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, \$1.25. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents-Steady income large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents-Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendits, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 462-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand every- where. Make \$15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Exclusive patterns. Free Sam- ples. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 202, Chicago.

"Authentic Life of Henry Ford"-Amazing, Thrilling, Fastest selling book. Be first. \$100 weekly easy. Free outfit. Hertel Co., 9 So. Clinton, Chicago.

Represent Importers: French tapestry pillow-tops, runners, magnificent Persian prayer rugs 28x46 are netting agents quick profits. Appeal instantly to women. Wildlife holiday sellers. Write today. Exclusive terri- tory. Sample rug \$3.00, tapestry \$1.00, prepaid. Novelty Exchange, 309 Fifth Ave., New York.

Quick Money selling Amazing Life Henry Ford. Illustrated, New, Authentic, 25 sales daily. Outfit free. Act now. R. C. Barnum Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

27,000 Records Guaranteed With One Everplay Phonograph Needle. New; different. Cannot injure records. \$10 daily easy. Free sample to workers. Everplay, Desk 1213 McClurg Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Rummage Sales make \$50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted every- where. "Wholesale Distributors" Dept. 72, 609 Division Street, Chicago.

## AGENTS WANTED

Agents - The Best Seller in years in our Super Flyer. Not a cheap tin can at "a dollar a throw" but a real high grade article, approved by the Underwriters. School boards, factories, garages, buy in quantities; also fast seller to farmers, auto owners, homes, etc. Hustlers make \$100 a week and more. Exclu- sive territory to the right men. Write quick. Flyer-Flyer Company, Dept. 217, Dayton, Ohio.

Tailoring Agent: Good men now earning \$50.00 to \$150.00 per week year around selling our wonderful \$29.95 virgin wool tailored to order suits, overcoats. They sell fast because \$30.00 cheaper than store prices. You get paid in advance. Protected territory, prefer ex- perience; will train inexperienced if right man; write J. B. Simpson, personal, 831 West Adams St., Chicago, Dept. 332.

Agents: Make 100% Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample Case Free. Laberna Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

## AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Me- chanics, send today for free copy of this month's issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 150 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 625 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

## REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Farms Wanted: Give full description and cash price. Quick sales. Leaderbrand Sales Agency, B 140, Cimarron, Kansas.

## HELP WANTED

Men Over 17. Become Railway Mail Clerk. Commence \$133 month. Steady. Let positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. L13, Rochester, N. Y.

Men, women, over 18, desiring Govt. po- sitions, write immediately. Chicago Civil Ser- vice College, Dept. K, Keener Bldg., Chicago.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertain- ments, catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

## OLD COINS WANTED

Old Coins Wanted. Have you an odd or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies Self-threading Needles save time & Eyesight. 10c silver bring them. L. P. Miller, Box 1250, City Hall Station, New York.

Ladies!-Every woman wants This Multiple Home Sewing Outfit. Consists of an excellent collection of needles, scissors, thread, ana- fasteners, buttons, tape measure, pins, cotton and thimble for every day use. Neatly packed in a beautiful box. An Ideal Christmas Gift. Send \$1.00 Today. We pay postage. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Dept. G, Hamtramck, Mich.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$6-\$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unneces- sary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, Lathrange, Ind.

Ladies-Earn Money Crocheting, Tat- tling, making aprons and caps. Material fur- nished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remi- tance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pat- tern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

We pay big money for painting pillow tops. Simple, easy, quick. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2233 Sprun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

At Once: 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$40 to \$75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Women-Girls over 17 wanted. \$100 to \$150 month. Steady work. U. S. Government Job, Common education sufficient. Write immedi- ately for free list positions for women. Franklin Institute, Dept. L9 Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies Anywhere Make Money Croch- eting Linen. Instructions, complete sample and price, 10c in silver. Paris Art Works, 1-D West Haven, Conn.

Women-Girls over 16. Learn Dress-Cos- tume Designing. Earn \$35 week up. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 601 Rochester, N.Y.

Become Millinery Designers. Women-Girls over 15. \$35 week. Hundreds Spring positions. Experience unnecessary. Sample lessons. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 800, Rochester, N.Y.

## STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors-Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mes. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

## PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents-Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest - References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 841 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors-Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents-Send for free book. Contains val- uable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 675 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

## FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full descrip- tion. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

## MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

\$30 a week. Evening-I made it, mail or- der business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. 1 doz. Articles free. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

## MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, \$127-\$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Orment, 164, St. Louis, immediately.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-4. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). \$140-\$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

\$35 Week. Boys-Men. Become Auto- mobile Experts. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. L10 Rochester, N.Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, \$133 to \$197 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-Columbus, O.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads near- est their homes-everywhere, beginners \$140, later \$250 monthly. (Which position). Rail- way Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## WANTED TO BUY

Wanted:-Mail us your Discarded Jewelry, Gold Crowns and Bridges, Watches, Diamonds, Silver, Platinum, and Old False Teeth. Money sent by return mail. Packages returned at our expense if offer is refused. U. S. Jewell- ing Works, (The Old Reliable) Dept. 8, Chicago

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Start a cleaning, pressing, dyeing shop. Splendid field, big profits. Plans free. Interna- tional System, Dept. 29, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

## POULTRY

Plans for Poultry Houses! All styles 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 75, Indianapolis, Ind.

## BOOKS

Free Book. Prophet Elijah must first come said Jesus. Convincing Bible Evidence. Send at once. C. Negidde Mission, Rochester, N. Y.

Think is a book that teaches you to Think. Postpaid, \$1.00. Earn money selling Think. John James, Box 912, Nashville, Tenn.

## MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Com- panies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

## STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

## MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

\$10 to \$50 down starts you on 20, 40 or 80 acres near bustling city in Lower Mich. Bal. long time. Write today for Free booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

## PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted-Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

Big Money in Writing photoplays, sto- ries, poems, songs. Send today for Free copy America's leading writer's magazine, full of helpful advice on writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

## PHOTO FINISHING

Better Pictures-Your kodak film devel- oped to prints to each. Remember-Satis- faction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c; prints 3c each. Over-night service. Expert work. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 223 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

World's Finest kodak photo new art style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll dev. 5c, prints 2c each. Malden Art Co., 6 Cin., O.

## HELP-MALE &amp; FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for news- papers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: \$1400, \$1600, \$1800 at start, up to \$2300 and \$2400. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full in- formation. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Stockholders supplied.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galzburg, Kansas.

Switches made from combs. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Hemstitching and Picotting Attach- ments work on all sewing machines, easily ad- justed. Price \$2.00 with instructions. Ladies Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Washing Compound. Will remove dirt, grease and stains of all descriptions without fading any colors or infirming any kind of cloth. A life time receipt. Send fifty cents in coin (stamps not accepted). Dept. A, Box 178, Clinton, Tenn.

## SALESMEN WANTED

Easy to sell Groceries, Paints, Automobile Oil, Roofing, Stock Food to consumers from samples, no capital or experience necessary, steady, profitable work. Commissions ad- vanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Laverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1161 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

## MUSICAL

Join our Sheet Music Club and receive latest popular music of all publishers. \$1.00 Year Plan. Write today for details. Sheet Music Club, Suite 709, 1545 Broadway, N. Y.

## FARMS FOR SALE

California State Land Board has for sale 87 irrigated farms, 10 to 50 acres at Ballico, in San Joaquin Valley, only requiring five per cent down; remainder in semi-annual instal- ments extending over 36 1/2 years with five per cent interest. Money advanced for im- provements and dairy stock. You can farm all year in California; all delicious fruits profitably grown; alfalfa paying crop. Ideal conditions stock and poultry. Nowhere else such a combination of winterless climate, sunshine, fertile valleys, paved highways, efficient marketing associations, excellent schools. Illustrated folders free on request. C. L. Swagrove, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

\$500 secures 80 acres with 3 cows, horse, poultry, implements, 60 bu. oats, 25 bu. pota- toes, 12 T. hay, 3 T. fodder, firewood, about 75,000 ft. timber, 10 a. growing pine, 5 room house, barn; \$1,300, only \$500 needed. Details page 80 Free Catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150BG Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John D. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

## Federal Game Law Violation

That it is becoming a serious matter to violate the Federal Migratory Bird Treaty Act is evidenced by the fact that a violator in New Jersey was recently fined \$200 and sentenced to 10 days in jail for killing wild geese after the close of the Federal open season. The geese were killed during the latter part of Feb- ruary, whereas, January 31 is the last day that the Federal law permits the hunting of migratory wildfowl, including ducks and geese, anywhere in the United States.

## The Story of Perpetual Motion

There are times when it is just as inter- esting to find the date when something stopped as to find one when something started. Among the latter is the year 1772 when it was finally decreed that no such thing as perpetual motion could be pro- duced by human hands. Prior to that date, practically every scientist of note had tried to produce a piece of machinery that would move on forever.

It remained for Sir Isaac Newton and the French Scientist, De la Hire, to demon- strate beyond doubt the impossibility of attaining it. Quite a little time passed before the scientific world in general was willing to accept the Newtonian theory, but finally the French Academy of Science at Paris, in 1775, publicly declared that perpetual motion was an impossibility and thereby branded all those who still insisted upon experimenting with it as charlatans.

## The Distillation of Liquors

It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain when and where the first distilled liquors were made and many nations assert the right of priority. What we know, however, is that 2,000 years before the birth of our Lord, the Egyptians had the wherewithal to drown their sorrows in something that would not be permitted under the Volstead Law in the United States. The other countries who lay claim to the invention are China and India. In 380 B. C. the great Greek philosopher and scientist Aristotle made very partic-

ular mention of the manufacture and effect of distilled beverages. The Irish say that St. Patrick taught them the art of distillation. However this may be, it is a fact that during the first English invasion of Ireland in 1170, a number of stills were found which, however, did not surprise the invaders, because as early as the sixth century a Welsh troubadour by the name of Tal- lein had penned a lay on strong drinks.

## Not Guilty

Adam P. Leighton of Portland, accord- ing to the Boston Globe, was the origina- tor of the picture postal, but did he also originate that famous phrase, without which the postal is null and void: "Wish you were here?"-Levinson Journal. No, nor can you hold our distinguished citizen responsible for that other bro- mide phrase: "I'm having the time of my life!"-Portland Express. The twenty-seven States of the Mis- sissippi Valley region are seeking Gov- ernment support for development of their water transportation, through the operations of the Shipping Board Act.

## Height

"Is that young woman dressed in the height of fashion?"



"Judging from the distance between ankle and skirt she must be."-Wash- ington Star.

## She Must Be a Peach

George Pinkas is in the City Hospital. He is not yet out of danger. A trained nurse is in constant attendance. (Western paper.)

## Flippant Flappers

It is not by her garments new And neatly dapper, But by her dippancy that you Can tell a flapper. (Washington Star.)

It is not by garments old, Or morning wrapper, But by her flury that you Can tell a flapper. (Lube McLuke.)

It is not by her garments few, Or "jazzy" chatter, But by her "war paint" that you Can tell a flapper. (Brooklyn Eagle.)

Though you may tell a flapper, boys, If I get in Dutch, I want to warn you just the same- You can't tell her much. (Portland Express.)

But if the passing of the flapper Brings sadness to your heart, Just remember, boys, that there's great Rejoicing on her mother's part. (Awe.)





**\$1.00**  
Down  
Brings This  
**6-Piece Library Set**

## New Set with Solid Comfort Morris Rocker

Only \$1.00 with the coupon below brings this positively sensational furniture bargain—Straus & Schram's newest offer—on 30 days trial. An entire roomful of furniture—6 splendid pieces, fumed solid oak—including a wonderfully luxurious and comfortable reclining Morris rocker with disappearing foot-rest and adjustable back—at a slashed price that is positively sensational when you consider the value, the usefulness and the supreme comfort of this set. A few months ago a set like this would have cost you \$45.00. But now, because the factory needed money and we had the cash, we are able to offer you this complete set, 6 splendid pieces, at only \$33.80, and on easy payments of only \$3.00 a month—less than you can duplicate this set for elsewhere, even if you paid spot cash. Get this special price, special terms, and special comfort. Seize this opportunity and our special offer—we take all the risk.

## 30 Days Trial—Only \$3.00 a Month

When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Before you pay another penny examine it thoroughly. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful fumed oak finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines which lend character to all the pieces. Enjoy the solid comfort and rest that only a Morris rocker will give, with foot-rest and adjustable back extended, affording every possible comfort of a couch. Convince yourself that this beautiful set will make your home brighter, more beautiful and more luxurious. Compare price—even for spot cash. Then if not satisfied for any reason and convinced that this is a stupendous bargain—you alone to judge—return the set at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid.

**Straus & Schram, Dept. 3049 Chicago**

Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set I will pay \$3.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set No. B7340A. \$33.80.

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Shipping  
Point.....

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If you only want catalog put X in box below.

☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

If you decide to keep the set, start paying only \$3.00 a month until you have paid \$33.80—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them while you enjoy the proud ownership of so magnificent a set of furniture including a luxurious and unusually comfortable full reclining Morris rocker with disappearing foot-rest. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day, less than one frites away every day for trifles. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We have only a limited number of sets which we reserve for this acquaintance offer to new customers. We send our complete catalog when we ship the set. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. One price, cash or credit. No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit, no C. O. D.

## Get this Offer—Send NOW!

Don't delay. Just send \$1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit to show you are really interested. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial—we take all the risk—costs you nothing if not satisfied—no obligation. Send coupon today—NOW.

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**Chicago, Ill.**

A Room Full  
of Furniture

## 6 Pieces Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6-piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Four pieces are padded, seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstery is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

**Morris Rocker** has the real comfort giving features of the Morris chair and couch, as well as the additional advantages of a rocker. The back is adjustable to 3 positions, affording great comfort and luxury. Foot rest can be extended or hidden entirely under seat. Seat measures 20 x 20 inches, width of back 27 inches, height of back from seat 28 inches. Arms 4 inches wide.

**Arm Chair** is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat 19 x 17½ in. Height 36 in.

**Arm Rocker** is a massive, stately, comfortable piece with beautifully designed back, wide and shapely arms, and smooth, operating runners. Seat, 19 x 17½ in., height 36 in.

**Library Table**—a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs, with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2-inch stock. Massive, dignified. Top measures 23¼ x 34 inches.

**Reception Chair** has beautiful shape to match the other pieces. Seat measures 17 x 17 inches, height 35 inches.

**Jardiniere Stand** matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17½ inches high, the top 12 x 12 inches.

Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 230 pounds.

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